

THE
S P E A K E R

OR,

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,

SELECTED FROM

THE BEST ENGLISH WRITERS,

And disposed under proper Heads,

WITH A VIEW TO FACILITATE

THE IMPROVEMENT OF YOUTH

IN READING AND SPEAKING.

179

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

AN ESSAY ON ELOCUTION.

—

2.6.8 BY WILLIAM ENFIELD, L.L.D.

—

A NEW EDITION, CONSIDERABLY IMPROVED.

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TO
JOHN CARILL WORSLEY, ESQ.

LATE PRESIDENT

OF THE ACADEMY IN WARRINGTON.

SIR,

THIS work having been undertaken principally with the design of assisting the Students at WARRINGTON in acquiring a just and graceful Elocution, I feel a peculiar propriety in addressing it to you, as a public acknowledgment of the steady support which you have given to this institution, and the important services which you have rendered it.

In this Seminary, which was at first established, and has been uniformly conducted on the extensive plan of providing a proper course of instruction for young men in the most useful branches of Science and Literature, you have seen many respectable characters formed who are now filling up their stations in society with reputation to themselves, and advantage to the Public. And, while the same great object continues to be pursued, by faithful endeavours

to cultivate the understandings of youth, and by a steady attention to discipline, it is hoped that you will have the satisfaction to observe the same effects produced, and that the scene will be realized, which OUR POETESS has so beautifully described :

When this, this little group their country calls
From academic shades and learned halls,
To fix her laws, her spirit to sustain,
And light up glory through her wide domain ;
Their various tastes in different arts display'd,
Like temper'd harmony of light and shade,
With friendly union in one mass shall blend,
And this adorn the state, and that defend.

I am,
With sincere respect and gratitude,
DEAR SIR,
Your much obliged,
and most obedient Servant,

WILLIAM ENFIELD.

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AN ESSAY
ON
ELOCUTION.

MUCH declamation has been employed to convince the world of a very plain truth, that to be able to speak well is an ornamental and useful accomplishment. Without the laboured panegyrics of ancient or modern orators, the importance of a good elocution is sufficiently obvious. Every one will acknowledge it to be of some consequence, that what a man has hourly occasion to do, should be done well. Every private company, and almost every public assembly, affords opportunities of remarking the difference between a just and graceful, and a faulty and unnatural elocution; and there are few persons who do not daily experience the advantages of the former, and the inconveniences of the latter. The great difficulty is, not to prove that it is a desirable thing to be able to read and speak with propriety, but to point out a practicable and easy method by which this accomplishment may be acquired.

TO FOLLOW NATURE, is certainly the fundamental rule in oratory, without a regard to which, all other rules will only produce affected declamation, not just elocution. And some accurate observers, judging, perhaps, from a few unlucky specimens of modern eloquence, have concluded that this is the only law which ought to be prescribed, that all artificial rules are useless, and that good sense, and a cultivated taste are the only requisites to form a good public speaker. But it is true, that in the art of speaking, as well as in the art of living, general precepts are of little use, till they are unfolded, and applied to particular cases. To observe the

various ways by which Nature expresses the several perceptions, emotions, and passions of the human mind, and to distinguish these from the mere effect of arbitrary custom, or false taste: to discover and correct those tones and habits of speaking, which are gross deviations from nature, and, as far as they prevail, must destroy all propriety and grace of utterance; and to make choice of such a course of practical lessons, as shall give the speaker an opportunity of exercising himself in each branch of elocution; all this must be the effect of attention and labour; and in all this much assistance may certainly be derived from instruction. What are rules or lessons for acquiring this or any other art, but the observations of others, collected into a narrow compass, and digested in a natural order, for the direction of the unexperienced and unpractised learner? And what is there in the art of speaking, which should render it incapable of receiving aid from precepts?

Presuming, then, that the acquisition of the art of speaking, like all other practical arts, may be facilitated by rules, I proceed to lay before my readers, in a plain didactic form, such rules respecting elocution as appear best adapted to form a correct and graceful speaker.

RULE I.

Let your Articulation be distinct and deliberate.

A good articulation consists in giving a clear and full utterance to the several simple and complex sounds. The nature of these sounds, therefore, ought to be well understood; and much pains should be taken to discover and correct those faults in articulation which, though often ascribed to some defect in the organs of speech, are generally the consequence of inattention or bad example. Many of these respect the sounding of the consonants. Some cannot pronounce the letter *l*, and others the simple sounds expressed by *r*, *s*, *th*, *sh*; others generally omit the

aspirate *h*. These faults may be corrected by reading sentences so contrived as often to repeat the faulty sounds, and by guarding against them in familiar conversation.

Other defects in articulation regard the complex sounds, and consist in a confused and cluttering pronunciation of words. The most effectual methods of conquering this habit are, to read aloud passages chosen for that purpose (such for instance as abound with long and unusual words, or in which many short syllables come together,) and to read, at certain stated times, much slower than the sense and just speaking would require. Almost all persons, who have not studied the art of speaking, have a habit of uttering their words so rapidly, that this latter exercise ought generally to be made use of for a considerable time at first: for where there is an uniformly rapid utterance, it is absolutely impossible that there should be strong emphasis, natural tones, or any just elocution.

Aim at nothing higher, till you read distinctly and deliberately.

Learn to speak slow, all other graces
Will follow in their proper places.

RULE II.

Let your Pronunciation be bold and forcible.

AN insipid flatness and languor is an almost universal fault in reading, and even public speakers often suffer their words to drop from their lips with such a faint and feeble utterance, that they appear neither to understand nor feel what they say themselves, nor to have any desire that it should be understood or felt by their audience. This is a fundamental fault: a speaker without energy is a lifeless statue.

In order to acquire a forcible manner of pronouncing your words, inure yourself while reading to draw in as

much air as your lungs can contain with ease, and to expel it with vehemence in uttering those sounds which require an emphatical pronunciation; read aloud in the open air, and with all the exertion they can command: preserve your body in an erect attitude while you are speaking; let all the consonant sounds be expressed with a full impulse or percussion of the breath, and a forcible action of the organs employed in forming them; and let all the vowel sounds have a full and bold utterance.

RULE III.

Acquire a compass and variety in the height of your voice.

THE monotony so much complained of in public speakers, is chiefly owing to the neglect of this rule. They generally content themselves with one certain key, which they employ on all occasions, and on every subject; or, if they attempt variety, it is only in proportion to the number of their hearers, and the extent of the place in which they speak; imagining, that speaking in a high key is the same thing as speaking loud; and not observing, that whether a speaker shall be heard or not, depends more upon the distinctness and force with which he utters his words, than upon the height at which he pitches his voice.

But it is an essential qualification of a good speaker, to be able to alter the height, as well as the strength and the tone of his voice, as occasion requires. Different species of speaking require different heights of voice. Nature instructs us to relate a story, to support an argument, to command a servant, to utter exclamations of anger or rage, and to pour forth lamentations and sorrows, not only with different tones, but different elevations of voice. Men at different ages of life, and in different situations, speak in very different keys. The vagrant, when he begs; the soldier, when he gives the word of command; the watchman, when

he announces the hour of the night ; the sovereign, when he issues his edict ; the senator, when he harangues ; the lover, when he whispers his tender tale, do not differ more in the tones which they use, than in the key in which they speak. Reading and speaking, therefore, in which all the variations of expression in real life are copied, must have continual variations in the height of voice.

To acquire the power of changing the key in which you speak at pleasure, accustom yourself to pitch your voice in different keys, from the lowest to the highest tones you can command. Many of these would neither be proper nor agreeable in speaking ; but the exercise will give you such a command of voice, as is scarcely to be acquired by any other method. Having repeated this experiment till you speak with ease at several heights of the voice ; read, as exercises on this rule, such compositions as have a variety of speakers, or such as consist of dialogues ; observing the height of voice which is proper to each, and endeavouring to change them as nature directs.

In the same composition there may be frequent occasion to alter the height of the voice, in passing from one part to another, without any change of person. Shakspeare's "All the world's a stage," &c. and his description of the Queen of the Fairies, afford examples of this. Indeed, every sentence which is read or spoken, will admit of different elevations of the voice in different parts of it ; and on this chiefly, perhaps entirely, depends the *melody* of pronunciation.

RULE IV.

Pronounce your words with propriety and elegance.

It is not easy to fix upon any standard by which the propriety of pronunciation may be determined. Mere men of learning, in attempting to make the etymology of words the rule of pronunciation, often pronounce words in a manner which subjects them to the charge of affectation and pedantry. Mere men of the world, notwithstanding all their politeness, often retain so much of their provincial dialect, or commit such errors, both in speaking and writing,

as to exclude them from the honour of being standards of accurate pronunciation. ● We should perhaps look for models only among those who unite these two characters ; who, with the correctness and precision of true learning combine the ease and elegance of genteel life. An attention to such examples, and a free intercourse with the polite world, are the best guides against the peculiarities and vulgarisms of provincial dialects. Of these, those which respect the pronunciation of words are innumerable. Some of the principal of them are : omitting the aspirate *h* where it ought to be used, and inserting it where there should be none ; confounding and interchanging the *v* and *w* ; pronouncing the diphthong *ou* like *au* or like *oo*, and the vowel *i* like *oi* or *e* ; and blending many consonants together without regarding the vowels. These faults, and all others of the same nature, must be corrected in the pronunciation of a gentleman who is supposed to have seen too much of the world to retain the peculiarities of the district in which he was born.

RULE V.

Pronounce every word consisting of more than one syllable with its proper accent.

THERE is a necessity for this direction, because many speakers have affected an unusual and pedantic mode of accenting words, laying it down as a rule, that the accenting should be cast as far backward as possible ; a rule which has no foundation in the construction of the English language, or in the laws of harmony. In accenting words, the general custom and a good ear are the best guides ; only it may be observed, that accents should be regulated, not by any arbitrary rules of quantity, but by the number and nature of the simple sounds.

RULE VI.

In every sentence distinguish the more significant words by a natural, forcible, and varied emphasis.

EMPHASIS points out the precise meaning of a sentence, shows in what manner one idea is connected with, and

risers, out of another, marks the several clauses of a sentence, gives to every part its proper sound, and thus conveys to the mind of the reader the full import of the whole. It is in the power of emphasis to make long and complex sentences appear intelligible and perspicuous. But for this purpose it is necessary that the reader should be perfectly acquainted with the exact construction and full meaning of every sentence which he recites. Without this, it is impossible to give those inflexions and variations to the voice which nature requires : and it is for want of this previous study, more, perhaps, than from any other cause, that we so often hear persons read with an improper emphasis, or with no emphasis at all ; that is, with a stupid monotony. Much study and pains are necessary in acquiring the habit of just and forcible pronunciation ; and it is only by close attention and long practice that we can be able, with a mere glance of the eye, to read any piece with *good emphasis and good discretion*.

It is another office of emphasis to express the opposition between the several parts of a sentence, where the style is pointed and antithetical. Pope's Essay on Man, and his Moral Essays, and the Proverbs of Solomon, will furnish many proper exercises in this species of speaking. In some sentences the antithesis is double, and even treble ; this must be expressed in reading, by a very distinct emphasis on each part of the opposition. The following instances are of this kind ;

Anger may *glance* into the breast of a wise man ; but *rests* only in the bosom of fools.

An angry man who suppresses his passions *thinks* worse than he *speaks* : and an angry man that will chide, *speaks* worse than he *thinks*.

He *rais'd* a mortal to the skies ;
She brought an angel *down*.

Emphasis likewise serves to express some particular meaning not immediately arising from the words, but depending upon the intention of the speaker, or some accidental circumstance. The following short sentence.—Do you intend to go to London this summer,—may have three

different meanings, according to the different place of the emphasis : as —

Do *you* intend to go to London this summer ?

Do you intend to go to *London* this summer ?

Do you intend to go to *London this summer* ?

Here the question as first marked, enquires whether *the person spoken to*, will go to London this summer : as secondly marked, whether *London* is the place to which the person spoken to, will go this summer : and, as thirdly marked, whether *this summer* is the time at which the person spoken to will go to London ?

In order to acquire a habit of speaking with a just and forcible emphasis, nothing more is necessary than previously to study the construction, meaning, and spirit of every sentence, and to adhere as nearly as possible to the manner in which we distinguish one word from another in conversation ; for in familiar discourse we scarcely ever fail to express ourselves emphatically, and seldom place the emphasis improperly. With respect to artificial help, such as distinguishing words of clauses of sentences by particular characters or marks, I believe it will always be found, upon trial, that they mislead instead of assist the reader, by not leaving him at full liberty to follow his own understanding and feelings.

The most common faults respecting emphasis, are laying so strong an emphasis on one word as to leave no power of giving a particular force to other words, which, though not equally, are in a certain degree emphatical ; and placing the greatest stress on conjunctive particles, and other words of secondary importance. These faults are strongly characterized in Churchill's censure of Mossop :

With studied improprieties of speech :
 He soars beyond the hackney critic's reach.
 To epithets allots emphatic state,
 Whilst principals, ungrac'd, like lacqueys wait :
 In ways first trodden by himself excels,
 And stands alone in indeclinables ;
 Conjunction, preposition, adverb, join
 To stamp new vigour on the nervous line :
 In monosyllables his thunders roll,
 HE, SHE, IT, AND, WE, YE, THEY, fright the soul.

Emphasis is often destroyed by an injudicious attempt

to read melodiously. Agreeable inflections and easy variations of the voice, as far as they arise from, or are consistent with, just speaking, are deserving of attention. But to substitute one unmeaning tune, to the rejection of all the proprieties and graces of good elocution, and then to applaud this manner, under the appellation of *musical* speaking, can only be the effect of great ignorance and inattention, or of a depraved taste. If public speaking must be musical, let the words be set to music in recitative, that these melodious speakers may no longer lie open to the sarcasm; *Do you read or sing? if you sing, you sing very ill.* Seriously, it is much to be wondered at, that a kind of reading, which has so little merit, considered as music, and none at all considered as speaking, should be so studiously practised by many speakers, and so much admired by many hearers. Can a method of reading which is so entirely different from the usual manner of conversation be natural or right? Is it possible that all the varieties of sentiment which a public speaker has occasion to introduce should be properly expressed in one melodious tone and cadence, employed alike on all occasions and for all purposes?

RULE VII.

Acquire a just variety of pause and cadence.

ONE of the worst faults a speaker can have is to make no other pauses than what he finds barely necessary for breathing. I know of nothing that such a speaker can so properly be compared to, as an alarm-bell, which, when once set a-going, clatters on till the weight that moves it is run down. Without pauses the sense must always appear confused and obscure, and often be misunderstood: and the spirit and energy of the piece must be wholly lost.

In executing this part of the office of a speaker, it will by no means be sufficient to attend to the points used in printing; for these are far from marking all the pauses which ought to be made in speaking. A mechanical attention to these resting places has, perhaps, been one chief cause of monotony, by leading the reader to an uniform

sound at every imperfect break, and an uniform cadence at every full period. The use of points is to assist the reader in discerning the grammatical construction, not to direct his pronunciation. In reading, it may often be proper to make a pause where the printer has made none. Nay, it is very allowable, for the sake of pointing out the sense more strongly, preparing the audience of what is to follow, or enabling the speaker to alter the tone or height of the voice, sometimes to make a very considerable pause, where the grammatical construction requires none at all. In doing this, however, it is necessary that in the word immediately preceding the pause, the voice be kept up in such a manner as to intimate to the hearer that the sense is not completed. Mr. GARRICK often observed this rule with great success. This particular excellence Mr. STERNE has described in his usual sprightly manner.

Before a full pause, it has been customary, in reading, to drop the voice in an uniform manner; and this has been called the *cadence*. But surely nothing can be more destructive of all propriety and energy than this habit.

The tones and heights at the close of a sentence ought to be infinitely diversified, according to the general nature of the discourse, and the particular construction and meaning of the sentence. In plain narrative, and especially in argumentation, the least attention to the manner in which we relate a story, or support an argument in conversation, will show, that it is more frequently proper to raise the voice than to sink it, at the end of a sentence. Interrogatives, where the speaker seems to expect an answer, should almost always be elevated at the close, with a peculiar tone, to indicate that a question is asked. Some sentences are so constructed, that the last words require a stronger emphasis than any of the preceding; whilst others admit of being closed with a soft and gentle sound. Where there is nothing in the sense which requires the last sound to be elevated or emphatical, an easy fall, sufficient to show that the sense is finished, will be proper. And in pathetic pieces, especially those of the plaintive, tender, or solemn kind, the tone of the passion will often require a still lower cadence of the voice. But before a speaker can be able to drop his voice with propriety and judgement at the close of a sentence,

he must be able to keep it from falling, and to raise it with all the variation which the sense requires. The best method of correcting an uniform cadence is frequently to read *select sentences*, in which the style is pointed, and frequent *anti-thesis* are introduced; and argumentative pieces, or such as abound with interrogatives.

RULE VIII.

Accompany the emotions and passions which your words express, by correspondent tones, looks, and gestures.

THERE is the language of emotions and passions, as well as of ideas. To express the latter is the peculiar province of words; to express the former, nature teaches us to make use of tones, looks, and gestures. When anger, fear, joy, grief, love, or any other active passion arises in our minds, we naturally discover it by the particular manner in which we utter our words; by the features of the countenance, and by other well known signs. And even when we speak without any of the more violent emotions, some kind of feeling usually accompanies our words, and this, whatever it be, hath its proper external expression. Expression hath indeed been so little studied in public speaking, that we seem almost to have forgotten the language of nature, and are ready to consider every attempt to recover it as the laboured and affected effort of art. But Nature is always the same; and every judicious imitation of it will always be pleasing. Nor can any one deserve the appellation of a good speaker, much less of a complete orator, till to distinct articulation, a good command of voice, and just emphasis, he is able to add the various expressions of emotion and passion.

To enumerate these expressions, and describe them in all their variations, is impracticable. Attempts have been made with some success to analyze the language of ideas; but the language of sentiment and emotion has never yet been analyzed; and perhaps it is not within the reach of human ability to write a Philosophical Grammar of the Passions. Or, if it were possible in any degree to execute this design, I cannot think that, from such a grammar, it

would be possible for any one to instruct himself in the use of the language. All endeavours, therefore, to make men Orators by describing to them in words the manner in which their voice, countenance, and hands are to be employed, in expressing the passions, must, in my apprehension, be weak and ineffectual. And, perhaps, the only instruction which can be given with advantage on this head, is this general one: Observe in what manner the several emotions or passions are expressed in real life, or by those who have with great labour and taste acquired a power of imitating nature; and accustom yourself either to follow the great original itself, or the best copies you meet with; always, however, with this special observance, that you "O'ERSTEP NOT THE MODESTY OF NATURE."

In the application of these rules to practice, in order to acquire a just and graceful elocution, it will be necessary to go through a regular course of exercises; beginning with such as are more easy, and proceeding by slow steps to such as are more difficult. In the choice of these, the practitioner should pay a particular attention to his prevailing defects, whether they regard articulation, command of voice, emphasis, or cadence: and he should content himself with reading and speaking with an immediate view to the correcting of his fundamental faults before he aims at any thing higher. This may be irksome and disagreeable; it may require much patience and resolution: but it is the only way to succeed. For, if a man cannot read simple sentences, or plain narrative, or didactic pieces, with distinct articulation, just emphasis, and proper tones, how can he expect to do justice to the sublime description of poetry, or the animated language of the passions?

In performing these exercises, the learner should daily read aloud by himself, and, as often as he has opportunity, under the correction of an Instructor, or Friend. He should also frequently recite compositions *memoriter*. This method has several advantages, it obliges the speaker to dwell upon the ideas which he is to express, and hereby enables him to discern their particular meaning and force, and gives him a previous knowledge of the several inflexions, *emphasis* and tones which the words require; and by taking off his eye from the book, it in part relieves him from the influence

of the school-boy habit of reading in a different key and tone from that of conversation, and gives him greater liberty to attempt the expression of the countenance and gesture.

It were much to be wished, that all public speakers would deliver their thoughts and sentiments either from memory or immediate conception; for, besides that there is an artificial uniformity, which almost always distinguishes reading from speaking, the fixed posture and the bending of the head which reading requires, are inconsistent with the freedom, ease, and variety of just elocution. But if this is too much to be expected, especially from Preachers, who have so much to compose, and are so often called upon to speak in public; it is, however, extremely desirable that they should make themselves so well acquainted with their discourse, as to be able, with a single glance of the eye, to take in several clauses, or the whole of a sentence.*

I have only to add, that after the utmost pains have been taken to acquire a just elocution, and this with the greatest success, there is some difficulty in carrying the art of speaking out of the school or chamber to the bar, the senate, or the pulpit. A young man who has been accustomed to perform frequent exercises in this art in private, cannot easily persuade himself, when he appears before the public, to consider the business he has to perform in any other light, than as a trial of skill, and a display of oratory. Hence it is that the character of an Orator has of late often been treated with ridicule, sometimes with contempt. We are pleased with the easy and graceful movements which the true gentleman has acquired by having learnt to dance; but we are offended by the coxcomb, who is always exhibiting his formal dancing-bow and minuet step. So we admire the manly eloquence and noble ardour of a British Legislator, rising up in defence of the rights of his country; the quick recollection, the forcible reasoning, and the ready utterance of the accomplished Barrister; and the sublime devotion, genuine dignity, and unaffected earnestness of the sacred Orator; but when a man, in either of these capacities, so far forgets the ends, and degrades the consequence of his profession, as to set himself forth

* See Dean Swift's advice on this head in his Letter to a young Clergyman.

to public view under the character of a Spouter, and to parade it in the ears of the vulgar with all the pomp of artificial eloquence, 'though the unskilful may gaze and applaud, the judicious cannot but be grieved and disgusted.' Avail yourself, then, of your skill in the Art of speaking, but always employ your powers of elocution with caution and modesty; remembering, that though it be desirable to be admired as an eminent Orator, it is of much more importance to be respected as a wise Statesman, an able Lawyer, or an useful Preacher.

BOOK I.

SELECT SENTENCES.

CHAP. I.

EVILS in the journey of life, are like the hills which alarm travellers upon their road: they both appear great at a distance, but when we approach them we find that they are far less insurmountable than we had conceived.

There is nothing that requires so strict an economy as our benevolence. We should husband our means as the agriculturist his manure, which if he spread over too large a superficies produces no crop, if over too small a surface, exuberates in rankness and in weeds.

As the next thing to having wisdom ourselves, is to profit by that of others, so the next thing to having merit ourselves, is to take care that the meritorious profit by us; for he that rewards the deserving, makes himself one of the number.

The idle levy a very heavy tax upon the industrious, when by frivolous *visitations* they rob them of their time. Such persons beg their daily happiness from door to door, as beggars their daily bread, and, like them, sometimes meet with a rebuff.

Self-love, in the well-regulated breast, is as the steward of the household, superintending the expenditure, and seeing that benevolence herself should be prudential, in order to be permanent, by providing that the reservoir which feeds, should also be fed.

Cross and vulgar minds will always pay a higher respect to wealth than to talent; for wealth, although it be a far less efficient source of power than talent, happens to be far more intelligible.

When we feel a strong desire to thrust our advice upon others, it is usually because we suspect their weakness; but we ought rather to suspect our own.

Slander cannot make the subjects of it either better or worse ; it may represent us in a false light, or place a likeness of us in a bad one ; but we are the same ;—not so the slanderer ; for calumny always makes the calumniator worse, but the calumniated—never.

Emulation looks out for merits that she may exalt herself by a victory. Envy spies out blemishes, that she may lower another by a defeat.

Truth can hardly be expected to adapt herself to the crooked policy, and wily sinuosities of worldly affairs ; for truth, like light, travels only in straight lines.

To be ever active in laudable pursuits is the distinguishing characteristic of a man of merit.

A medium should be observed in all things. Even virtue itself hath its stated limits ; which not being strictly observed, it ceases to be virtue.

It is wiser to prevent, than to revenge a quarrel.

It is much better to reprove, than to be angry secretly.

The discretion of a man deferreth his anger ; and it is his glory to pass over a transgression.

A wise man will desire no more than what he may obtain justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and live upon contentedly.

A contented mind, and a good conscience, will give happiness to any condition.

There is but one way of fortifying the soul against all gloomy presages and terrors of mind ; and that is, by securing to ourselves the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events, and governs futurity.

Philosophy is valuable only when it serves for the law of life, and not for the ostentation of science,



CHAP. II.

WITHOUT a friend the world is but a wilderness.

A man may have a thousand intimate acquaintances, and not one friend. If you have one friend, think yourself happy.

Having once professed yourself a friend, be true to the sacred engagement.

Prosperity gains friends and adversity tries them.

Nothing more engages the affections of men, than a handsome address, and graceful conversation.

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable.

Excess of ceremony shows want of breeding. The civility is best which excludes all superfluous formality.

Ingratitude is a crime so shameful, that the man was never yet found who would acknowledge himself guilty of it.

Truth is born with us; and we must do violence to nature, to shake off our veracity.

There cannot be a greater treachery, than first to raise a confidence, and then abuse it.

By others' faults wise men correct their own.

He who never knew adversity, cannot thoroughly taste the blessings of prosperity.

Choose that course of life which is the most excellent, and habit will soon render it the most delightful.

Custom is the plague of wise men, and the idol of fools.

As to be perfectly just, is an attribute of the divine nature; to be so to the utmost of our abilities, is the glory proper to ourselves.

No man was ever cast down with the injuries of Fortune, unless he had before suffered himself to be deceived by her favours.

Anger may glance into the breast of a wise man, but rests only in the bosom of fools.

None more impatiently suffer injuries, than those that are most forward in doing them.

By taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over, he is superior.

To err is human: to forgive, divine.

The prodigal robs his heir, the miser robs himself.

We should have a prudent view to the future, but still enjoy the present time. It is no part of wisdom to be miserable to-day, because we may happen to be so to-morrow. To mourn without measure is folly; not to mourn at all, insensibility.

Though a man may become learned by another's learning; he never can be wise but by his own wisdom.

It is ungenerous to give a man occasion to blush at his

own ignorance in one thing, who perhaps may excel us in many.

No object is more pleasing to the eye, than the sight of the man whom you have obliged; nor any music so agreeable to the ear, as the voice of one who owns you for his benefactor.

The character of the person who commends you, is to be considered before you set a value on his esteem.

The temperate man's pleasures are durable, because they are regular; and all his life is calm and serene, because it is innocent.

Of all vicious habits, none is more destructive than the crime of gaming.

CHAP. III.

An angry man who suppresses his censure, thinks worse than he speaks; and an angry man that will chide, speaks worse than he thinks.

It is to affectation the world owes its whole race of coxcombs. Nature in her whole drama never drew such a part; she has sometimes made a fool, but a coxcomb is always of his own making.

It is the infirmity of little minds to be taken with every appearance, and dazzled with every thing that sparkles; but great minds have but little admiration, because few things appear new to them.

He that is truly polite, knows how to contradict with respect, and to please without adulation; and is equally remote from an insipid complaisance and low familiarity.

The failings of good men are commonly more published in the world than their good deeds; and one fault of a deserving man, shall meet with more reproaches than all his virtues, praise: such is the force of ill-will and ill-nature.

It is harder to avoid censure than to gain applause; for this may be done by one great or wise action in an age; but to escape censure, a man must pass his whole life without saying or doing one ill or foolish thing.

When Darius offered Alexander ten thousand talents to

divide Asia equally with him, he answered, The heart cannot bear two suns, nor Asia two kings. Parmenio, a friend of Alexander, hearing the great offers Darius had made, said, Were I Alexander I would accept them. So would I, replied Alexander, were I Parmenio.

Nobility is to be considered only as an imaginary distinction, unless accompanied with the practice of those generous virtues by which it ought to be obtained.

Though an honourable title may be conveyed to posterity, yet the ennobling qualities, which are the soul of greatness, are a sort of incommunicable perfections, and cannot be transferred.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out.

Blame not before thou hast examined the truth ; understand first and then rebuke,

If thou wouldst get a friend, prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him ; for some men are friends for their own occasions, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble.

Forsake not an old friend, for the new is not comparable to him ; a new friend is as new wine ; when it is old, thou shall drink it with pleasure.

A friend cannot be known in prosperity : and an enemy cannot be hidden in adversity.

Whoso discovereth secrets loseth his credit, and shall never find a friend to his mind.

Honour thy father with thy whole heart, and forget not the sorrows of thy mother ; how canst thou recompense them the things they have done for thee ?

To labour and to be content with that a man hath, is a sweet life.

Be in peace with as many as you can : nevertheless have but one counsellor of a thousand.

Be not too confident, however plain the way.

Let reason go before every enterprise, and counsel before every action.

CHAP IV.

HONOURABLE age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that which is measured by number of years ; but

wisdom is the grey hairs unto men, and unspotted life is old age.

The latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and false opinions contracted in the former.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

Party is the madness of many, for the gain of few.

To endeavour to work upon the vulgar with fine sense, is like attempting to hew blocks of marble with a razor.

Superstition is the spleen of the soul.

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.

Some people will never learn any thing, for this reason, because they understand every thing too soon.

Economy is no disgrace; it is better living on a little, than out-living a great deal.

The higher character a person supports, the more he should regard his minutest actions.

Men are sometimes accused of pride, merely because their accusers would be proud themselves if they were in their places.

People frequently use this expression, I am inclined to think so and so; not considering that they are then speaking the most literal of all truths.

Modesty makes large amends for the pain it gives the persons who labour under it, by the prejudice it affords every person in their favour.

The difference ~~there~~ is betwixt honour and honesty seems to be chiefly in the motive. The honest man does that from duty, which the man of honour does for the sake of character.

A liar begins with making falsehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth itself appear like falsehood.

Deference is the most refined of all compliments.

He that lies in bed all a summer's morning, loses the chief pleasure of the day: he that gives up his youth to indolence, undergoes a loss of the same kind.

Shining characters are not always the most agreeable ones. The mild radiance of an emerald, is by no means less pleasing than the glare of the ruby.

To be at once a rake, and to glory in the character, discovers at the same time a bad disposition and a bad taste.

How is it possible to expect that mankind will take advice, when they will not so much as take warning?

Although men are accused for not knowing their own weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength.

It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.

Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so valuable as common sense. There are forty men of wit for one man of sense; and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for want of ready change.

CHAP. V.

LEARNING is like mercury, one of the most powerful and excellent things in the world in skilful hands; in unskilful, most mischievous.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong; which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.

Flowers of rhetoric in sermons or serious discourses, are like the blue and red flowers in corn, pleasing to those who come only for amusement, but prejudicial to him who would reap the profit.

It often happens that those are the best people whose characters have been most injured by slanderers: as we usually find that to be the sweetest fruit which the birds have been pecking at.

The chief advantage that ancient writers can boast over modern ones, seems owing to simplicity. Every noble truth and sentiment was expressed by the former in a natural manner, in word and phrase, simple, perspicuous, and incapable of improvement.

What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how great in faculties! in form and moving how express

and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!

If to do, were as easy as to know, what is good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages prince's palaces. He is a good divine who follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching.

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues we write in water.

The sense of death is most in apprehension :
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporeal sufferance feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

—————Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none.

The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherits shall dissolve ;
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a rack behind ! we are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do fail : and that should teach us
There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven ;
And as imagination bodies forth
The form of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just :
And he but naked (though lock'd up in steel)
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

CHAP VI.

—————So it falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth
While we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why then we wreak the value; then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whilst it was ours.

Cowards die many times before their death;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in th' air of men's fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

—————Who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
So wear an undeserved dignity.
O that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not derived corruptly, that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer;
How many then should cover that stand bare!
How many be commanded, that command!

—————'Tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world. Kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay the secrets of the grave,
This viperous slander enters.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune :
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

To-morrow, and to morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty space from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusky death. Out, out, brief candle !
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more ! It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

BOOK II.

NARRATIVE PIECES.

CHAP. I.

THE PROGRESS OF LIFE.

OBIDAH, the son of *Abensina*, left the Caravansera early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of *Indostan*. As he passed along he saw on his right hand a grove, that seemed to wave its shades, as a sign of invitation; he entered, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road, and he was pleased that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with his business, and to gain the rewards of diligence without suffering its fatigues. He therefore still continued to walk for a time, without the least remission of his ardour, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, whom the heat had assembled in the shade; and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that grew on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At last the green path began to decline from its first direction, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains and murmuring with waterfalls.

Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and open road; but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected that he was not gaining ground. This

uneasiness in his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might soothe or divert him. He listened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect; he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In these amusements the hours passed away uncounted, his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscience that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head. He was now roused by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted, and lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to take shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power, to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself on the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of Nature. He rose with confidence and tranquility, and pressed on with his sabre in his hand, for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every side were heard the mingling howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration; all the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety or to destruction. At length, not fear but labour began to overcome him; his breath grew short, his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down in resignation to his fate, when he beheld through the brambles the glimmering of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly

at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

When the repast was over, "Tell me," said the hermit, "by what chance thou hast been brought hither: I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderness, in which I never saw a man before." Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

"Son," said the hermit, "let the errors and follies, the dangers and escapes of this day, sink deep into thine heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigour and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on a while in the straight road of piety towards the mansion of rest. In a short time we remit our fervour, and endeavour to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end. We then relax our vigour, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance, but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bower of ease, and repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides: we are then willing to enquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure: we approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to pass through without losing the road of virtue, which we for a while keep in our sight, and to which we propose to return. But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we in time lose the happiness of innocence. and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerse ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy, till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance, and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue. Happy

are they, my son, who shall learn from thy example not to despair, but shall remember, that though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavours ever unassisted; but the wanderer may at length return, after all his errors; and he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go, now, my son, to thy repose, commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence, and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life."

RAMBLER.

CHAP. II.

THE CAMELEON.

Orr has it been my lot to mark
 A proud, conceited, talking spark,
 With eyes that hardly serv'd at most
 To guard their master 'gainst a post:
 Yet round the world the blade has been
 To see whatever could be seen.
 Returning from his finish'd tour,
 Grown ten times perter than before,
 Whatever word you chance to drop,
 The travell'd fool your mouth will stop;
 "Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
 "I've seen, and sure I ought to know"—
 So begs you'd pay a due submission,
 And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
 As o'er Arabia's wilds they pass'd
 And on their way in friendly chat,
 Now talk'd of this, and then of that,
 Discours'd awhile, 'mongst other matter,
 Of the Cameleon's form and nature
 "A stranger animal," cries one,
 "Sure never liv'd beneath the sun:

" A lizard's body lean and long,
 " A fish's head—a serpent's tongue,
 " Its foot, with triple claw disjoin'd,
 " And what a length of tail behind,—
 " How slow its pace ! and then its hue—
 " Who ever saw so fine a blue ?"
 " Hold there ;" the other quick replies,
 " 'Tis green—I saw it with these eyes,
 " As late with open mouth it lay,
 " And warm'd it in the sunny ray ;
 " Stretch'd at its ease, the beast I view'd,
 " And saw it eat the air for food."
 " I've seen it, Sir, as well as you,
 " And must again affirm it blue ;
 " At leisure I the beast survey'd,
 " Extended in the cooling shade."
 " 'Tis green, 'tis green, Sir, I assure ye"—
 " Green !" cries the other, in a fury—
 " Why, Sir—d'ye think I've lost my eyes ?"
 " 'Twere no great loss," the friend replies,
 " For if they always serve you thus,
 " You'll find them but of little use."
 So high at last the contest rose,
 From words they almost came to blows :
 When luckily came by a third ;
 To him the question they referr'd ;
 And beg'd he'd tell 'em, if he knew,
 Whether the thing was green or blue.
 " Sirs," cries the umpire, " cease your bother,
 " The creature's neither one nor t'other,
 " I caught the animal last night,
 " And view'd it o'er by candle light :
 " I mark'd it well—'twas black as jet—
 " You stare—but, Sirs, I've got it yet,
 " And can produce it."—Pray, Sir, do :
 " I'll lay my life the thing is blue."
 " And I'll be sworn that when you've seen
 " The reptile, you'll pronounce him green.
 " Well, then, at once to ease the doubt,"
 " Replies the man, " I'll turn him out :
 " And, when before your eyes I've set him,
 " If you don't find him black I'll eat him."

He said ; then full before their sight
 Produc'd the beast, and lo !—'twas white !
 Both star'd—the man look'd wond'rous wise—
 “ My children,” the Cameleon cries.
 (Then first the creature found a tongue)
 “ You all are right, and all are wrong :
 “ When next you talk of what you view
 “ Think others see as well as you :
 “ Nor wonder, if you find that none
 “ Prefers your eye-sight to his own.”

MERRICK.

CHAP. III.

AVARICE AND LUXURY.

THERE were two very powerful tyrants engaged in a perpetual war against each other ; the name of the first was Luxury, and of the second Avarice. The aim of each of them was no less than universal monarchy over the hearts of mankind. Luxury had many generals under him, who did him great service, as Pleasure, Mirth, Pomp, and Fashion. Avarice was likewise very strong in his officers, being faithfully served with Hunger, Industry, Care, and Watchfulness : he had likewise a privy counsellor who was always at his elbow, and whispering something or other in his ear ; the name of this privy-counsellor was Poverty. As Avarice conducted himself by the counsels of Poverty, his antagonist was entirely guided by the dictates and advice of Plenty, who was his first counsellor and minister of state, that concerted all his measures for him, and never departed out of his sight. While these two great rivals were thus contending for empire, their conquests were very various. Luxury got possession of one heart and Avarice of another. The father of a family would often range himself under the banners of Avarice, and the son under those of Luxury. The wife and husband would often declare themselves on the two different parties ; nay, the same person would very often side with one in his youth, and revolt to the other in his old age. Indeed, the wise men of

the world stood neuter ; but, alas ! their numbers were not considerable. At length, when these two potentates had wearied themselves with waging war upon one another, they agreed upon an interview, at which neither of their counsellors were to be present. It is said that Luxury began the parley, and after having represented the endless state of war in which they were engaged, told his enemy, with a frankness of heart which is natural to him, that he believed they two should be very good friends, were it not for the instigations of Poverty, that pernicious counsellor, who made an ill use of his ear, and filled him with groundless apprehensions and prejudices. To this Avarice replied, that he looked upon Plenty, (the first minister of his antagonist,) to be a much more destructive counsellor than Poverty, for that he was perpetually suggesting pleasures, banishing all the necessary cautions against want, and consequently undermining those principles on which the government of Avarice was founded. At last, in order to an accomodation, they agreed upon this preliminary, that each of them should immediately dismiss his privy counsellor. When things were thus far adjusted towards a peace, all other differences were soon accommodated, inso-much, that for the future they resolved to live as good friends and confederates, and to share between them whatever conquests were made on either side. For this reason we now find Luxury and Avarice take possession of the same heart, and dividing the same person between them. To which I shall only add, that since the discarding of the counsellors above-mentioned, Avarice supplies Luxury in the room of Plenty, as Luxury prompts Avarice in the place of Poverty.

SPECTATOR.

CHAP. IV.

THE SOLDIER'S HOME.

My untried muse shall no high tune assume,
 Nor strut in arms !—farewell my cap and plume :
 Brief be my verse, a task within my power,
 I tell my feelings in one happy hour ;

But what an hour was that ! when from the main
I reached this lovely valley once again !
A glorious harvest fill'd my eager sight,
Half shocked, half waving in a flood of light ;
On that poor cottage roof where I was born,
The sun look'd down as in life's early morn,
I gazed around, but not a soul appear'd,
I listened on the threshold, nothing heard ;
I call'd my father thrice, but no one came ;
It was not fear or grief that shook my frame,
But an o'erpowering sense of peace and home,
Of toils gone by, perhaps of joys to come,
The door invitingly stood open wide,
I shook my dust, and set my staff aside.
How sweet it was to breathe the cooler air,
And take possession of my father's chair !
Beneath my elbow, on the solid frame !
Appear'd the rough initials of my name,
Cut forty years before !—the same old clock
Struck the same bell, and gave my heart a shock
I never can forget, A short breeze sprung,
And while a sigh was trembling on my tongue,
Caught the old dangling almanacks behind,
And up they flew like banners in the wind :
Then gently, singly, down, down, down, they went
And told of twenty years that I had spent
Far from my native land :—that instant came
A robin on the threshold ; though so tame,
At first he looked distrustful, almost shy,
And cast on me his coal-black stedfast eye,
And seem'd to say (past friendship to renew)
“ Ah ha ! old worn-out soldier is it you ? ”
Through the room ranged the imprisoned humble bee
And bomb'd and bounced, and struggled to be free
Dashing against the panes with sullen roar,
That threw their diamond sunlight on the floor ;
That floor, clean sanded, where my fancy strayed
O'er undulating waves the broom had made,
Reminding me of those of hideous forms
That met us as we passed the *Cape of Storms*,
Where high and loud they break, and peace comes never ;
They roll and foam, and roll and foam for ever.

But *here* was peace, that peace which home can yield :
 The grasshopper, the partridge in the field,
 And ticking clock, were all at once become
 The substitutes for clarion, fife, and drum.
 While thus I mused, still gazing, gazing still
 On beds of moss that spread the window sill,
 I deem'd no moss my eyes had ever seen
 Had been so lovely, brilliant, fresh, and green,
 And guessed some infant hand had placed it there,
 And prized its hue, so exquisite, so rare.
 Feelings on feelings mingling, doubling rose,
 My heart felt every thing but calm repose ;
 I could not reckon minutes, hours, nor years,
 But rose at once, and bursted into tears ;
 Then, like a fool, confused, sat down again,
 And thought upon the past with shame and pain ;
 I raved at war and all its horrid cost,
 And glory's quagmire where the brave are lost ;
 On carnage, fire, and plunder, long I mused,
 And cursed the murdering weapons I had used.
 Two shadows then I saw, two voices heard,
 One bespoke age, and one a child's appear'd.—
 In stepped my father with convulsive start,
 And in an instant clasp'd me to his heart.
 Close by him stood a little blue-eyed maid,
 And, stooping to the child, the old man said,
 “ Come hither, Nancy, kiss me once again,
 “ This is your uncle Charles, come home from Spain.
 The child approach'd. and with her fingers light,
 Stroked my old eyes, almost deprived of sight.—
 But why thus spin my tale, thus tedious be ?
 Happy old Soldier ! what's the world to me ?

BLOOMFIELD.

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 CHAP. V.

PLEASURE AND PAIN,

THERE where to families, which, from the beginning of  
 the world, were as oppisite to each other as light and dark-

ness. The one of them lived in heaven, and the other in hell. The youngest descendant of the first family was Pleasure, who was the daughter of happiness, who was the child of Virtue, who was the offspring of the Gods. These, as I said before had their habitation in heaven. The youngest of the opposite family was Pain, who was the son of Misery, who was the child of Vice, who was the offspring of the Furies. The habitation of this race of beings was in hell.

The middle station of nature between these two opposite extremes was the earth, which was inhabited by creatures of a middle kind, neither so virtuous as the one, nor so vicious as the other, but partaking of the good and bad qualities of these two opposite families. Jupiter considering that this species, commonly called man, was too virtuous to be miserable, and too vicious to be happy; that he might make a distinction between the good and the bad, ordered the two youngest of the above-mentioned families, Pleasure, who was the daughter of Happiness, and Pain, who was the son of Misery, to meet one another upon this part of nature which lay in the half-way between them, having promised to settle it upon them both, provided they could agree upon the division of it, so as to share mankind between them.

Pleasure and Pain were no sooner met in their new habitation, but they immediately agreed upon this point, that Pleasure should take possession of the virtuous, and Pain of the vicious part of that species which was given up to them. But upon examining to which of them any individual they met with belonged, they found each of them had a right to him; for that, contrary to what they had seen in their old places of residence, there was no person so vicious, who had not some good in him, nor any person so virtuous who had not in him some evil. The truth as it is, they generally found upon search, that in the most vicious man Pleasure might lay claim to an hundredth part; and that in the most virtuous man, Pain might come in for at least two-thirds. This they saw would occasion endless disputes between them, unless they could come to some accommodation. To this end there was a marriage proposed between them, and at length concluded: by this means it is that we find Pleasure and Pain are such con-

stant yoke-fellows, and that they either make their visits together, or are never far asunder. If pain comes into a heart, he is quickly followed by Pleasure; and if Pleasure enters, you may be sure Pain is not far off.

But notwithstanding this marriage was very convenient for the two parties, it did not seem to answer the intention of Jupiter in sending them among mankind. To remedy therefore this inconvenience, it was stipulated between them by article, and confirmed by the consent of each family, that notwithstanding they here possessed the species indifferently, upon the death of every single person, if he was found to have in him a certain proportion of evil, he should be dispatched into the infernal regions by a Passport from Pain, there to dwell with Misery, Vice, and the Furies. Or, on the contrary, if he had in him a certain proportion of good, he should be dispatched into heaven by a passport from Pleasure, there to dwell with Happiness, Virtue, and the Gods.

SPECTATOR,

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## CHAP. VI.

### EDWIN AND EMMA.

FAR in the windings of a vale  
 Fast by a sheltering wood,  
 The safe retreat of health and peace,  
 A humble cottage stood.

There beauteous EMMA flourish'd fair,  
 Beneath her mother's eye,  
 Whose only wish on earth was now  
 To see her blest and die.

The softest blush that nature spreads,  
 Gave colour to her cheek;  
 Such orient colour smiles through Heaven  
 When May's sweet mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn,  
This charmer of the plains;  
That sun which bids their diamond blaze,  
To deck our lily deigns.

Long had she fir'd each youth with love,  
Each maiden with despair,  
And though by all a wonder own'd,  
Yet knew not she was fair:

Till EDWIN came, the pride of swains,  
A soul that knew no art,  
And from whose eyes serenely mild,  
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught,  
Was quickly too reveal'd;  
For neither bosom lodg'd a wish  
Which virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of heart-felt bliss  
Did love on both bestow!  
But bliss too mighty long to last,  
Where fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who like envy form'd,  
Like her in mischief joy'd,  
To work them harm, with wicked skill  
Each darker art employ'd.

The father too, a sordid man,  
Who love nor pity knew,  
Was all unfeeling as the rock  
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their mutual flame,  
And seen it long unmov'd;  
Then with a father's frown at last  
He sternly disapprov'd.

In EDWIN's gentle heart a war  
Of differing passions strove;  
His heart which durst not disobey,  
Yet could not cease to love.



• Deny'd her sight, he oft behind  
The spreading hawthorn crept,  
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot  
Where EMMA walk'd and wept.

Oft too in Stanmore's wintry waste,  
Beneath the moonlight shade,  
In sighs to pour his sotten'd soul,  
The midnight mourner stray'd.

His cheeks, where love with beauty glow'd  
A deadly pale o'ercast ;  
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,  
Before the northern blast.

The parents now with late remorse  
Hung o'er his dying bed,  
And weary'd Heaven with fruitless prayers,  
And fruitless sorrows shed.

'Tis past, he cry'd, but if your souls  
Sweet mercy yet can move,  
Let these dim eyes once more behold  
What they must ever love.

She came ; his cold hand softly touch'd,  
And bath'd with many a tear ;  
Fast falling o'er the primrose pale,  
So morning dews appear.

But oh ! his sister's jealous care,  
(A cruel sister she !)  
Forbade that EMMA came to say,  
My EDWIN, live for me.

Now homewards as she hopeless went  
The church-yard path along,  
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream  
Her lover's fun'ral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,  
Her startling fancy found  
In ev'ry bush his hov'ring shade,  
His groan in every sound.

Alone, appall'd thus had she pass'd  
 The visionary vale,  
 When lo! the death-bell smote her ear,  
 Sad sounding in the gale.

Just then she reach'd with trembling steps,  
 Her aged mother's door :  
 'He's gone,' she cried, 'and I must see  
 'That angel face no more !

'I feel, I feel this breaking heart  
 'Beat high against my side :'  
 From her white arm down sunk her head,  
 She shiver'd, sigh'd, and died.

MALLET.

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## CHAP. VII.

### THE CHOICE OF HERCULES.

WHEN Hercules was in that part of his youth in which it was natural for him to consider what course of life he ought to pursue, he one day retired into a desert, where the silence and solitude of the place very much favoured his meditations. As he was musing on his present condition, and very much perplexed in himself on the state of life he should chuse, he saw two women of a larger stature than ordinary, approaching towards him. One of them had a very noble air, and graceful deportment : her beauty was natural and easy, her person clean and unspotted, her eyes cast towards the ground with an agreeable reserve, her motion and behaviour full of modesty, and her raiment as white as snow. The other had a great deal of health and floridness in her countenance, which she had helped with an artificial white and red : and endeavoured to appear more graceful than ordinary in her mien, by a mixture of affectation in all her gestures. She had wonderful confidence and assurance in her looks, and all the variety of colours in her dress, that she thought was the most proper to show her complexion to advantage, She cast her

eyes upon herself, then turned them on those that were present, to see how they liked her, and often looked on the figure she made in her shadow. Upon her nearer approach to Hercules, she stepped before the other lady, who came forward with a regular composed carriage, and running up to him, accosted him after the following manner :

My dear Hercules, says she, I find you are very much divided in your thoughts upon the way of life that you ought to chuse; be my friend, and follow me : I will lead you into the possession of Pleasure, and out of the reach of Pain, and remove you from all the noise and disquietude of business. The affairs of either war or peace shall have no power to disturb you. Your whole employment shall be to make your life easy, and to entertain every sense with its proper gratifications. Sumptuous tables, beds of roses, clouds of perfumes, concerts of music, crowds of beauties, are all in readiness to receive you. Come along with me into this region of delights, this world of pleasure, and bid farewell for ever to care, to pain, to business.

Hercules, hearing the lady talk after this manner, desired to know her name; to which she answered, My friends, and those who are well acquainted with me, call me Happiness; but my enemies, and those who would injure my reputation, have given me the name of Pleasure.

By this time the other lady was come up, who addressed herself to the young hero in a very different manner :

Hercules, says she, I offer myself to you because I know you a descendent from the Gods, and give proofs of that descent by your love of virtue, and application to the studies proper for your age. This makes me hope you will gain both for yourself and me, an immortal reputation. But, before I invite you into my society and friendship, I will be open and sincere with you, and must lay down this as an established truth, that there is nothing truly valuable which can be purchased without pains and labour. The Gods have set a price upon every real and noble pleasure. If you would gain the favour of the Deity, you must be at the pains of worshipping him; if the friendship of good men, you must study to oblige them; if you would be honoured by your country, you must take care to serve it. In short, if you would be eminent in war or peace, you must become master of all the qualifications that can make you

so. These are the only terms and conditions upon which I can propose happiness. The Goddess of Pleasure here broke in upon her discourse: You see, said she, Hercules, by her own confession, the way to her pleasures is long and difficult, whereas that which I propose is short and easy. Alas! said the other lady, whose visage glowed with passion, made up of scorn and pity, what are the pleasures you propose? To eat before you are hungry, drink before you are athirst, sleep before you are tired; to gratify appetites before they are raised, and raise such appetites as nature never planted. You never heard the most delicious music, which is the praise of one's self; nor saw the most beautiful object, which is the work of one's own hands. Your votaries pass away their youth in a dream of mistaken pleasures, while they are hoarding up anguish, torment, and remorse for old age.

As for me, I am the friend of the Gods, and of good men, an agreeable companion to the artisan, an household guardian to the fathers of families, a patron and protector of servants, an associate in all true and generous friendships. The banquets of my votaries are never costly, but always delicious; for none eat or drink at them who are not invited by hunger and thirst. Their slumbers are sound and their wakings cheerful. My young men have the pleasure of hearing themselves praised by those who are in years; and those who are in years of being honoured by those who are young. In a word, my followers are favoured by the gods, beloved by their acquaintance, esteemed by their country, and, after the close of their labours, honoured by posterity.

We know by the life of this memorable hero, to which of these two ladies he gave up his heart; and I believe every one who reads this, will do him the justice to approve his choice.

TATLER.

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## CHAP. VIII.

### JUNIO AND THEANA.

Soon as young reason dawn'd in Junio's breast,  
His father sent him from these genial isles,  
To where old Thames with conscious pride surveys

Green Eton, soft abode of every Muse,  
 Each classic beauty he soon made his own;  
 And soon fam'd Isis saw him woo the Nine  
 On her inspiring banks. Love tun'd his song;  
 For fair Theana was his only theme,  
 Acasto's daughter, whom in early youth  
 He oft distinguish'd; and for whom he oft  
 Had clim'd the bending cocoa's airy height,  
 To rob it of its nectar; which the maid,  
 When he presented, more nectareous deem'd.  
 The sweetest sappadillas oft he brought;  
 From him more sweet ripe sappadillas seem'd  
 Nor had long absence yet effac'd her form;  
 Her charms still triumph'd o'er Britannia's fair.  
 One morn he met her in Sheen's royal walks;  
 Nor knew, 'till then, sweet Sheen contain'd his all.  
 His taste mature approved his infant choice.  
 In colour, form, expression, and in grace,  
 She shone all perfect; while each pleasing art,  
 And each soft virtue that the sex adorns,  
 Adorn'd the woman. My imperfect strain  
 Can ill describe the transport Junio felt  
 At this discovery; he declar'd his love;  
 She own'd his merit, nor refus'd his hand.

And shall not Hymen light his brightest torch  
 For this delighted pair! Ah, Junio knew  
 His sire detested his Theana's house!—  
 Thus duty, reverence, gratitude, conspir'd  
 To check their happy union. He resolv'd  
 (And many a sigh that resolution cost,)  
 To pass the time, till death his sire remov'd,  
 In visiting old Europe's letter'd climes:  
 While she (and many a tear that parting drew)  
 Embark'd, reluctant, for her native isle.

Though learned, curious, and though nobly bent  
 With each rare talent to adorn his mind,  
 His native land to serve, no joys he found.  
 Yet sprightly Gaul; yet Belgium, Saturn's reign:  
 Yet Greece, of old the seat of every Muse,  
 Of freedom, courage: yet Ausonia's clime  
 His steps explor'd, where painting, music's strains,  
 Where arts, where laws, (philosophy's best child,)

With rival beauties his attention claim'd.  
To his just-judging, his instructed eye,  
The all-perfect Medician Venus seem'd  
A perfect semblance of his Indian fair :  
But when she spoke of love, her voice surpassed  
The harmonious warblings of Italian song;  
Twice one long year elaps'd, when letters came,  
Which briefly told him of his father's death.  
Afflicted, filial, yet to heav'n resign'd,  
Soon he reach'd Albion, and as soon embark'd,  
Eager to clasp the object of his love.

Blow, prosperous breezes; swiftly sail, thou Po :  
Swift sail'd the Po, and happy breezes blew.

In Biscay's stormy seas, an armed ship,  
Of force superior, from loud Charente's wave  
Clapt them on board, The frightened flying crew  
Their colours strike; when dauntless Junio, fir'd  
With noble indignation, kill'd the chief,  
Who on the bloody deck dealt slaughter round.  
The Gauls retreat; the Britons loud huzza;  
And touch'd with shame, with emulation stung,  
So plied their cannon, plied their missile fires,  
That soon in air the hapless Thunderer blew.

Blow, prosperous breezes :\* swiftly sail, thou Po :  
May no more dangerous fights retard thy way !

Soon Porto Santo's rocky heights they spy,  
Like clouds dim rising in the distant sky :  
Glad Eurus whistles, laugh the sportive crew ;  
Each sail is set to catch the favourite gale,  
While on the yard arm the harpooner sits,  
Strikes the boneta, or the shark ensnares :  
The little nautilus, with purple pride,  
Expands his sails, and dances o'er the waves :  
Small wing'd fishes on the shrouds alight ;  
And beauteous dolphins gently play around.  
Though faster than the tropic bird they flew,  
Oft Junio cry'd, Ah ! when shall we see land ?  
Soon land they made ; and now in thought he clasp'd  
His Indian bride, and deem'd his toils o'erpaid.  
She no less anxious, every evening walk'd  
On the cool margin of the purple main,

Intent her Junio's vessel to descry.

One eve (faint calms for many a day had rag'd)  
The winged dæmons of the tempest rose ;  
Thunder, and rain, and lightning's awful power.  
She fled : could innocence, could beauty claim  
Exemption from the grave, the ethereal bolt,  
'That stretch'd her speechless, o'er her lovely head  
Had innocently roll'd.

Meanwhile impatient Junio leapt ashore,  
Regardless of the dæmons of the storm.  
Ah, youth ! what woes, too great for man to bear,  
Are ready to burst on thee ! Urge not so  
The flying courser. Soon Theana's porch  
Receiv'd him ; at his sight, the ancient slaves  
Affrighted shriek, and to the chamber point :—  
Confounded, yet unknowing what they meant,  
He enter'd hasty—

Ah ! what a sight for one who loved so well !  
All pale and bold, in every feature death,  
Theana lay ; and yet a glimpse of joy  
Play'd on her face, while with faint faltering voice  
She thus addressed the youth, whom yet she knew :  
“ Welcome, my Junio, to thy native shore !  
“ Thy sight repays the summons of my fate :  
“ Live, and live happy ; sometimes think of me :  
“ By night, by day, you still engag'd my care ;  
“ And, next to God, you now my thoughts employ ;  
“ Accept of this—my little all I give ;  
“ Would it were larger.”—Nature could no more ;  
She look'd, embrac'd him, with a groan expir'd.  
But say, what strains, what language can express  
'The thousand pangs which tore the lover's breast ?  
Upon her breathless corse himself he threw,  
And to her clay-cold lips, with trembling haste,  
Ten thousand kisses gave. He strove to speak ;  
Nor words he found ; he clasp'd her in his arms ;  
He sigh'd, he swoon'd, look'd up, and died away  
One grave contains this hapless, faithful pair ;  
And still the cane-isles tell their matchless love !

## CHAP. IX.

## PITY.

IN the happy period of the golden age, when all the celestial inhabitants descended to the earth, and conversed familiarly with mortals, among the most cherished of the heavenly powers were twins, the offspring of Jupiter, Love and Joy. Wherever they appeared, the flowers sprung up beneath their feet, the sun shone with a brighter radiance, and all nature seemed embellished by their presence. They were inseparable companions, and their growing attachment was favoured by Jupiter, who had decreed that a lasting union should be solemnized between them so soon as they were arrived at maturer years. But in the mean time the sons of men deviated from their native innocence: vice and ruin over-ran the earth with giant strides, and Astrea with her train of celestial visitants forsook their polluted abodes. Love alone remained, having been stolen away by Hope, who was his nurse, and conveyed by her to the forests of Arcadia, where he was brought up among the shepherds. But Jupiter assigned him a different partner, and commanded him to espouse Sorrow, the daughter of Ate. He complied with reluctance; for her features were harsh and disagreeable, her eyes sunk, her forehead contracted into perpetual wrinkles, and her temples were covered with a wreath of cypress and wormwood. From this union sprung a virgin, in whom might be traced a strong resemblance to both her parents; but the sullen and unamiable features of her mother were so mixed and blended with the sweetness of her father, that her countenance, though mournful, was highly pleasing. The maids and shepherds of the neighbouring plains gathered round and called her PITY. A red-breast was observed to build in the cabin where she was born; and while she was yet an infant, a dove, pursued by a hawk, flew into her bosom. This nymph had a dejected appearance, but so soft and gentle a mien, that she was beloved to a degree of enthusiasm. Her voice was low and plaintive, but inexpressibly sweet; and she loved to lie for hours together on the banks of some wild and melancholy stream, singing to her lute. She taught



men to weep, for she took a strange delight in tears ; and often when the virgins of the hamlet were assembled at their evening sports, she would steal in amongst them, and captivate their hearts by her tales full of a charming sadness. She wore on her head a garland composed of her father's myrtles, twisted with her mother's cypress.

One day, as she sat musing by the waters of Helicon, her tears by chance fell into the fountain ; and ever since the Muse's spring has retained a strong taste of the infusion. Pity was commanded by Jupiter to follow the steps of her mother through the world, dropping balm into the wounds she made, and binding up the hearts she had broken. She follows with her hair loose, her bosom bare and throbbing, her garments torn by the briars, and her feet bleeding with the roughness of the path. The nymph is mortal, for her mother is so ; and when she has fulfilled her destined course upon the earth, they shall both expire together, and Love be again united to Joy, his immortal and long-betrothed bride.

Mrs. BARBAULD.

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## CHAP. X.

### THE PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

SILENT the warrior smil'd, and pleas'd resign'd,  
To tender passions all his mighty mind :  
His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,  
Hung on his hand and then dejected spoke ;  
Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,  
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.

Too daring prince ! ah, whither dost thou run ?  
Ah, too forgetful of thy wife and son !  
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,  
A widow I, an helpless orphan he !  
For sure such courage length of life denies,  
And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.  
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain ;  
Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain !  
Oh, grant me, gods ! ere Hector meets his doom,  
All I can ask of heaven, an early tomb !

So shall my days in one sad tenor run,  
And end with sorrows as they first begun.  
No parent now remains, my griefs to share,  
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.  
The fierce Achilles wrapt our falls in fire,  
Laid Thebe waste, and slew my warlike sire!  
His fate compassion in the victor bred;  
Stern as he was, yet he rever'd the dead,  
His radiant arms preserv'd from hostile spoil,  
And laid him decent on the funeral pile;  
Then rais'd a mountain where his bones were burn'd  
The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd.  
Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow  
A barren shade, and in his honour grow,  
By the same arm my seven brothers fell,  
In one sad day beheld the gates of hell:  
While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed,  
Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled!  
My mother liv'd to bear the victor's hands,  
The queen of Hippoplacia's sylvan lands:  
Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again  
Her pleasing empire and her native plain,  
When ah! oppress'd by life-consuming wo  
She fell a victim to Diana's bow.  
Yet while my Hector still survives, I see  
My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee.  
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all,  
Once more will perish if my Hector fall.  
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share:  
Oh prove a husband's and a father's care!  
That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,  
Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy:  
Thou, from this tower defend the important post;  
There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,  
That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,  
And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.  
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have given,  
Or led by hopes, or dictated from heaven.  
Let others in the fields their arms employ,  
But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy.  
The chief reply'd: That post shall be my care,

Nor that alone, but all the works of war.  
How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,  
And Troy's proud dames whose garments sweep the ground,  
Attaint the lustre of my former name,  
Should Hector basely quit the field of fame !  
My early youth was bred to martial plains,  
Let me be foremost to defend the throne,  
And guard my father's glories and my own,

Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates ;  
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates !)  
The day when thou, imperial Troy ! must bend,  
And see thy warriors all, thy glories end.  
And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,  
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,  
Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,  
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore ;  
As thine, Andromache ! thy griefs I dread ;  
I see thee trembling, weeping captive led !  
In Argive looms our battles to design,  
And woes of which so large a part was thine !  
To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring  
The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.  
There, while you groan beneath the load of life,  
They cry, Behold the mighty Hector's wife !  
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see  
Embitters all thy woes, by naming me.  
The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,  
A thousand griefs shall waken at the name ;  
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,  
Prest with a load of monumental clay !  
Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,  
Shall neither hear thee sigh nor see thee weep,  
Thus having spoke, the illustrious chief of Troy,  
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp his lovely boy  
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,  
Scar'd at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest ;  
With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,  
And Hector hasted to relieve his child,  
The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,  
And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground.  
Then kiss'd the child, and lifting high in air,

Thus to the gods preferr'd a father's prayer :

O thou, whose glory fills the ethereal throne  
And all ye deathless powers ! protect my son :  
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,  
To guard the 'Trojan's, to defend the crown ;  
Against his country's foes the war to wage,  
And rise the Hector of the future age !  
So, when triumphant from successful toils  
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,  
Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim  
And say, This chief transcends his fathers fame :  
While pleas'd amidst the general shouts of Troy,  
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy.

He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,  
Restor'd the pleasing burden to her arms ;  
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,  
Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.  
The troubled pleasure soon chastis'd by fear,  
She mingled with a smile a tender tear.  
The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd,  
And dry'd the falling drops, and thus pursu'd :

Andromache ! my soul's far better part,  
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart :  
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,  
Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.  
Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth,  
And such the hard condition of our birth.  
No force can then resist, no flight can save  
All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.  
No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home,  
There guide the spindle and direct the loom ;  
Me glory summons to the martial scene,  
The field of combat is the sphere for men,  
Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,  
The first in danger and the first in fame.

Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes  
His towery helmet, black with shading plumes,  
His princess parts with a prophetic sigh,  
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,  
That stream'd at every look : then moving slow,  
Sought her own palace and indulg'd her woe.

There, while her tears deplor'd the godlike man,  
Through all her train the soft infection ran,  
The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,  
And mourn'd the living Hector as the dead.

POPE'S HOMER.

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CHAP. XI.

MARIA.

FIRST PART.

—THEY were the sweetest notes I ever heard ; and I instantly let down the fore glass to hear them more distinctly. —'Tis Maria, said the postillion, observing I was listening— Poor Maria, continued he, (leaning his body on one side to let me see her, for he was in a line between us) is sitting upon a bank playing her vespers upon a pipe, with her little goat beside her.

The young fellow uttered this with an accent and a look so perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I instantly made a vow, I would give him a four and twenty sous piece when I got to Moulins. —

—And who is poor Maria ? said I.

The love and pity of all the villages around us, said the postillion :—it is but three years ago, that the sun did not shine upon so fair, so quickwitted, and amiable a maid : and better fate did Maria deserve, than to have her bans forbid by the intrigues of the curate of the parish who published them—

He was going on, when Maria, who had made a short pause, put the pipe to her mouth, and began the air again —they were the same notes—yet were ten times sweeter : it is the evening service to the virgin, said the young man —but who has taught her to play it—or how she came by her pipe, no one knows ; we think that Heaven has assisted her in both ; for ever since he has been unsettled in her mind, it seems her only consolation—she has never once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays the service upon it almost night and day.

The postillion delivered this with so much discretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help deciphering something in his face above his condition, and should have sifted out his history had not poor Maria taken such full possession of me.

We had not got up by this time almost to the bank where Maria was sitting : she was in a thin white jacket, with her hair, all but two tresses, drawn up in a silk net, with a few olive leaves twisted a little fantastically on one side—she was beautiful ; and if ever I felt the full force of an honest heart-ache, it was the moment I saw her—

God help her ! poor damsel ! above an hundred masses, said the postillion, have been said in the several parish churches and convents around for her—but without effect : we have still hopes, as she is sensible for short intervals, that the Virgin at last will restore her to herself ; but her parents, who know her best, are hopeless upon that score, and think her senses are lost for ever.

As the postillion spoke this, Maria made a cadence so melancholy, so tender, and querulous, that I sprung out of the chaise to help her, and found myself sitting betwixt her and her goat, before I relapsed from my enthusiasm.

Maria looked wistfully for some time at me, and then at her goat—and then at me—and then at her goat again, and so on alternately—

—Well, Maria, said I softly—What resemblance do you find ?

I do entreat the candid reader to believe me, that it was from the humble conviction of what a beast man is—that I asked the question ; and that I would not have let fall an unseasonable pleasantry in the venerable presence of Misery, to be entitled to all the wit that ever Rebelais scattered.

Adieu, Maria ;—adieu, poor hapless damsel !—some time, but not now,—I may hear thy sorrows from thy own lips—but I was deceived ; for that moment she took her pipe, and told me such a tale of woe with it, that I rose up, and with broken and irregular steps walked softly to my chaise.

SECOND PART.

WHEN we had got within half a league of Moulines, at a little opening in the road leading to a thicket, I discovered

poor Maria sitting under a poplar—she was sitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one side within her hand—a small brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bade the postillion go on with the chaise to Moulines—and La Fleur to bespeak my supper—and that I would walk after him.

She was dressed in white, and much as my friend described her, except that her hair hung loose, which before was twisted within a silk net. She had superadded likewise to her jacket a pale green riband, which fell across her shoulder to the waist; at the end of which hung her pipe. Her goat had been as faithless as her lover: and she had got a little dog in lieu of him, which she kept tied by a string to her girdle; as I looked at her dog, she drew him towards her with the string—“Thou shall not leave me, Sylvio,” said she. I looked to Maria’s eyes, and saw she was thinking more of her father than of her lover or her little goat; for as she uttered the words, the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I sat down close by her; and Maria let me wipe them away as they fell, with my handkerchief. I then steeped it in my own—and then in her’s—and then in mine—and then I wiped her’s again—and as I did it, I felt such undescribable emotions within me, as I am sure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I am positive I have a soul; nor can all the books, with which materialists have pestered the world, ever convince me of the contrary.

When Maria had come a little to herself, I asked her if she remembered a pale thin person of a man, who had sat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before? She said she was unsettled much at the time, but remembered it upon two accounts—that ill as she was, she saw the person pitied her; and next, that her goat had stolen his handkerchief, and she had beaten him for the theft—she had washed it, she said, in the brook, and kept it ever since in her pocket, to restore it to him in case she should ever see him again, which, she added, he had half promised her. As she told me this, she took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let me see it: she had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine leaves, tied round with a tendril—on opening it, I saw an S marked in one of the corners.

She had since that, she told me, strayed as far as Rome, and walked round St. Peter's once—and returned back—that she found her way alone across the Apennines—had travelled over all Lombardy without money—and through the flinty roads of Savoy without shoes: how she had borne it, and how she had got supported she could not tell—but God tempers the wind, said Maria, to the shorn lamb.

Shorn indeed! and to the quick said I; and wast thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it and shelter thee; thou shouldst eat of my own bread, and drink of my own cup—I would be kind to thy Sylvio—in all thy weaknesses and wanderings I would seek after thee and bring thee back—when the sun went down I would say my prayers, and when I had done, thou shouldst play the evening song upon thy pipe, nor would the incense of my sacrifice be worse accepted, for entering Heaven along with that of a broken heart.

Nature melted within me, as I uttered this; and Maria observing, as I took out my handkerchief, that it was steeped too much already to be of use, would needs go wash it in the stream—And where will you dry it, Maria? said I—I will dry it in my bosom, said she—it will do me good.

And is your heart still so warm, Maria? said I.

I touched upon the string on which hung all her sorrows—she looked with wistful disorder for some time in my face; and then without saying any thing, took her pipe, and played her service to the Virgin—The string I had touched ceased to vibrate—in a moment or two Maria returned to herself—let her pipe fall—and rose up.

And where are you going, Maria? said I.—She said to Moulines—Let us go said I together. Maria put her arm within mine, and lengthening the string to let the dog follow—in that order we entered Moulines.

Though I hate salutations and greetings in the market-place, yet when we got into the middle of this I stopped to take my last look and last farewell of Maria.

Maria, though not tall, was nevertheless of the first order of fine forms—affliction had touched her looks with something that was scarcely earthly—still she was feminine: and so much was there about her of all that the heart wishes, or the eyes look for in woman, that could the traces be ever worn out of her brain, and those of Eliza's out of mine, she

should not only eat of my bread, and drink of my own cup, but Maria should lie in my bosom, and be unto me as a daughter.

Adieu, poor luckless maiden!—imbibe the oil and wine which the compassion of a stranger, as he journeyeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds—the Being who has twice bruised thee can only bind them up for ever.

STERNE.

CHAP. XIII.

TRUTH, FALSEHOOD, AND FICTION.

WHILE the world was yet in its infancy, TRUTH came among mortals from above, and FALSEHOOD from below. Truth was the daughter of Jupiter and Wisdom; Falsehood was the progeny of Folly impregnated by the wind. They advanced with equal confidence to seize the dominion of the new creation, and, as their enmity and their force were well known to the celestials, all the eyes of heaven were turned upon the contest.

Truth seemed conscious of superior power and juster claim, and therefore came on towering and majestic, unassisted and alone; Reason, indeed, always attended her, but appeared her follower rather than companion. Her march was slow and stately, but her motion was perpetually progressive, and when once she had grounded her foot, neither gods nor men could force her to retire.

Falsehood always endeavoured to copy the mien and attitudes of Truth, and was very successful in the arts of mimicry. She was surrounded, animated, and supported, by innumerable legions appetites and passions: but, like other feeble commanders, was obliged often to receive law from her allies. Her motions were sudden, irregular, and violent; for she had no steadiness nor constancy. She often gained conquest by hasty incursions, which she never hoped to keep by her own strength, but maintained by the help of the passions, whom she generally found resolute and faithful.

It sometimes happened that the antagonists met in full opposition. In these encounters, Falsehood always invested

her head with clouds, and commanded Fraud to place ambushes about her. In her left hand she bore the shield of Imprudence, and the quiver of Sophistry rattled on her shoulder. All the passions attended at her call. Vanity clapped her wings before, and Obstinacy supported her behind. Thus guarded and assisted, she sometimes advanced against Truth, and sometimes waited the attack; but always endeavoured to skirmish at a distance, perpetually shifted her ground, and let fly her arrows in different directions; for she certainly found that her strength failed whenever the eye of Truth darted full upon her.

Truth had the awful aspect though not the thunder of her father; and when the long continuance of the contest brought them near to one another, Falsehood let the arms of Sophistry fall from her grasp, and holding up the shield of Impudence with both her hands, sheltered herself amongst the passions. Truth, though she was often wounded, always recovered in a short time; but it was common for the slightest hurt, received by Falsehood, to spread its malignity to the neighbouring parts, and to burst open again when it seemed to have been cured.

Falsehood, in a short time, found by experience that her superiority consisted only in the celerity of her course, and the changes of her posture. She therefore ordered Suspicion to beat the ground before her, and avoided with great care to cross the way of Truth, who, as she never varied her point, but moved constantly upon the same line, was easily escaped by the oblique and desultory movements, the quick retreats, and active doubles which Falsehood always practised, when the enemy began to raise terror by her approach.

By this procedure, Falsehood every hour encroached upon the world, and extended her empire through all climes and regions. Wherever she carried her victories, she left the Passions in full authority behind her, who were so well pleased with command, that they held out with great obstinacy when Truth came to seize their posts, and never failed to retard her progress, though they could not always stop it. They yielded at last with great reluctance, frequent rallies, and sudden submission; and always inclined to revolt when Truth ceased to awe them by her presence.

Truth, who, when she first descended, expected to have

been received by universal acclamation, cherished with kindness, heard with obedience, and invited to spread her influence from province to province, now found that, wherever she came, she must force her passage. She indeed advanced, but she advanced slowly, and often lost the conquests which she left behind her, by sudden insurrections of the appetites that shook off their allegiance, and ranged themselves again under the banner of her enemy.

Truth, however, did not grow weaker by the struggle, for her vigour was unconquerable; yet she was provoked to see herself thus baffled and impeded by an enemy whom she looked on with contempt, and who had no advantage but such as she owed to inconstancy, weakness, and artifice. She, therefore, in the anger of disappointment, called upon her father, Jupiter, to re-establish her in the skies, and leave mankind to the disorder and misery which they deserved, by submitting willingly to the usurpation of Falsehood.

Jupiter compassionated the world too much to grant her request, yet was willing to ease her labours, and mitigate her vexation. He commanded her to consult the Muses by what methods she might obtain an easier reception, and reign without the toil of incessant war. It was then discovered, that she obstructed her own progress by the severity of her aspect and the solemnity of her distates; and that men would never willingly admit her, till they ceased to fear her; since, by giving themselves up to Falsehood, they seldom made any sacrifice of their ease or pleasure, because she took the shape that was most engaging, and always suffered herself to be dressed and painted by Desire. The Muses wove, in the loom of Pallas, a loose and changeable robe, like that in which Falsehood captivated her admirers; with this they invested Truth, and named her Fiction. She now went out again to conquer with more success; for when she demanded entrance of the Passions, they often mistook her for Falsehood, and delivered up their charge; but when she had once taken possession, she was soon disrobed by Reason, and shone out, in her original form, with native effulgence and resistless dignity.

RAMBLER.

CHAP. XIV.

ÆNEAS BEARING HIS FATHER FROM THE
FLAMES OF TROY.

Now, with a lion's spoils bespread, I take
 My sire, a pleasing burden, on my back ;
 Close clinging to my hand, and pressing nigh,
 With steps unequal tripp'd Iulus by ;
 Behind, my lov'd Creüsa took her way :
 Through every lonely dark recess we stray :
 And I, who late th' embattled Greeks could dare
 Their flying darts, and whole embody'd war,
 Now take alarm, while horrors reign around,
 At every breeze, and start at every sound.
 With fancy'd fears my busy thoughts were wild,
 For my dear father and endanger'd child.

Now, to the city gates approaching near,
 I seem the sound of trampling feet to hear.
 Alarm'd, my sire look'd forward through the shade,
 And, Fly my son they come, they come, he said ;
 Lo ! from their shields I see the splendors stream,
 And ken distinct the helmet's fiery gleam.
 And here, some envious god, in this dismay,
 This sudden terror, snatch'd my sense away.
 For while o'er devious paths I wildly trod,
 Studious to wander from the beaten road ;
 I lost my dear Creüsa, nor can tell
 From that sad moment, if by fate she fell ;
 Or sunk fatigu'd ; or straggled from the train :
 But ah ! she never blest these eyes again !
 Nor, till to Ceres ancient wall we came,
 Did I suspect her lost, nor miss the dame.
 There all the train assembled, all but she,
 Lost to her friends, her father, son, and me.
 What men, what gods, did my wild fury spare
 At both I rav'd, and madden'd with despair.
 In Troy's last ruins did I ever know
 A scene so cruel ! such transcendent woe !
 Our gods, my son and father to the train
 I next commend, and hide them in the plain :
 Then fly for Troy, and shine in arms again. }

Resolv'd the burning town to wander o'er,
 And tempt the dangers that I 'scap'd before,
 Now to the gate I run with furious haste,
 Whence first from Ilion to the plain I past :
 Dart round my eyes in every place in vain,
 And tread my former footsteps o'er again.
 Surrounding horrors all my soul affright ;
 And more the dreadful silence of the night.
 Next to my house I flew without delay,
 If there, if haply there she bent her way ;—
 In vain—the conquering foes were enter'd there ;
 High o'er the dome, the flames emblaze the air ;
 Fierce to devour, the fiery tempest flies,
 Swells in the wind, and thunders in the skies
 Back to th' embattled citadel I ran,
 And search'd her father's regal walls in vain.
 Ulysses now, and Phoenix I survey,
 Who guard, in Juno's fane, the gather'd prey ;
 In one huge heap the Trojan wealth was roll'd,
 Refulgent robes, and bowls of massy gold ;
 A pile of tables on the pavement nods,
 Snatch'd from the blazing temples of the gods :
 A mighty train of shrieking mothers bound,
 Stood with their captive children trembling round.
 Yet more—I boldly raise my voice on high,
 And in the shade on dear Creüsa cry ;
 Call on her name a thousand times in vain,
 But still repeat the darling name again.
VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

CHAP. XV.

WIT AND LEARNING.

WIT and LEARNING were the children of Apollo, by different mothers ; Wit was the offspring of Euphrosyne, and resembled her in cheerfulness and vivacity ; Learning was born of Wisdom, and retained her seriousness and caution. As their mothers were rivals, they were bred up by them from their birth in habitual opposition, and all means

were so incessantly employed to impress upon them a hatred and contempt of each other, that though Apollo, who foresaw the ill effects of their discord, endeavoured to soften them, by dividing his regard equally between them, yet his impartiality and kindness were without effect; the maternal animosity was deeply rooted, having been intermingled with their first ideas, and was confirmed every hour, as fresh opportunities occurred of exerting it. No sooner were they of age to be received into the apartments of the other celestials, than Wit began to entertain Venus at her toilette by apeing the solemnity of Learning, and Learning to divert Minerva at her loom, by exposing the blunders and ignorance of Wit.

Thus they grew up, with malice perpetually increasing, by the encouragement which each received from those whom their mothers had persuaded to patronize and support them; and longed to be admitted to the table of Jupiter, not so much for the hope of gaining honour, as of excluding a rival from all pretensions to regard, and of putting an everlasting stop to the progress of that influence which either believed the other to have obtained by mean arts and false appearances.

At last the day came, when they were both, with the usual solemnities, received into the class of superior deities, and allowed to take nectar from the hand of Hebe. But from that hour Concord lost her authority at the table of Jupiter. The rivals, animated by their new dignity, and incited by the alternate applauses of the associate powers, harassed each other by incessant contests, with such a regular vicissitude of victory, that neither was depressed.

It was observable that, at the beginning of every debate, the advantage was on the side of Wit; and that, at the first sallies, the whole assembly sparkled, according to Homer's expression, with unextinguishable merriment. But Learning would reserve her strength till the burst of applause was over, and the languor with which the violence of joy is always succeeded, began to promise more calm and patient attention. She then attempted her defence, and by comparing one part of her antagonist's objections with another, commonly made him confuse himself; or by showing how small a part of the question he had taken into

view, proved that his opinion could have no weight. The audience began gradually to lay aside their prepossessions, and rose, at last, with great veneration for Learning, but with greater kindness for Wit.

Their conduct was, whenever they desired to recommend themselves to distinction, entirely opposite. Wit was daring and adventurous: Learning cautious and deliberate. Wit thought nothing reproachful but dulness; Learning was afraid of no imputation but that of error. Wit answered before he understood, lest his quickness of apprehension should be questioned; Learning paused where there was no difficulty, lest any insidious sophism should lie undiscovered. Wit perplexed every debate by rapidity and confusion; Learning tired the hearers with endless distinctions, and prolonged the dispute without advantage, by proving that which was never denied. Wit, in hopes of shining, would venture to produce what he had not considered, and often succeeded beyond his own expectation, by following the train of a lucky thought. Learning would reject every new notion, for fear of being entangled, in consequences which she could not foresee, and was often hindered, by her caution, from pressing her advantages, and subduing her opponent.

Both had prejudices, which in some degree hindered their progress towards perfection, and left them open to attacks. Novelty was the darling of wit, and antiquity of Learning. To wit, all that was new was specious; to Learning, whatever was ancient was venerable. Wit, however, seldom failed to divert those whom he could not convince, and to convince was not often his ambition. Learning always supported her opinion with so many collateral truths, that, when the cause was decided against her, her arguments were remembered with admiration.

Nothing was more common, on either side, than to quit their proper characters, and to hope for a complete conquest by the use of the weapons which had been employed against them. Wit would sometimes labour a syllogism, and Learning distort her features with a jest; but they always suffered by the experiment, and betrayed themselves to confutation or contempt. The seriousness of Wit was without dignity, and the merriment of Learning without vivacity.

Their contests, by long continuance, grew at last impor-

tant and the divinities broke into parties. Wit was taken into protection of the laughter-loving Venus, had a retinue allowed him of Smiles and Jests, and was often permitted to dance among the Graces. Learning still continued the favourite of Minerva, and seldom went out of her palace without a train of severer virtues, Chastity, Temperance, Fortitude, and Labour.

Jupiter was at last angry that the peace of heavenly regions should be in perpetual danger of violation, and resolved to dismiss these troublesome antagonists to the lower world. Hither, therefore, they came, and carried on their ancient quarrels among mortals, nor was either long without zealous votaries. Wit, by his gaiety captivated the young; and Learning, by her authority, influenced the old. Their power quickly appeared by very eminent effects: theatres were built for the reception of Wit; and colleges endowed for the residence of Learning. Each party endeavoured to outvie the other in cost and magnificence, and to propagate an opinion, that it was necessary, from the first entrance into life, to enlist in one of the factions; and that none could hope for the regard of either divinity who had once entered the temple of the rival power.

There were, indeed, a class of mortals, by whom Wit and Learning were equally disregarded: these were the devotees of Plutus, the god of riches; among these it seldom happened that the gaiety of Wit could raise a smile, or the eloquence of Learning procure attention. In revenge of this contempt they agreed to incite their followers against them; but the forces that were sent on those expeditions frequently betrayed their trust; and in contempt of the orders which they had received, flattered the rich in public, while they scorned them in their hearts; and when, by this treachery, they had obtained the favour of Plutus, affected to look with an air of superiority on those who still remained in the service of Wit and Learning.

Disgusted with these desertions, the two rivals, at the same time, petitioned Jupiter for re-admission to their native habitations. Jupiter thundered on the right hand, and they prepared to obey the happy summons. Wit readily spread his wings and soared aloft, but not being able to see far, was bewildered in the pathless immensity of the ethereal spaces. Learning, who knew the way, shook her

pinions, but for want of natural vigour could only take short flights : so, after many efforts, they both sunk again to the ground, and learned from their mutual distress, the necessity of union. They therefore joined their hands, and renewed their flight : Learning was borne up by the vigour of Wit, and Wit guided by the perspicacity of Learning. They soon reached the dwellings of Jupiter, and were so endeared to each other, that they lived after in perpetual concord.

CHAP. XVI.

THE MODERN RAKE'S PROGRESS.

THE young Tobias was his father's joy ;
 He train'd him, as he thought, to deeds of praise ;
 He taught him virtue, and he taught him truth,
 And sent him early to a public school.
 Here, as it seem'd, (but he had none to blame)
 Virtue forsook him, and habitual vice
 Grew in her stead. He laugh'd at honesty,
 Became a sceptic, and could raise a doubt
 E'en of his father's truth. 'Twas idly done
 To tell him of another world, for wits
 Knew better ; and the only good on earth
 Was pleasure : not to follow *that* was sin.
 " Sure He that made us, made us to enjoy :
 " And why, said he, should my fond father prate
 " Of virtue and religion ? They afford
 " No joys, and would abridge the scanty few
 " Of Nature. Nature be my deity,
 " Her let me worship, as herself enjoins,
 " At the full board of plenty." Thoughtless boy !
 So to a libertine he grew, a wit,
 A man of honour, boastful empty names
 That dignify the villain. Seldom seen,
 And when at home, under a cautious mask
 Concealing the lewd soul, his father thought
 He grew in wisdom as he grew in years.
 He fondly deem'd he could perceive the growth

Of goodness and of learning shooting up,
Like the young offspring of the shelter'd hop,
Unusual progress in a summer's night.
He call'd him home, with great applause dismiss'd
By his glad tutors—gave him good advice—
Bless'd him, and bade him prosper. With warm heart
He drew his purse-strings, and the utmost doit
Pour'd in the youngster's palm. "Away," he cries,
"Go to the seat of learning, boy. Be good,
"Be wis'e, be frugal, for 'tis all I can."
"I will," said Toby, as he bang'd the door,
And wink'd, and snapp'd his finger, "Sir, I will."

So joyful he to Alma Mater went
A sturdy fresh-man. See him just arriv'd,
Receiv'd, matriculated, and resolv'd
To drown his freshness in a pipe of port.
"Quick, Mr. Vinter, twenty dozen more;
"Some claret too. Here's to our friends at home.
"There let 'em doze. Be it our nobler aim
"To live—where stands the bottle?" Then to town
Hies the gay spark for futile purposes,
And deeds my bashful muse disclaims to name.
From town to college, till a fresh supply
Sends him again from college up to town.
The tedious interval the mace and cue,
The tennis-court and racket, the slow lounge
From street to street, the badger-hunt, the race,
The raffle, the excursion, and the dance,
Ices and soups, dice, and the bet at whist,
Serve well enough to fill. Grievous accounts
The weekly post to the vex'd parent brings
Of college impositions, heavy dues,
Demands enormous, which the wicked son
Declares he does his utmost to prevent.
So, blaming with good cause the vast expense,
Bill after bill he sends, and pens the draft
Till the full inkhorn fails. With grateful heart
Toby receives, short leave of absence begs,
Obtains it by a lie, gallops away,
And no one knows what charming things are done
Till the gull'd boy returns without his pence,
And prates of deeds unworthy of a brute.

Vile deeds, but such as in these polish'd days
None blames or hides.

So Toby fares, nor heeds
Till terms are wasted, and the proud degree,
Soon purchas'd, comes his learned toils to crown.
He swears, and swears he knows not what, nor cares,
Becomes a perjur'd graduate, and thinks soon
To be a candidate for orders. Ah !
Vain was the hope. Though many a wolf as fell
Deceive the shepherd, and devour the flock,
Thou none shalt injure. On a luckless day,
Withdrawn to taste the pleasures of the town,
Heated with wine, a vehement dispute
With a detested rival shook the roof :
He penn'd a challenge, sent it, fought and fell.

ADRIANO.

BOOK III.

DIDACTIC PIECES.

CHAP. I.

ON MODESTY.

I KNOW no two words that have been more abused by the different and wrong interpretations which are put upon them, than these two.—Modesty and Assurance. To say, such a one is a modest man, sometimes indeed passes for a good character ; but at present is very often used to signify a sheepish awkward fellow, who has neither good-breeding, politeness, nor any knowledge of the world.

Again, a man of assurance, though at first it only denoted a person of a free and open carriage, is now very usually applied to a profligate wretch, who can break through all the rules of decency and morality without a blush.

I shall endeavour, therefore, in this essay, to restore words to their true meaning, to prevent the idea of Modesty from being confounded with that of Sheepishness, and to hinder Impudence from passing for Assurance.

If I were to define Modesty, I would call it, The reflection of an ingenuous mind, either when a man has committed an action for which he censures himself, or fancies that he is exposed to the censure of others.

For this reason, a man truly modest is as much so when he is alone as in company, and as subject to a blush in his closet, as when the eyes of multitudes are upon him.

I do not remember to have met with any instance of modesty with which I am so well pleased, as that celebrated one of the young prince, whose father, being a tributary king to the Romans, had several complaints laid against him, before the senate, as a tyrant and oppressor of his subjects. The prince went to Rome to defend his father, but coming into the senate, and hearing a multitude of crimes proved upon him, was so oppressed when it came to his turn to

• speak, that he was unable to utter a word. The story tells us that the fathers were more moved at this instance of modesty and ingenuity than they could have been by the most pathetic oration ; and, in short, pardoned the guilty father for this early promise of virtue in the son.

I take Assurance to be the faculty of possessing a man's self, or of saying and doing indifferent things without any uneasiness or emotion in the mind. That which generally gives a man assurance, is a moderate knowledge of the world, but above all, a mind fixed and determined in itself to do nothing against the rules of honour and decency. An open and assured behaviour is the natural consequence of such a resolution. A man thus armed, if his words or actions are at any time misinterpreted, retires within himself and from a consciousness of his own integrity, assumes force enough to despise the little censures of ignorance or malice.

Every one ought to cherish and encourage in himself the modesty and assurance I have here mentioned.

* A man without assurance is liable to be made uneasy by the folly or ill-nature of every one he converses with. A man without modesty is lost to all sense of honour and virtue.

It is more than probable, that the prince above-mentioned possessed both these qualifications in a very eminent degree. Without assurance he would never have undertaken to speak before the most august assembly in the world ; without modesty he would have pleaded the cause he had taken upon him, though it had appeared ever so scandalous.

From what has been said, it is plain, that modesty and assurance are both amiable, and may very well meet in the same person. When they are thus mixed and blended together, they compose what we endeavour to express when we say a *modest assurance* ; by which we understand the just mean between bashfulness and impudence.

I shall conclude with observing, that as the same man may be both modest and assured, so it is also possible for the same person to be both impudent and bashful.

We have frequent instances of this odd kind of mixture in people of depraved minds and mean education ; who, though they are not able to meet a man's eye, or pronounce

a sentence without confusion, can voluntarily commit the greatest villanies or most indecent actions.

Such a person seems to have made a resolution to do ill even in spite of himself, and in defiance of all those checks and restraints his temper and complexion seem to have laid in his way.

Upon the whole, I would endeavour to establish this maxim, That the practice of virtue is the most proper method to give a man a becoming assurance in his words and actions. Guilt always seeks to shelter itself in one of the extremes, and is sometimes attended with both.

SPECTATOR.

CHAP II.

ON THE UNIVERSE.

OBSERVE how regular the Planets run
In stated times their courses round the sun,
Diff'rent their bulk, their distance, their career,
And diff'rent much the compass of their year :
Yet, all the same eternal laws obey,
While God's unerring finger points the way.

First *Mercury* amidst full tides of light,
Rolls next the sun, thro' his small circle bright.
All that dwell here must be refined and pure
Bodies like ours such ardour can't endure ;
Our earth would blaze beneath so fierce a ray,
And all its marble mountains melt away.

Fair *Venus* next fulfils her larger round,
With softer beams, and milder glory crown'd ;
Friend to mankind, she glitters from afar,
Now the bright ev'ning, now the morning star.

More distant still our *Earth* comes rolling on,
And forms a wider circle round the sun :
With her the moon, companion ever dear,
Her course attending thro' the shining year.

See *Mars* alone runs his appointed race,
And measures out exact the destin'd space ;

Nor nearer does he wind, nor farther stray,
But finds the point whence first he roll'd away.

More yet remote from day's all-cheering source,
Vast *Jupiter* performs his constant course :
Four friendly moons, with borrow'd lustre rise,
Bestow their beams benign, and light his skies.

Farther at last, scarce warm'd by Phœbus' ray,
Thro' his vast orbit, *Saturn* wheels away.
How great the change, could we be wafted there !
How slow the seasons ! and how long the year !
One moon on us reflects its cheerful light :
There, five attendants brighten up the night.
Here, the blue firmament bedeck'd with stars,
There, over-head, a lucid arch appears.
From hence how large, how strong the sun's bright ball
But seen from thence, how languid and how small !
When the keen north with all its fury blows,
Congeals the floods and forms the fleecy snows,
'Tis heat intense to what can there be known :
Warmer our poles than is its burning zone.

Who there inhabit must have other pow'rs,
Juices and veins, and sense and life than ours.
One moment's cold, like theirs, would pierce the bone,
Freeze the heart's blood, and turn us all to stone.

Strange and amazing must the difference be,
'Twixt this dull planet and bright Mercury :
Yet reason says, nor can we doubt at all,
Millions of beings dwell on either ball,
With constitutions fitted for that spot,
Where Providence, all-wise, has fix'd their lot.

Wond'rous art thou, O God, in all thy ways !
Their eyes to thee let all thy creatures raise,
Adore thy grandeur, and thy goodness praise.

Ye sons of men ! with satisfaction know,
God's own right hand dispenses all below :
Nor good nor evil does from chance befall :
He reigns supreme and he directs it all.

At his command, affrighting human kind,
Comets drag on their blazing lengths behind :
Nor, as we think, do they at random rove,
But, in determin'd times, through long ellipsis move,

And tho' sometimes they near approach the sun,
Sometimes beyond our System's orbit run;
Throughout their race they act their Maker's will
His pow'r declare, his purposes fulfill.

CHAP. III.

ON CHEERFULNESS.

I HAVE always preferred Cheerfulness to Mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transcient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth, who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy; on the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness prevent us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

Men of austere principles look upon mirth as too wanton and dissolute for a state of probation, and as filled with a certain triumph and insolence of heart that is inconsistent with a life which is every moment obnoxious to the greatest dangers. Writers of this complexion have observed, that the sacred Person who was the great pattern of perfection, was never seen to laugh.

Cheerfulness of mind is not liable to any of these exceptions; it is of a serious and composed nature; it does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the present state of humanity, and is very conspicuous in the characters of those who are looked upon as the greatest philosophers among the heathens, as well as among those who have been deservedly esteemed as saints and holy men among Christians.

If we consider Cheerfulness in three lights, with regard to ourselves, to those we converse with, and to the great Author of our being, it will not a little recommend itself on each of these accounts. The man who is possessed of

this excellent frame of mind, is not only easy in his thoughts but a perfect master of all the powers and faculties of his soul : his imagination is always clear, and his judgment undisturbed : his temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or in solitude. He comes with a relish to all those goods which nature has provided for him, tastes all the pleasures of the creation which are poured upon him, and does not feel the full weight of those accidental evils which may befall him.

If we consider him in relation to the persons whom he converses with, it naturally produces love and good-will towards him. A cheerful mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same good humour in those who come within its influence. A man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the cheerfulness of his companion : it is like a sudden sunshine that awakens a sacred delight in the mind, without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendship and benevolence towards the person who has so kindly an effect upon it.

When I consider this cheerful state of mind in its third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a constant habitual gratitude to the Author of Nature. An inward cheerfulness is an implicit praise and thanksgiving to Providence under all its dispensations. It is a kind of Acquiescence to the state wherein we are placed, and a secret approbation of the Divine will in his conduct towards man.

A man who uses his best endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reason, has two perpetual sources of cheerfulness in the consideration of his own nature, and of that Being on whom he had a dependence. If he looks into himself, he cannot but rejoice in that existence which is so lately bestowed upon him, and which, after millions of ages, will be still new, and still in its beginning. How many self-congratulations naturally rise in the mind, when it reflects on this its entrance into eternity, when it takes a view of those improvable faculties, which in a few years, and even at its first setting out, have made so considerable a progress, and which will be still receiving an increase of perfection, and consequently an increase of happiness ! the consciousness of such a Being spreads a perpetual diffusion of joy through the soul of a virtuous man, and

makes him look upon himself every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

The second source of cheerfulness to a good mind, is its consideration of that Being on whom we have our dependence, and in whom, though we behold him as yet but in the first faint discoveries of his perfections, we see every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourselves every where upheld by his goodness and surrounded with an immensity of love and mercy. In short, we depend upon a Being, whose power qualifies him to make us happy by an infinity of means, whose goodness and truth engage him to make those happy who desire it of him, and whose unchangeableness will secure us in this happiness to all eternity.

Such considerations, which every one should perpetually cherish in his thoughts, will banish from us all that secret heaviness of heart which unthinking men are subject to when they lie under no real affliction; all that anguish which we may feel from any evil that actually oppresses us; to which I may likewise add those little cracklings of mirth and folly that are apter to betray virtue than support it; and establish in us such an even and cheerful temper, as makes us pleasing to ourselves, to those with whom we converse, and to whom we were made to please.

SPECTATOR.

CHAP. IV.

THE ORIGIN OF SUPERSTITION AND TYRANNY.

Who first taught souls enslaved, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counter-work its cause!
First made conquest, and that Conquest law;
Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe;
Then shar'd the Tyranny, then lent it aid,
And Gods of Conqu'rors, Slaves of Subjects made:
She midst the lightning's blaze, and thunder's sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground

She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
 To pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they :
 She, from the rending earth, and bursting skies,
 Saw Gods descend, and Fiends infernal rise :
 Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes ;
 Fear made her devils, and weak Hope her Gods,
 Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
 Whose attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Lust ;
 Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
 And form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
 Zeal then, not charity, became the guide ;
 And hell was built on spite, and heav'n on pride.
 Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more ;
 Altar's grew marble then, and reek'd with gore :
 Then first the Flamen tasted living food ;
 Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood ;
 With heav'n's own thunders shook the world below,
 And play'd the God an engine on his foe.

So drive Self-love, through just and through unjust
 To one man's pow'r, ambition lucre, lust :
 The same Self-love, in all, becomes the cause
 Of what restrains him, Government and Laws ;
 For, what one likes, if others like as well,
 What serves one will, when many wills rebel ?
 How shall we keep, what sleeping or awake,
 A weaker may surprise, a stronger take ?
 His safety must his liberty restrain :
 All join to guard what each desires to gain.
 Forc'd into virtue thus by Self-defence,
 Ev'n kings learn'd justice and benevolence :
 Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,
 And found the private in the public good.

'Twas then the studious head or gen'rous mind,
 Follower of God, or friend of human kind,
 Poet or patriot, rose but to restore
 The faith and moral Nature gave before ;
 Relum'd her ancient light, nor kindled new,
 If not God's image, yet his shadow drew ;
 Taught Pow'rs due use to People and to Kings,
 Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings
 The less or greater set so justly true,
 That touching one must strike the other too ;

Till jarring int'rests of themselves create
 Th' according music of a well-mix'd State.
 Such is the world's great harmony that springs
 From Order, Union, full Consent of things :
 Where small and great, where weak and mighty made
 To serve, not suffer ; strengthen, not invade ;
 More pow'rful each as needful to the rest,
 And, in proportion as it blesses, blest ;
 Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
 Beast, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord or King.

For forms of Government let fools contest ;
 Whate'er is best administer'd is best :
 For modes of Faith let graceless zealots fight ;
 His can't be wrong whose life is in the right :
 In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
 But all mankind's concern is Charity :
 All must be false that thwart this one great end ;
 And all of God that bless mankind or mend.

Man like the gen'rous vine, supported lives ;
 The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
 On their own axes as the Planets ran,
 Yet make at once their circle round the sun ;
 So two consistent motions act the soul ;
 And one regards itself, and one the whole.
 Thus God and nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
 And bade self-love and social be the same.

POPE.

CHAP. V.

ON SINCERITY.

TRUTH and Sincerity have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure the reality is better ; for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have the qualities he pretends to ? For to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now the best way for a man to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides, it is often as troublesome to support the pretence of a good quality as to have it ; and if a man have

it not, it is most likely he will be discovered to want it, and then all his labour to seem to have it is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

It is hard to personate and act a part long ; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavour-
ed to return, and will betray herself at one time or other. Therefore if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to every one's satisfaction ; for truth is convincing, and carries its own light and evidence along with it, and will not only commend us to every man's conscience, but which is much more, to God, who searcheth our hearts. So that upon all accounts sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the artificial modes of dissimulation and deceit. It is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world ; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it ; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning continually grow weaker, and less effectual and serviceable to those that practise them ; whereas integrity gains strength by use, and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do, to repose the greatest confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in business and the affairs of life.

A dissembler must always be upon his guard, and watch himself carefully, that he do not contradict his own pretensions ; for he acts an unnatural part, and therefore must put a continual force and restraint upon himself. Whereas he that acts sincerely hath the easiest task in the world ; because he follows nature, and so is put to no trouble and care about his words and actions ; he needs not invent any pretences beforehand, nor make excuses afterwards, for any thing he hath said or done.

But insincerity is very troublesome to manage ; a hypocrite hath so many things to attend to, as make his life a very perplexed and intricate thing. A liar hath need of a good memory, lest he contradict at one time what he said

at another ; but truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out ; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips ; whereas a lie is troublesome, and needs a great many more to make it good.

Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy dispatch of business. It creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in few words. It is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than bye-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over ; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted when perhaps he means honestly. When a man hath once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter, (as far as respects the affairs of this world) if he spent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw. But if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of reputation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions, for nothing but this will hold out to the end. All other arts may fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him ont to the last.

TILLORSON.

CHAP. VI.

ON HAPPINESS.

O HAPPINESS ! our being's end and aim ;
 Good, pleasure, ease, content, whate'er thy name :
 That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh.
 For which we bear to live, or dare to die :

Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
 O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise.
 Plant of celestial seed ! if dropt below,
 Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow ?
 Fair op'ning to some court's propitious shine,
 Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine ?
 Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
 Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field ?
 Where grows ?—where grows it not ? If vain our toil,
 We ought to blame the culture, not the soil :
 Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
 'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where ;
 'Tis never to be bought but always free,
 And fled from monarchs, St. John ! dwells with thee.

Ask of the learn'd the way : the learn'd are blind ;
 This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind ;
 Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
 Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment these ;
 Some, sunk' to beasts, find pleasure end in pain :
 Some, swell'd to Gods, confess e'en Virtue vain :
 Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
 To trust in every thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less
 Than this, that happiness is happiness ?

Take Nature's path and mad opinions leave :
 All states can reach it, and all heads conceive ;
 Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell :
 There needs but thinking right and meaning well
 And mourn our various portions as we please,
 Equal is common sense, and common ease.

Remember, Man, "the universal Cause
 "Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws ;"
 And makes what happiness we justly call,
 Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
 There's not a blessing Individuals find,
 But some way leans and hearkens to the kind.
 No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
 No cavern'd Hermit, rest self-satisfied :
 Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
 Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend :
 Abstract what others feel, what others think,
 All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink ;

Each has his share : and who would more obtain
Shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain.

ORDER is Heav'n's first law ; and this confess,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest ;
More rich : more wise : but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense ;
Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their Happiness :
But mutual wants this Happiness increase ;
All Nature's diff'rence keeps all Nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance, is not the thing ;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king ;
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend,
Heav'n breathes through every member of the whole
One common blessing as one common soul.
But Fortune's gifts if each alike possess,
And each were equal must not all contest ?
If then to all men Happiness was meant,
God in externals could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those ;
But heav'n's just balance equal will appear,
While those are plac'd in hope and these in fear ;
Not present good or ill the joy or curse,
But future views of better, or of worse.
Oh, sons of earth ! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies ?
Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words—Health, Peace, and Competence.

POPE.



CHAP. VII.

ON HONOUR.

Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
 The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
 That aids and strengthens virtue when it meets her,
 And imitates her actions where she is not.

CATO.

EVERY principle that is a motive to good actions ought to be encouraged, since men are of so different a make that the same principle does not work equally upon all minds. What some men are prompted to by conscience, duty, or religion, which are only different names for the same thing, others are prompted to by honour.

The sense of honour is of so fine and delicate a nature, that it is only to be met with in minds which are naturally noble, or in such as have been cultivated by great examples, or a refined education. This essay, therefore, is chiefly designed for those who, by means of any of these advantages, are, or ought to be, actuated by this glorious principle.

But as nothing is more pernicious than a principle of action when it is misunderstood, I shall consider honour with respect to three sorts of men. First of all, with regard to those who have a right notion of it. Secondly, with regard to those who have a mistaken notion of it. And, thirdly, with regard to those who treat it as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule.

In the first place, true honour, though it be a different principle from religion, is that which produces the same effects. The lines of action, though drawn from different parts, terminate in the same point. Religion embraces virtue, as it is enjoined by the laws of God; honour as it is graceful and ornamental to human nature. The religious man fears, the man of honour scorns to do an ill action. The latter considers vice as something that is beneath him, the other as something that is offensive to the Divine Being. The one as what is unbecoming, the other as what is forbidden. Thus Seneca speaks in the natural and genuine language of a man of honour, when he declares, that were

there no God to see or punish vice, he would not commit it, because it is of so mean, so base, and so vile a nature.

In the second place, we are to consider those who have mistaken notions of honour. And these are such as establish any thing to themselves for a point of honour which is contrary either to the laws of God or of their country : who think it more honourable to revenge than to forgive an injury ; who make no scruple of telling a lie, but would put any man to death that accuses them of it ; who are more careful to guard their reputation by their courage than by their virtue. True fortitude is indeed so becoming in human nature, that he who wants it scarcely deserves the name of a man ; but we find several who so much abuse this notion, that they place the whole idea of honour in a kind of brutal courage ; by which means we have had many among us who have called themselves men of honour, that would have been a disgrace to a gibbet. In a word, the man who sacrifices any duty of a reasonable creature to a prevailing mode or fashion, who looks upon any thing as honourable that is displeasing to his Maker, or destructive to society, who thinks himself obliged by this principle to the practice of some virtues and not of others, is by no means to be reckoned among true men of honour.

Timogenes was a lively instance of one actuated by false honour. Timogenes would smile at a man's jest who ridiculed his Maker, and at the same time ran a man through the body, that spoke ill of his friend. Timogenes would have scorned to have betrayed a secret that was intrusted with him though the fate of his country depended upon the discovery of it. Timogenes took away the life of a young fellow in a duel, for having spoken ill of Belinda, a lady whom he himself had seduced in her youth, and betrayed into want and ignominy. To close his character, Timogenes, after having ruined several poor tradesmen's families who had trusted him, sold his estate to satisfy his creditors : but, like a man of honour, disposed of all the money he could make of it, in the paying of his play-debts, or, to speak in his own language, his debts of honour.

In the third place, we are to consider those persons who treat this principle as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule. Men who are professedly of no honour, are of a more profligate and abandoned nature than even those who are actu-

ated by false notions of it, as there is more hope of an heretic than of an atheist. These sons of infamy consider honour with old Syphax, in the play before mentioned, as a fine imaginary notion, that leads astray young inexperienced men, and draws them into real mischiefs, while they are engaged in the pursuits of a shadow. These are generally persons who, in Shakspeare's phrase, "are worn and hackney'd in the ways of men;" whose imaginations are grown callous, and have lost all those delicate sentiments which are natural to minds that are innocent and undepraved. Such old battered miscreants ridicule every thing as romantic that comes in competition with their present interest, and treat those persons as visionaries who dare stand up in a corrupt age, for what has not its immediate reward joined to it. The talents, interest, or experience of such men, make them very often useful in all parties and at all times. But whatever wealth and dignities they may arrive at, they ought to consider that every one stands as a blot in the annals of his country, who arrives at the temple of honour by any other way than through that of virtue.

GUARDIAN.

CHAP VIII.

ON THE ORDER OF NATURE.

SEE through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
 All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
 Above, how high progressive life may go!
 Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
 Vast chain of Being! which from God began,
 Nature ethereal, human, angel, man;
 Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
 No glass can reach: from infinite to thee,
 From thee to nothing. On superior powr's
 Were we to press inferior might on ours
 Or in the full creation leave a void,
 Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd:
 From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,

Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to th' amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall.
Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky,
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heavn's all foundations to the centre nod,
And Nature tremble to the throne of God.
All this dread ORDER break—for whom: for thee?
Vile worm! Oh Madness! Pride! Impiety!

What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head!
What if the head, the eye or ear repin'd
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another in this gen'ral frame:
Just as absurd to mourn the tasks or pains,
The great directing MIND or ALL ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul:
That chang'd through all, and yet in all the same.
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small:
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

Cease then, nor ORDER Imperfection name
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindness weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
Submit in this or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou cans't bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,

Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
 All nature is but Art, unknown to thee ;
 All Chance Direction, which thou canst not see ;
 All Discord, Harmony not understood ;
 All partial Evil, universal Good :
 And, spite of pride, in erring Reason's spite,
 One truth is clear W HATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

CHAP. IX.

ON GOOD HUMOUR.

Good humour may be defined a habit of being pleased, a constant and perennial softness of manner, easiness of approach, and suavity of disposition ; like that which every man perceives in himself, when the first transports of new felicity have subsided and his thoughts are only kept in motion by a slow succession of soft impulses, Good humour is a state between gaiety and unconcern : the act or emanation of a mind at leisure to regard the gratification of another.

It is imagined by many that whenever they aspire to please, they are required to be merry, and to show the gladness of their souls by flights and pleasantry, and bursts of laughter. But though these men may be for a time heard with applause and admiration, they seldom delight us long. We enjoy them a little, and then retire to easiness and good humour, as the eye gazes awhile on eminences glittering with the sun, but soon turns aching away to verdure and to flowers.

Gaiety is to good humour as animal perfumes to vegetable fragrance : the one overpowers weak spirits, and the other recreate and revives them. Gaiety seldom fails to give some pain ; the hearers either strain their faculties to accompany its towerings, or are left behind in envy and despair. Good humour boasts no faculties which every one does not believe in his power, and pleases principally by not offending.

It is well known, that the most certain way to give any man pleasure, is to persuade him that you receive pleasure from him, and to encourage him to freedom and confidence, and to avoid any such appearance of superiority as may overbear and depress him. We see many that by this art only spend their days in the midst of caresses, invitations, and civilities ; and without any extraordinary qualities or attainments, are the universal favourites of both sexes, and certainly find a friend in every place. The darlings of the world will, indeed, be generally found such as excite neither jealousy nor fear : and are not considered as candidates for any eminent degree of reputation, but content themselves with common accomplishments, and endeavour rather to solicit kindness than to raise esteem. Therefore, in assemblies and places of resort it seldom fails to happen, that though at the entrance of some particular person every face brightens with gladness, and every hand is extended in salutation, yet if you pursue him beyond the first exchange of civilities, you will find him of very small importance, and only welcome to the company, as one by whom all conceive themselves admired, and with whom any one is at liberty to amuse himself when he can find no other auditor or companion ; as one with whom all are at ease, who will hear a jest without criticism, and a narrative without contradiction ; who laughs with every wit, and yields to every disputer.

There are many whose vanity always inclines them to associate with those from whom they have no reason to fear mortification ; and there are times in which the wise and the knowing are willing to receive praise without the labour of deserving it, in which the most elevated mind is willing to descend, and the most active to be at rest. All therefore are at some hour or other fond of companions whom they can entertain upon easy terms, and who will relieve them from solitude without condemning them to vigilance and caution. We are most inclined to love when we have nothing to fear ; and he that encourages us to please ourselves, will not be long without preference in our affection to those whose learning holds us at the distance of pupils, or whose wit call all attention from us, and leaves us without importance and without regard.

It is remarked by prince Henry, when he sees Falstaff

lying on the ground, “that he could have better spared a better man.” He was well acquainted with the vices and follies of him whom he lamented : but while his conviction compelled him to do justice to superior qualities, his tenderness still broke out at the remembrance of Falstaff, of the cheerful companion, the loud buffoon, with whom he had passed his time in all the luxury of idleness, who had gladdened him with unenvied merriment, and whom he could at once enjoy and despise.

You may perhaps think this account of those who are distinguished for their good humour, not very consistent with the praises which I have bestowed upon it. But surely nothing can more evidently show the value of this quality, than that it recommends those who are destitute of all other excellencies, and procures regard to the trifling, friendship to the worthless, and affection to the dull.

Good humour is indeed generally degraded by the characters in which it is found ; for being considered as a cheap and vulgar quality, we find it often neglected by those that have excellencies of higher reputation and brighter splendour, perhaps imagining that they have some right to gratify themselves at the expense of others, and are to demand compliance rather than to practise it. It is by some unfortunate mistake that almost all those who have any claim to esteem or love, press their pretensions with too little consideration of others. This mistake my own interest as well as my zeal for general happiness makes me desirous to rectify ; for I have a friend, who because he knows his own fidelity and usefulness, is never willing to sink into a companion. I have a wife whose beauty first subdued me, and whose wit confirmed her conquest : but whose beauty now serves no other purpose than to entitle her to tyranny, and whose wit is only used to justify perverseness.

Surely nothing can be more unreasonable than to lose the will to please, when we are conscious of the power, or show more cruelty than to choose any kind of influence before that of kindness. He that regards the welfare of others, should make his virtue approachable, that it may be loved and copied ; and he that considers the wants which every man feels, or will feel, of external assistance, must rather wish to be surrounded by those that love him than by those that admire his excellencies, or solicit his favours ;

for admiration ceases with novelty, and interest gains its end and retires. A man whose great qualities want the ornament of superficial attractions, is like a naked mountain with mines of gold, which will be frequented only till the treasure is exhausted. RAMBLER.

CHAP. X.

ON VIRTUE.

Know thou this truth (enough for man to know,)
 "Virtue alone is happiness below,"
 The only point where human bliss stands still,
 And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
 Where only Merit constant pay receives,
 Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives?
 The joy unequall'd if its end is gain,
 And if it lose, attended with no pain:
 Without satiety, though e'er so bless'd,
 And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:
 The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
 Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears:
 Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
 For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
 Never elated, while one man's oppress'd:
 Never dejected, while another's bless'd;
 And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
 Since but to wish more Virtue, is to gain.
 See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow!
 Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know:
 Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
 The bad must miss; the good, untaught, will find;
 Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
 But looks through Nature, up to Nature's God;
 Pursues that Chain which links th' immense design,
 Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;
 Sees that no being any bliss can know,
 But touches some above, and some below;
 Learns, from this union of the rising whole,

The first last purpose of the human soul;
 And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
 All end, in LOVE OF GOD, and LOVE OF MAN.
 For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
 And opens still, and opens on his soul;
 Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd,
 It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
 He sees why nature plants in man alone
 Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown
 (Nature whose dictates to no other kind
 Are given in vain, but what they seek they find
 Wise is her present; she connects in this
 His greater Virtue with the greatest bliss;
 At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
 And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
 Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine,
 Is this too little for thy boundless heart?
 Extend it, let thy enemies have part;
 Grasp the whole worlds of Reason, Life, and Sense,
 In one close system of Benevolence;
 Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
 And height of bliss but height of Charity.

God loves from whole to parts; but human sons
 Must rise from individual to the whole.
 Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake
 As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
 The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
 Another still, and still another spreads;
 Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
 His country next; and next all human race;
 Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
 Take ev'ry creature in of every kind;
 Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
 And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast.

Pope.



CHAP. XI.

ON THE VALUE OF AN HONEST MAN.

It is the folly and misfortune of human nature to prefer the present to the future, the agreeable to the useful, the shining to the solid. We admire wit, beauty, wealth, title, and all that sparkles with the brilliancy of external lustre ; and though we probably approve the plain and homely virtues which form the foundation of all real excellence, it is with the cold feelings of unimpassioned judgment. But in youth, when our choice in life is usually fixed, we are much more disposed to pursue what we admire than what we only approve ; and the consequence is, that the greater number form the earliest and most durable attachment to vanity. Sober maxims, rules of prudence, dictates of justice, plain truth, simplicity of manners, constancy in friendship, and regularity of business, appear with few charms in the eyes of him who pants for the noble distinction of being remarked at public places for elegance of dress, admired for the most splendid vehicle, celebrated for his wit at a masquerade, smiled upon at court, and at length, perhaps, rewarded with a title, a riband, and a star. To obtain such bliss, far other qualifications are necessary than the antiquated virtues of one's grandfather. The business must be done by dress, address, and, in short, the graces, the graces, the graces ! With respect to honesty, I have somewhere read, that a man of honour, on hearing honesty attributed to his fashionable friend, expressed some degree of displeasure at the panegyric, and declared that such a compliment was only fit for his footman. - Our first question concerning a gentleman whose character we wish to learn, is seldom, Is he honest ? but, Is he rich ? Is he a man of fashion, spirit, ton, or a bon vivant ?

Now there have been of late, and indeed at all times, many men of fashion totally destitute of moral honesty. They have possessed every personal grace, and every pleasing accomplishment. They could sing, dance, and play on musical instruments. They could converse with the grave and the gay, and adapt all their sentiments to the present company. They had that freedom which is called charming,

and which enabled them to push themselves into all companies, and accost men of rank and character by their surnames, and without any respectful addition. All this could not fail to excite the praise of the ladies, and the envy of the gentlemen. But in the end it has been, in several notorious instances, found that these charming men, with the appearance of whatever is good and agreeable, have been the first to overreach in a bargain, exceedingly successful in the profession of swindling, and particularly adroit at a forgery.

So despicable and detestable do the character of such men appear on detection, that I cannot help thinking honesty is the best ornament, as well as the best policy. It is, indeed, a diamond of the first water; while all the showy, dazzling, unsubstantial qualities which the artless assume for the purposes of deceit, are no more than French paste, or paltry glass, at once both tawdry, brittle, and vile.

I would recommend unfeigned honesty as ornamental; because such is the present state of manners, it is infinitely more likely to be pursued and valued by the majority of mankind, when they think it will conciliate the love and admiration of each other, than when they view it merely as a moral excellence. The man of reading, reflection, and a cultivated mind, will want no motive to pursue it but those which are suggested by his own conscience and the delicacy of his sentiments. But to the mass of mankind, composed of all ages, all ranks, all tempers, all professions, all parties, and all religions, it is necessary to render any particular virtue which the moralist wishes to promote, both lovely and honourable. Interest, passion, and fancy, must be taught, if possible, to second the decisions of reason. She is too often deposed by her refractory subjects, whose obedience, indeed, is seldom to be relied on, but when it is in some degree spontaneous.

It cannot surely be denied, that the quality which pervades every part of human life, and tends immediately to render it secure, comfortable, and honourable, is itself one of the most honourable which can be possessed by a human creature; and such is that uncelebrated virtue,—plain unassuming moral honesty. Without it, society is a den of thieves, and men are to each other wolves and foxes.

Every day's experience evinces the justness of that representation in the Scriptures, in which it is said, that the heart is deceitful above all things, who can know it? In the most trifling intercourse, where neither pleasure nor profit are in view, the propensity to deceit appears in the little promises, professions, compliments, which are mutually made, usually without any sincerity of regard, and often with real and inveterate aversion. But where interest is in view, the machinations made use of for the accomplishment of mean and mercenary purposes are often such as might characterize an infernal agent. Plausibility is, at the same time, worn as a cloak; and he who has a design on your purse, your life, or your country, will assume all the appearance of cordial friendship, and unpolluted honour. It is well known, that the graces, the agreeable qualities, as they are called, and the appearance of the most amiable virtues, have been possessed in perfection by men who finished their lives with ignominy as victims of the law.

Indeed, this common honesty, as it is named, is far less common than our pride is willing to suppose; but if it could be introduced into all the employments of life, the golden age would be restored.

Happy state! but alas, it is imaginery! It might, however, I am convinced, in some degree be realized, if due care were taken in education to render the least tendency to deceit disgraceful and obnoxious to punishment; and every ingenuous, open, honest action honourable; for honour is the nurse of the virtues, as well as of the arts. Instead of which, the writings of some modern instructors tend immediately to recommend every species of deceit at that early age, when a little evil sown in the bosom by the tutor, cannot fail to take root, and grow to a stupendous magnitude.

Early and late, by night and by day, in season and out of season, as the Scripture strongly expresses it, I would inculcate in the breast of boys the just remark of the moral poet, that an honest man is the noblest work of God.

Knox.

CHAP. XII.

LESSONS OF WISDOM.

How to live happiest ; how avoid the pains,
The disappointments, and disgust of those
Who would in pleasure all their hours employ ;
The precepts here of a divine old man
I could recite. Though old he still retain'd
His manly sense and energy of mind.
Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe ;
He still remember'd that he once was young :
His easy presence check'd no decent joy
Him even the dissolute admir'd : for he
A graceful looseness, when he pleased, put on
And laughing could instruct. Much had he read :
Much more had seen ; he studied from the life,
And in the original perus'd mankind.

Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,
He pitied man : and much he pitied those
Whom falsely-smiling fate has curs'd with means
To dissipate their days in quest of joy.
Our aim is Happiness ; 'tis your's, 'tis mine,
He said, 'tis the pursuit of all that live ;
Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd.
But they the widest wander from the mark,
Who through the flow'ry paths of saunt'ring Joy
Seek this coy Goddess ; that from stage to stage
Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue,
For not to name the pains that Pleasure brings
To counterpoise itself, relentless Fate
Forbids that we through gay voluptuous wilds
Should ever roam : and were the Fates more kind
Our narrow luxuries would soon be stale.
Were those exhaustless, Nature would grow sick.
And, cloy'd with pleasure, squeamishly complain
That all was vanity, and life a dream.
Let nature rest : be busy for yourself,
And for your friend ; be busy even in vain,
Rather than tease her stated appetites.

Who never fasts, no banquet e'er enjoys;
 Who never toils or watches, never sleeps.
 Let nature rest: and when the taste of joy
 Grows keen, indulge: but shun satiety.

'Tis not for mortals always to be blest.
 But him the least the dull or painful hours
 Of life oppress, whom sober sense conducts.
 And Virtue, through this labyrinth we tread,
 Virtue and Sense I mean not to disjoin:
 Virtue and Sense are one; and, trust me,
 Who has not Virtue is not truly wise.
 Virtue (for mere Good-nature is a fool)
 Is sense and spirit with humanity:
 'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds.
 'Tis e'en vindictive, but in vengeance just.
 Knaves fain would laugh at it; some great ones dare;
 But at his heart the most undaunted son
 Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms
 To noblest uses this determines wealth
 This is the solid pomp of prosperous days;
 The peace and shelter of adversity.
 And if you pant for glory, build your fame
 On this foundation which the secret shock
 Defies of Envy and all-sapping Time.
 The gaudy floss of Fortune only strikes
 The vulgar eye: the suffrage of the wise,
 The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
 By sense alone and dignity of mind.

Virtue, the strength, and beauty of the soul,
 Is the best gift of Heaven: a Happiness
 That even above the smiles and frowns of fate
 Exalts great Nature's favourites: a wealth
 That ne'er encumbers, nor to baser hands
 Can be transferr'd: it is the only good
 Man justly boasts of, or can call his own.
 Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd;
 Or dealt by chance to shield a lucky knave,
 Or throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
 But for one end, one much-neglected use,
 Are riches worth your care (for Nature's wants
 Are few and without opulence supplied)
 This noble end is, to produce the Soul:

To show the virtues in their fairest light;
 To make humanity the minister
 Of bounteous Providence, and teach the breast
 That generous luxury the gods enjoy.—
 Thus in his graver vein, the friendly Sage
 Sometimes declaim'd, Of right and wrong he taught
 Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard:
 And (strange to tell!) he practis'd what he preach'd.
ARMSTRONG.

CHAP. XIII.

ON THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.

Nothing has so much exposed men of learning to contempt and ridicule, as their ignorance of things which are known to all but themselves. Those who have been taught to consider the institutions of the schools, as giving the last perfection to human abilities, are surprised to see men wrinkled with study, yet wanting to be instructed in the minute circumstances of propriety, or the necessary forms of daily transaction: and quickly shake off their reverence for modes of education, which they find to produce no ability above the rest of mankind.

Books, says Bacon, can never teach the use of books. The student must learn, by commerce with mankind, to reduce his speculations to practice, and accommodate his knowledge to the purposes of life.

It is too common for those who have been bred to scholastic professions, and passed much of their time in academies, were nothing but learning confers honours, to disregard every other qualification, and to imagine that they shall find mankind ready to pay homage to their knowledge, and to crowd about them for instruction. They therefore step out from their cells into the open world, with all the confidence of authority and dignity of importance; they look round about them at once with ignorance and scorn on a race of beings to whom they are equally unknown and equally contemptible, but whose manners they must imitate,

and with whose opinions they must comply if they desire to pass their time happily amongst them.

To lessen that disdain with which scholars are inclined to look on the common business of the world, and the unwillingness with which they condescend to learn what is not to be found in any system of philosophy, it may be necessary to consider, that though admiration is excited by abstruse researches and remote discoveries, yet pleasure is not given, nor affection conciliated, but by softer accomplishments, and qualities more easily communicable to those about us. He that can only converse upon questions about which only a small part of mankind has knowledge sufficient to make them curious, must lose his days in unsocial silence, and live in the crowd of life without a companion. He that can only be useful on great occasions, may die without exerting his abilities, and stand a helpless spectator of a thousand vexations which fret away happiness, and which nothing is required to remove but a little dexterity of conduct and readiness of expedients.

No degree of knowledge attained by man is able to set him above the want of hourly assistance, or to extinguish the desire of fond endearments, and tender officiousness ; and therefore no one should think it unnecessary to learn those arts by which friendship may be gained. Kindness is preserved by a constant reciprocation of benefits or interchange of pleasures ; but such benefits only can be bestowed, as others are capable of receiving, and such pleasures only imparted, as others are qualified to enjoy.

By this descent from the pinnacles of art no honour will be lost ; for the condescensions of learning are always overpaid by gratitude. An elevated genius employed in little things, appears, to use the simile of Longinus, like the sun in his evening declination ; he remits his splendour but retains his magnitude ; and pleases more though he dazzles less.

RAMBLER.

CHAP. XIV.

REFLECTIONS ON A FUTURE STATE.

'Tis done !—dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
 And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lies !
 How dumb the tuneful ! Horror wide extends
 His desolate domain. Behold, fond man !
 See here thy pictur'd life : pass some few years,
 Thy flowering Spring, thy summer's ardent strength,
 Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
 And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
 And shuts the scene. Ah ! whither now are fled
 Those dreams of greatness ? those unsolid hopes
 Of happiness ? those longings after fame ?
 Those restless cares ? those busy bustling days
 Those gay-spent festive nights ? those veering thoughts
 Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life ?
 All now are vanish'd ! VIRTUE sole survives,
 Immortal never-failing friend of Man,
 His guide to happiness on high.—And see !
 'Tis come, the glorious morn ! the second birth
 Of heaven and earth ! awak'ning Nature hears
 The new creating word, and starts to life,
 In every heighten'd form, from pain and death
 For ever free. The great eternal scheme
 Involving all, and in a perfect whole
 Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
 To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.

Ye vainly wise ! ye blind presumptuous ! now
 Confounded in the dust, adore that POWER,
 And WISDOM oft arraign'd : see now the cause,
 Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,
 And died neglected : why the good man's share
 In life was gall and bitterness of soul :
 Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
 In starving solitude ; while Luxury,
 In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
 To form unreal wants : why heaven-born truth,

And moderation fair, wore the red marks
 Of superstition's scourge : why licens'd pain,
 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
 Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distrest !
 Ye noble few ! who here unbending stand
 Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while,
 And what your bounded view, which only saw
 A little part, deem'd Evil, is no more,
 The Storms of WINTRY TIME, will quickly pass,
 And one unbounded SPRING encircle all.

THOMSON.

CHAP XV.

ON THE

ADVANTAGES OF UNITING GENTLENESS OF MANNERS WITH FIRMNESS OF MIND.

I MENTIONED to you some time ago, a sentence which I would most earnestly wish you always to retain in your thoughts, and observe in your conduct : it is *suavitér in modo, fortitér in re*.* I do not know any one rule so unexceptionably useful and necessary in every part of life.

The *suavitér in modo* alone would degenerate and sink into a mean, timid complaisance and passiveness, if not supported and dignified by the *fortitér in re* ; which would also run into impetuosity and brutality, if not tempered and softened by the *suavitér in modo* : however, they are but seldom united. The warm cholerick man, with strong animal spirits, despises the *suaviétr in modo*, and thinks to carry all before him by the *fortitér in re*. He may possibly, by great accident, now and then succeed, when he has only weak and timid people to deal with ; but his general fate will be to shock, offend, be hated, and fail. On the other hand, the cunning crafty man thinks to gain all his ends by the *suavitér in modo* only : he becomes all

* Gentle in manner, but vigorous in deed.

things to all men ; he seems to have no opinion of his own, and sêrvilely adopts the present opinion of the present person : he insinuates himself only to the esteem of fools, but is soon detected, and surely despised, by every body else. The wise man (who differs as much from the cunning, as from the cholerick man) alone joins the *suavitér in modo* with the *fortitér in re*.

If you are in authority and have a right to command, your commands delivered *suavitér in modo* will be willingly, cheerfully, and consequently well obeyed ; whereas if given only *fortitér*, that is brutally, they will rather, as Tacitus says, be interpreted than executed. For my own part if I bade my footman bring me a glass of wine, in a rough insulting manner, I should expect, that in obeying me, he would contrive to spill some of it upon me : and I am sure I should deserve it. A cool steady resolution should show, that where you have a right to command, you will be obeyed ; but at the same time, a gentleness in the manner of enforcing that obedience, should make it a cheerful one, and soften, as much as possible, the mortifying consciousness of inferiority. If you are to ask a favour, or even to solicit your due, you must do it *suaviér in modo*, or you will give those, who have a mind to refuse you either, a pretence to do it, by resenting the manner : but, on the other hand, you must, by steady perseverance and decent tenaciousness, show the *fortitér in re*. In short, this precept is the only way I know in the world, of being loved without being despised, and feared without being hated. It constitutes the dignity of character, which every wise man must endeavour to establish

If therefore you find that you have a hastiness in your temper, which unguardedly breaks out into indiscreet sallies or rough expressions, to either your superiors, your equals, or your inferiors, watch it narrowly, check it carefully, and call the *suavitér in modo* to your assistance : at the first impulse of passion be silent, till you can be soft. Labour even to get the command of your countenance so well, that those emotions may not be read in it : a most unspeakable advantage in business ! On the other hand, let no complaisance, no gentleness of temper, no weak desire of pleasing on your part, no wheedling, coaxing, nor flattery on other people's, make you recede one jot from

any point that reason and prudence have bid you pursue : but return to the charge, persist, persevere, and you will find most things attainable that are possible. A yielding, timid meekness is always abused and insulted by the unjust and the unfeeling ; but meekness, when sustained by the *fortit  r in re*, is always respected, commonly successful. In your friendships and connexions, as well as in your enmities, this rule is particularly useful : let your firmness and vigour preserve and invite attachments to you ; but at the same time, let your manner hinder the enemies of your friends and dependents from becoming your's : let your enemies be disarmed by the gentleness of your manners, but let them feel at the same time, the steadiness of your just resentment ; for there is a great difference between bearing malice, which is always ungenerous, and a resolute self-defence, which is always prudent and justifiable.

I conclude with this observation, That gentleness of manners, with firmness of mind, is a short, but full description of human perfection, on this side of religious and moral duties.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

CHAP. XVI.

ON THE MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

AH ! little think the gay licentious proud,
 Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround ;
 They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
 And wanton, often cruel, riot waste ;
 Ah ! little think they, while they dance along,
 How many feel, this very moment, death
 And all the sad variety of pain :
 How many sink in the devouring flood,
 Or more devouring flame ; how many bleed,
 By shameful variance betwixt man and man :
 How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms,
 Shut from the common air and common use
 Of their own limbs ; how many drink the cup

Of baleful grief. or eat the bitter bread
 Of misery : sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
 How many shrink into the sordid but
 Of cheerless poverty ; how many shake
 With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
 Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse ;
 Whence tumbling headlong from the height of life,
 They furnish matter for the tragic muse :
 Even in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,
 With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,
 How many rac'd, with honest passions droop
 In deep retir'd distress : how many stand
 Around the death-bed of their dearest friends
 And point the parting anguish.—Thought fond man
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
 That one incessant struggle render life
 One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
 Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
 And heedless rambling impulse learn to think ;
 The conscious heart of charity would warm,
 And her wide wish benevolence dilate ;
 The social tear would rise, the social sigh
 And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
 Refining still, the social passions, work.

THOMSON.

CHAP. XVII.

ON GOOD SENSE.

WHERE I to explain what I understand by good sense,
 I should call it right reason ; but right reason that arises
 not from formal and logical deductions, but from a sort of in-
 tuitive faculty in the soul, which distinguishes by immediate
 perception ; a kind of innate sagacity, that in many of its
 properties seems very much to resemble instinct. It would
 be improper, therefore, to say, that Sir Isaac Newton
 showed his good sense, by those amazing discoveries which
 he made in natural philosophy ; the operations of this gift

of heaven are rather instantaneous than the result of any tedious process. Like Diomedes, after Minerva had endued him with the power of discerning gods from mortals, the man of good sense discovers at once the truth of those objects he is most concerned to distinguish; and conducts himself with suitable caution and security.

It is for this reason, possibly, that this quality of the mind is not so often found united with learning as one could wish; for good sense being accustomed to receive her discoveries without labour or study, she cannot so easily wait for those truths, which being placed at a distance, and lying concealed under numberless covers, require much pains and applications to unfold.

But though good sense is not in the number, nor always, it must be owned, in the company of the sciences; yet is it (as the most sensible of poets has justly observed)

‘Fairly worth the seven.’

Rectitude of understanding is indeed the most useful, as well as the most noble of human endowments, as it is the sovereign guide and director, in every branch of civil and social intercourse.

Upon whatever occasion this enlightening faculty is exerted, it is always sure to act with distinguished eminence; but its chief and peculiar province seems to lie in the commerce of the world. Accordingly, we may observe that those who have conversed more with men than with books; whose wisdom is derived rather from experience than contemplation; generally possess this happy talent with superior perfection. For good sense, though it cannot be acquired, may be improved: and the world, I believe, will ever be found to afford the most kindly soil for its cultivation,

MELMOTH.



CHAP. XVIII.

THE PAIN ARISING FROM VIRTUOUS EMO-
TIONS ATTENDED WITH PLEASURE.

—————BEHOLD the ways
Of Heav'n's eternal destiny to man,
For ever just, benevolent, and wise :
That VIRTUE's awful steps, howe'er pursu'd
By vexing Fortune and intrusive Pain,
Should never be divided from her chaste,
Her fair attendant, PLEASURE. Need I urge
Thy tardy thought through all the various round
Of this existence, that thy soft'ning soul
At length may learn what energy the hand
Of Virtue mingles in the bitter tide
Of passion swelling with distress and pain,
To mitigate the sharp with gracious drops
Of cordial Pleasure? Ask the faithful youth,
Why cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
So often fills his arms ; so often draws
His lonely footsteps, at the silent hour,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears ?
O ! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
That sacred hour, when stealing from the noise
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance sooths
With virtue's kindest looks his aching breast,
And turns his tears to rapture.—Ask the crowd
Which flies impatient from the village-walk
To climb the neighb'ring cliffs, when far below
The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the coast
Some hapless bark ; while sacred pity melts
The gen'ral eye, or terror's icy hand
Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair ;
While every mother closer to her breast
Catches her child, and pointing where the waves
Foam through the shatter'd vessel, shrieks aloud,
As one poor wretch, who spreads his piteous arms
For succour swallow'd by the roaring surge,

As now another, dash'd against the rock,
Drops lifeless down. O deemest thou indeed
No kind endearment here by nature giv'n
To mutual terror and compassion's tears?
No sweetly-melting softness which attracts,
O'er all that edge of pain, the social pow'rs
To this their proper action and their end,—
Ask thy own heart; when at the midnight hour,
Slow through that studious gloom thy pausing eye
Led by the glimm'ring taper moves around
The sacred volumes of the dead, the songs
Of Grecian bards, and records writ by Fame
For Grecian Heroes, where the present pow'r
Of heav'n and earth survey's th' immortal page,
E'en as a father's blessing, while he reads
The praises of his son; if then thy soul,
Spurning the yoke of these inglorious days,
Mix in their deeds and kindle with their flame;
Say, when the prospect blackens on thy view;
When rooted from the base, heroic states
Mourn in the dust, and tremble at the frown
Of curst ambition;—when the pious band
Of youths that fought for freedom and their sires
Lie side by side in gore; when ruffian pride
Usurps the throne of justice, turns the pomp
Of public pow'r, the majesty of rule,
The sword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
To slavish empty pageants, to adorn
A tyrant's walk, and glitter in the eyes
Of such as bow the knee,—when honour'd urns
Of patriots and of chiefs, the awful bust
And storied arch, to glut the coward rage
Of regal envy, strew the public way
With hallow'd ruins! when the muse's haunt,
The marble porch where wisdom, wont to talk
With Socrates or Tully, hears no more
Save the hoarse jargon of contentious monks,
Of female superstition's midnight pray'r;—
When ruthless rapine from the hand of Time
Tears the destroying scythe, with surer blow
To sweep the works of glory from their base;
'Till desolation o'er the grass grown street

Expands his raven wings, and up the wall,
 Where senates once the pride of monarchs doom'd,
 Hisses the gliding snake through hoary weeds
 That clasp the mould'ring column: thus defac'd,
 Thus widely mournful when the prospect thrills
 Thy beating bosom, when the patriot's tear
 Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
 In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove
 To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow.
 Or dash Octavius from the trophied car;—
 Say, does thy secret soul repine to taste
 The big distress? Or wouldst thou then exchange
 Those heart-ennobling sorrows, for the lot
 Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd
 Of mute barbarians, bending to his nod,
 And bears aloft his gold-invested front,
 And says within himself, "I am a king,
 "And wherefore should the clam'rous voice of woe
 "Intrude upon mine ear?"—The baleful dregs
 Of these late ages, this inglorious draught
 Of servitude and folly, have not yet,
 Blest be th' Eternal Ruler of the world!
 Defil'd to such a depth of sordid shame
 The native honours of the human soul,
 Nor so effac'd the image of its sire.

AKENSIDE.

 CHAP. XIX.

ON STUDY.

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability.
 The chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring;
 for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the
 judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can
 execute, and perhaps judge of particulars one by one; but
 the general counsels, and the plots, and marshalling of
 affairs, come best from those who are learned. To spend
 too much time in studies is sloth; too use them too much

for ornament is affectation : to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humour of a scholar. They perfect nature and are perfected by experience : for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by duty, and studies themselves to give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them : for they teach not their own use, but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested : that is, some books are to be read only in parts ; others to be read, but not curiously ; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made from them by others ; but that should be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books ; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man ; conference a ready man ; and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory ; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit ; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not.

BACON.

CHAP. XX.

REFLECTIONS ON MAN AND IMMORTALITY.

THY nature, immortality, who knows ?
 And yet who knows it not ? It is but life
 In stronger thread of brighter colour spun,
 And spun for ever ; black and brittle here !
 How short our correspondence with the sun !
 And while it lasts, inglorious ! our best deeds,
 How wanting in their weight ! our highest joys
 Small cordials to support us in our pain,
 And give us strength to suffer. But how great

To mingle interests, converse, amities,
 With all the sons of reason, scatter'd wide
 Through habitable space, wherever born,
 Howe'er endow'd! to live free citizens
 Of universal Nature! to lay hold
 By more than feeble faith on the Supreme!
 To call heaven's rich unfathomable mines
 Our own! to rise in science as in bliss,
 Initiate in the secrets of the skies!
 To read creation; and its mighty plan
 In the bare bosom of the Deity!
 The plan and execution to collate!
 To see, before each glance of piercing thought,
 All cloud, all shadow blown remote; and leave
 No mystery—but that of love divine,
 Which lifts us on the seraph's flaming wing,
 From earth's Aceldama, this field of blood,
 Of inward anguish and of outward ill,
 From darkness, and from dust, to such a scene!
 Love's element! true joys illustrious home!
 From earth sad contrast (now deplor'd) more fair.

These are the thoughts that aggrandise the great,
 How great (while yet we tread the kindred clod,
 And every moment fear to sink beneath
 The clod we tread; soon trodden by our sons)—
 How great, in the wild whirl of time's pursuits,
 To stop, and pause, involv'd in high presage!
 Through the long vista of a thousand years,
 To stand contemplating our distant selves,
 As in a magnifying mirror seen,
 Enlarg'd, ennobled, elevate, divine!
 To prophesy our own futurities!
 To gaze in thought on what all thought transcends!
 To talk, with fellow-candidates, of joys
 As far beyond conception as desert,
 Ourselves th' astonish'd talkers and the tale!
 When mount we? when these shackles cast? when quit
 This cell of the creation? this small nest,
 Stuck in a corner of the universe,
 Wrapt up in fleecy cloud and fine spun-air?
 Fine-spun to sense, but gross and feculent
 To souls celestial; souls ordain'd to breathe

Ambrosial gales ; and drink a purer sky ;
Greatly triumphant on time's farther shore.

In an eternity what scenes shall strike !
What webs of wonder shall unravel there !
What dull day pour on all the paths of heaven,
And light th' Almighty's footsteps in the deep !
How shall the blessed day of our discharge
Unwind, at once, the labyrinths of fate,
And straiten its inextricable maze !

If inextinguishable thirst in man
To know ; how rich, how full our banquet here !
Here, not the moral world alone unfolds ;
The world material lately seen in shades,
And in those shades, by fragments only seen,
And seen those fragments by the labouring eye,
Unbroken, now, illustrious, and entire,
Its ample sphere, its universal frame,
In full dimensions swells to the survey ;
And enters, at one glance, the ravish'd sight
How shall the stranger man's illumin'd eye,
In the vast ocean of unbounded space,
Behold an infinite of floating worlds
Divide the crystal waves of ether pure,
In endless voyage, without port ! the least
Of these disseminated orbs how great !
Yet what are these to the stupendous whole ?
As particles, as atoms ill-perceiv'd.

If admiration is a source of joy,
What transport hence ! Yet this the least in heaven
What this to that illustrious robe He wears
Who toss'd this mass of wonders from his hand,
A specimen, an earnest of his power !
'Tis, to that glory, whence all glory flows,
As the mead's meanest flow'ret to the sun
Which gave it birth. But what, this Sun of heaven ;
This bliss supreme of the supremely blest !
Death, only death, the question can resolve.
By death cheap-bought th' ideas of our joy ;
The bare ideas ! solid happiness
So distant from its shadow, chas'd below !

And chase we still the phantom thro' the fire,
O'er bog, and brake, and precipice, 'till death,

And toil we still for sublunary pay ?
 Defy the dangers of the field, and flood,
 Or, spider-like, spin out our precious all,
 Our more than vitals spin in curious webs
 Of subtle thought, and exquisite design ;
 (Fine net work of the brain !) to catch a fly !
 The momentary buz of vain renown !
 A name, a mortal immortality.

YOUNG.

CHAP. XXI.

ON SYMPATHY.

THERE is in our nature a tendency to participate in the pains and pleasures of others; so that their good is in some degree our good, and their evil our evil: the natural effect of which is, to unite men more closely to one another, by prompting them, even for their own sake, to relieve distress and promote happiness. This participation of the joys and sorrows of others may be termed Sympathy, or fellow-feeling. Sympathy with distress is called compassion or pity. Sympathy with the happiness of another has no particular name; but when expressed in words to the happy person, is termed congratulation. Every good man knows, that it is natural for him to rejoice with them who rejoice, and to weep with those that weep.

Even for some inanimate things we have a sort of tenderness, which, by a licentious figure of speech, might be called sympathy. To lose a staff which we have long walked with, or see in ruins a house where we had long lived happily, would give a slight concern, though the loss to us were a trifle, or nothing at all. We feel something like pity for the dead bodies of our friends, arising from the consideration of their being laid in the solitary grave, a prey to worms and reptiles; and yet we are sure that from that circumstance the dead can never suffer any thing. Towards the brute creation, who have feeling as well as we, though not in the same degree or kind, our sympathy is more ra-

tional, and, indeed, ought to be strong ; “ a righteous man regardeth the life,” and is not insensible to the happiness “ of his beast.”

But our sympathy operates most powerfully towards our fellow-men ; and other circumstances being equal, is, for the most part, more or less powerful, according as they are more nearly, or more remotely connected with us by kindred, by friendship, or by condition. With a friend, with a relation, or with a person of our own condition, we are more apt to sympathize than with people of different circumstances or connexions. If we were to be tried for our life, we should wish to have a jury of our equals. He who has had the tooth-ache or the gout is more inclined to pity those who suffer from the same distempers than that person is who never felt them.

We sometimes sympathize with another person in a case in which that person has little feeling of either good or evil. We blush at the rudeness of another man in company even when he himself does not know that he is rude. We tremble for a mason standing on a high scaffold, though we have reason to believe he is in no danger, because custom has made it familiar to him. On these occasions, our fellow-feeling seems to arise, not from an opinion of what the other person suffers, but from our idea of what we ourselves should suffer if we were in his situation, with the same habits and powers of reflection which we have at present.

Our fellow-feeling is never thoroughly roused, till we know something of the nature and cause of that happiness or misery which is the occasion of it ; for till this be known, we cannot so easily imagine ourselves in the condition of the happy or unhappy person. When we meet with one in distress, where the cause is not apparent, we are uneasy indeed, but the pain is not so great, or at least not so definite, as it comes to be when he has answered this question,—what is the matter with you ? which is always the first question we ask on such occasions. And then our sympathy is in proportion to what we think he feels, or perhaps to what we may think it reasonable that he should feel.

Many of our passions may be communicated or strengthened by sympathy. In a cheerful company we become cheerful, and melancholy in a sad one. The presence of a

multitude employed in devotion tends to make us devout; the timorous have acted valiantly in the society of the valiant; and the cowardice of a few has struck a panic into an army. In a historical or fabulous narrative we sympathize with our favourite personages in these emotions of gratitude, joy, indignation, or sorrow, which we suppose would actually arise in them from the circumstances of their fortune. Passions, however, that are unnatural, as envy, jealousy, avarice, malice, or unreasonably violent, as rage and revenge, we are not apt to sympathize with; we rather take part with the persons who may seem to be in danger from them, because we can more easily suppose ourselves in the condition.

Nor do we readily sympathize with passions which we disapprove, or have not experienced. It is, therefore, a matter of prudence in poets, and other writers of fiction, to contrive such characters and incidents, as the greater part of their readers may be supposed to sympathize with and be interested in. And it is their duty to cherish, by means of sympathy, in those who read them those affections only which invigorate the mind, and are favourable to virtue, as patriotism, valour, benevolence, piety, and the conjugal, parental, and filial charities. Scenes of exquisite distress, too long continued, enervate and overwhelm the soul, and these representations are still more blameable, and cannot be too much blamed, which kindle licentious passion, or promote indolence, affectation, or sensuality.

By attention and exercise, sympathy may be improved in every man. It prepares the mind for receiving the impressions of virtue; and without it there can be no true politeness. Nothing is more odious than that insensibility, which wraps a man up in himself and his own concerns, and prevents his being moved with either the joys or the sorrows of another. This inhuman temper, however common, seems not to be natural to the soul of man, but to derive, its origin from, evil habits of levity, selfishness, or pride; and will, therefore, be easily avoided by those who cultivate the opposite habits of generosity, humility and good-nature.

Sympathy with distress is thought so essential to human nature, that the want of it has been called *inhumanity*. Want of sympathy with another's happiness is not stigma-

tized by so hard a name ; but it is impossible to esteem the man who takes no delight in the good of a fellow-creature ; we call him hard-hearted, selfish, unnatural ; epithets expressive of high disapprobation. Habits of reflection, with some experience of misfortune, do greatly promote the amiable sensibility of which we now speak. Inconsiderate men are seldom tender-hearted, and mere want of reflection leads children into acts of cruelty.

BEATTIE.



CHAP XXII.

ON PROCRASTINATION.

Be wise to-day ; 'tis madness to defer ;
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead ;
 Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life,
 Procrastination is the thief of time ;
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
 And to the mercies of a moment leaves
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
 Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
 The palm, " that all men are about to live,
 For ever on the brink of being born.
 All pay themselves the compliments to think
 They, one day, shall not drivel ; and their pride
 On this reversion takes up ready praise ;
 At least their own ; their future selves applauds
 How excellent that life they ne'er will lead !
 Time lodg'd in their own hands is Folly's vails ;
 That lodg'd in Fate's, to wisdom they consign :
 The thing they can't but purpose they postpone.
 'Tis not in Folly, not to scorn a fool ;
 And scarce in human Wisdom to do more.
 All promise is poor dilatory man,
 And that through every stage. When young, indeed,
 In full content, we sometimes nobly rest,
 Unanxious for ourselves ; and only wish,
 As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.

At thirty, man suspects himself a fool ;
 Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan ;
 At fifty chides his infamous delay,
 Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve :
 In all the magnanimity of thought,
 Resolves, and re-resolves, then dies the same.

And why ? because he thinks himself immortal,
 All men think all men mortal but themselves ;
 Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
 Strikes thro' their wounded hearts the sudden dread ;
 But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
 Soon close ; where past the shaft no trace is found ;
 As from the wing no scar the sky retains ;
 The parted wave no furrow from the keel :
 So dies in human hearts the thought of death ;
 Ev'n with the tender tear which nature sheds
 O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

YOUNG.

CHAP XXIII.

ON CONVERSATION.

THE use and abuse of speech are subjects which have often employed the pens of moral writers ; but there is nothing superior to a few instructions which the truly celebrated Sir Matthew Hale gave to his children. I shall advise you, he says, how you are to entertain the speeches of others, according to the different varieties thereof ; and how you are to manage and order your own speech.

First : observe and mark as well as you may, what is the temper and disposition of those persons, whose speeches you hear, whether they be grave, serious, sober, wise, discreet persons ; if they be such, their speeches commonly are like themselves, and will deserve your attention and observation. But if they be light, impertinent, vain, passionate persons, their speech is for the most part according, and the best advantage that you will gain by their speech, is but thereby to learn their dispositions, to discern their failings and to make yourselves the more cautious, both in

your conversation with them, and in your own speech and deportment, for in the unseemliness of their speech you may better discern and avoid the like in yourselves.

If any person, that you do not very well know to be a person of truth, sobriety, and weight, relate strange stories, be not too ready or easy to believe them, nor report them after him. And yet (unless he be one of your familiar acquaintance) be not too forward to contradict him; or if the necessity of the occasion require you to declare your opinion of what is so reported, let it be modestly and gently, not too bluntly or coarsely: by this means, on the one side, you shall avoid being abused by your too much credulity; on the other side, you shall avoid quarrels and distaste. If any man speak any thing to the disadvantage or reproach of one that is absent, be not too ready to believe it, only observe and remember it, for it may be it is not true, or it is not all true, or some other circumstances were mingled with it, which might give the business reported a justification.

Secondly; relative to your own speech—never speak any thing for a truth which you know or believe to be false; your tongue was given to speak truth. A lie is an offence against humanity itself: for where there is no truth, there can be no safe society between man and man; and it is an injury to the speaker, for besides the base disreputation it casts upon him, it doth in time bring a man to the baseness of mind that can scarce tell how to speak truth or to avoid lying, even when he hath no colour of necessity for it; and in time he comes to such a pass, that as another man cannot believe he tells a truth, so he himself scarce knows when he tells a lie; and observe it, a lie ever returns with shame and discovery at the last.

As you must be careful not to lie, so you must avoid coming near it, you must not equivocate, you must not speak that absolutely which you have but by hear-say, or relation; you must not speak that as upon knowledge, which you have but by conjecture or opinion only.

Let your words be few, especially when your betters, or strangers, or men of more experience or understanding are in place, for you do yourself at once two great mischiefs. You betray and discover your own weakness and folly; and you rob yourself of that opportunity which you might otherwise

have to gain knowledge, wisdom, and experience, by hearing those that you silence by your impertinent talking. Be not over earnest, loud, or violent in talking, for it is unseemly, and earnest loud talking makes you overshoot and lose your business. When you should be considering and pondering your thoughts, and how to express them significantly to the purpose, you are striving to keep your tongue going, and to silence an opponent, not with reason, but with noise. Be careful not to interrupt another in his talk ; hear him out, you will understand him the better, and be able to give him the better answers ; it may be, if you will give him leave, he will say something more than you have yet heard, or well understood, or that which you did not expect.

Always before you speak, especially where the business is of moment, consider before hand, weigh the sense of your mind, which you intend to utter : think upon the expressions you intend to use, that they be significant, pertinent, and inoffensive ; and whereas it is the ordinary course of inconsiderable persons to speak their words, and then to think, or not to think till they speak, think first and speak after, if it be in any matter of moment or seriousness.

Be willing to speak well of the absent, if you do not know they deserve ill : by this means you shall make yourself many friends ; and sometimes an undeserved commendation is not lost to the party to whom it is given.

Be very careful that you give no reproachful, bitter menacing, or spiteful words to any person ; nay not to servants, or other persons of an inferior condition, and that upon these considerations : there is not the meanest person but you may stand in need of him in one kind, or at some time or other ; good words make good friends ; bad words make enemies ; it is the best prudence in the world to make as many friends as honestly you can, especially when it may be done at so easy a rate as a good word ; and it is the greatest folly that can be to make an enemy by ill words.

If there be occasion for you to speak in any company, always be careful, if you speak at all, to speak latest, especially if strangers are in company, for by this means you will have the advantage of having the sense, judgment, temper, and relations of others, which may be a great light and help to you in ordering your speech, and you will better

know the inclination of the company, and speak with more advantage and acceptation, and with more security against giving offence.

CHAP. XXIV.

GREATNESS AND SUBLIMITY OF THE
IMAGINATION.

SAY, why was man so eminently rais'd
Amid the vast creation ; why ordain'd
Thro' life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limits of his frame,
But that the Omnipotent might send him forth
In sight of mortal and immortal powr's,
As on a boundless theatre, to run
The great career of justice ; to exalt
His gen'rous aim to all diviner deeds ;
To chase each partial purpose from his breast :
And thro' the mists of passion and of sense,
And thro' the tossing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his course unfault'ring, while the voice
Of truth and virtue, up the steep ascent
Of nature calls him to his high reward—
Th' applauding smile of heaven ? Else wherefore burns
In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope,
That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
And mocks possession ? Wherefore darts the mind
With such resistless ardour to embrace
Majestic forms : impatient to be free,
Spurning the gross controul of wilful night :
Proud of the strong contention of her toils :
Proud to be daring ? Who but rather turns
To Heavn's broad fire his unconstrained view
Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame ?
Who that, from Alpine heights, his lab'ring eye
Shoots round the wide horizon to survey
The Nile or Ganges roll his wasteful tide

Thro' mountains, plains, thro' empires black with shade
And continents of sand, will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a scanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born soul
Disdains to rest her heav'n-aspiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tir'd of earth
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Thro' fields of air; pursues the flying storm;
Rides on the volley'd lightning thro' the heav'ns;
Or, yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars
The blue profound, and hovering round the sun
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
Of light: beholds his unrelenting sway
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fated rounds of time. Thence, far effus'd,
She darts her swiftness up the long career
Of devious comets; through its burning signs
Exulting measures the perennial wheel
Of nature, and looks black on all the stars,
Whose blended light, as with a milky zone,
Invests the orient. Now amaz'd she views
Th' empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold,
Beyond this concave heav'n, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
Has travell'd the profound six thousand years,
Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.
Ev'n on the barriers of the world, untir'd
She meditates th' eternal depth below;
Till,—half recoiling, down the headlong steep
She plunges; soon o'erwhelm'd and swallow'd up
In that immense of being. There her hopes
Rests at the fated goal. For, from the birth
Of mortal man, the sovereign Maker said.
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of renown,
Pow'r's purple robes, nor Pleasures flow'ry lap,
The soul should find enjoyment: but from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Thro' all th' ascent of things enlarge her view,
Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection close the scene.

CHAP. XXV.

ON THE TEMPER.

So much presence of mind is necessary to preserve the temper on certain occasions, such quickness of perception to the present and the future, that where we meet with a calm, resigned, philosophic temper, we are apt to impute it rather to insensibility and want of thought, than to superior wisdom.

Were I to be asked what a wise man is, with regard at least to the things of this world, I would answer, "A man of feeling, with a good temper:" and so rare is it to meet with those qualifications united, that half the study of our lives is to bear with each others inequalities of temper. The due regulation of the temper is nevertheless of infinite importance. It constitutes all that we mean by politeness; it is often a sacrifice of our feelings to please other persons with whom we are necessarily connected, and are, perhaps, to pass through life. The temper is no *one passion*; it is a something made up of all the passions, and the operations of it are most discernible in persons of sense and feeling, for it is they only who are affected by little things, and who are ever foreseeing and apprehending consequences of which the ignorant, the careless, and the unfeeling have no conception.

Our natural tempers, however, are not all the same; there are some which are calm, though not amounting to insensibility, and some which are boisterous, and certainly ought to be suppressed. It is said of Sir Isaac Newton; that when he discovered that his dog had gnawed and torn to pieces some manuscripts of inestimable value, and which Sir Isaac could not replace, he only said to the animal: "Ah! Diamond, Diamond, little dost thou know the mischief thou hast done!" Some people in such a case would have beat and bruised the poor animal, or perhaps, which would have been more merciful, would have killed it. Sir Isaac could not but be vexed for the loss of his papers, but probably all the punishment he thought of was to prohibit

his dog, from having access to his room. Had he done more could he have regained his manuscripts, or convinced little Diamond that they were of infinite importance to himself and to the learned world?

If the temper be allowed to burst forth on every occasion, it renders the party habitually peevish, discontented, and excessively disagreeable. Little things are surely beneath the notice of a sensible person: it is, therefore necessary to guard against such things as have a natural tendency to ruffle the temper and put us off our guard. The little inconveniences and asperities of life which try our tempers and our resolution, are numerous enough without our adding to them. Those persons who cannot bear with many absurdities, inconsistencies, and follies, who cannot put up with many and various foibles, disappointments, and eccentric actions, ought not to court a numerous acquaintance, for it may be said of acquaintances as it is of knowledge, "he that increaseth it, increaseth sorrow."

The advantages of a moderate temper, or a good temper, are discoverable in every event of our lives—but particularly in our intercourses in society. In those unfortunate disputes which rise to a quarrel, I need not say how necessary it is to preserve it. In fact, a passionate man is a sort of lunatic, and there is as much difference between a man when in a passion, and when he reasons calmly, as there is between the wisest man on earth and the incurable in Bedlam.



CHAP. XXVI.

ON THE UNIVERSALITY AND DIVERSITY OF TASTE.

SAY, what is Taste, but the internal pow'rs
Active, and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse? a discerning sense
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust

From things deform'd, or disarrang'd, or gross
In species? This nor gems, nor stores of gold
Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow;
But God alone, when first his active hand
Imprints the sacred bias of the soul.
He, mighty Parent! wise and just in all,
Free as the vital breeze or light of heav'n,
Reveals the charms of nature. Ask the swain,
Who journeys homeward from a summer day's
Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils
And due repose, he loiters to behold
The sunshine gleaming, as thro' amber clouds,
O'er all the western sky? Full soon, I ween,
His rude expression and untutor'd airs,
Beyond the pow'r of language, will unfold
The form of beauty smiling at his heart,—
How lovely! how commanding! But tho' heav'n
In every breast hath sown these early seeds
Of love and admiration, yet in vain,
Without fair culture's kind parental aid,
Without enlivening suns, and genial show'rs
And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope
The tender plant should rear its blooming head
Or yield the harvest promis'd in its spring.
Nor yet will every soil with equal stores
Repay the tiller's labour; or attend
His will, obsequious, whether to produce
The olive or the laurel: diff'rent minds
Incline to diff'rent objects: one pursues
The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild;
Another sighs for harmony and grace,
And gentlest beauty. Hence when lightning fires
The arch of Heav'n, and thunders rock the ground;
When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
And ocean, groaning from his lowest bed,
Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky;
Amid the mighty uproar, while below
The nations tremble, Shakspeare looks abroad
From some high cliff, superior, and enjoys
The elemental war. But Waller longs,
All on the margin of some flow'ry stream,
To spread his careless limbs amid the cool

Of plantain shades, and to the list'ning deer
The tale of slighted vows and love's disdain
Resounds, soft warbling, all the live-long day;
Consenting Zephyr sighs; the weeping rill
Joins in his plaint, melodious; mute the groves,
And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn.
Such and so various are the tastes of men,

AKENSIDE.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENTATIVE PIECES.

CHAP. I.

ON ANGER.

QUESTION. *Whether Anger ought to be suppressed entirely, or only to be confined within the bounds of resentment.*

Those who maintain that resentment is blameable only in the excess, support their opinion with such arguments as these :

Since anger is natural and useful to man, entirely to banish it from our breast, would be an equally foolish and vain attempt ; for as it is difficult and next to impossible, to oppose nature with success ; so it were imprudent, if we had it in our power, to cast away the weapons with which she has furnished us for our defence. The best armour against injustice is a proper degree of spirit, to repel the wrongs that are done, or designed against us ; but if we divest ourselves of all resentment, we shall perhaps prove too irresistible and languid, both in resisting the attacks of injustice, and inflicting punishment upon those who have committed it. We shall therefore sink into contempt, and by the tameness of our spirit, shall invite the malicious to abuse and affront us. Nor will others fail to deny us the regard which is due from them, if once they think us incapable of resentment. To remain unmoved at gross injuries, has the appearance of stupidity, and will make us despicable and mean, in the eyes of many who are not to be influenced by any thing but their fears.

And, as a moderate share of resentment is useful in its effects, so it is innocent in itself, nay, often commendable. The virtue of mildness is no less remote from insensibility, on the one hand, than from fury on the other. It implies, that we are angry only upon proper occasions, and in a due degree; that we are never transported beyond the bounds of decency, or indulge a deep and lasting resentment; that we do not follow, but lead our passion, governing it as our servant, not submitting ourselves to it as our master. Under these regulations it is certainly excusable, when moved only by private wrongs: and being excited by the injuries which others suffer, it bespeaks a generous mind, and deserves commendation. Shall a good man feel no indignation against injustice and barbarity? not even when he is witness to shocking instances of them? when he sees a friend basely and cruelly treated? when he observes

Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes :

shall he still enjoy himself in perfect tranquility? Will it be a crime, if he conceives the least resentment? Will it not be rather somewhat criminal if he is destitute of it? In such cases we are commonly so far from being ashamed of our anger, as of something mean, that we are proud of it, and confess it openly, as what we count laudable and meritorious.

The truth is, there seems to be something manly, and, we are bold to say, something virtuous, in a just and well conducted resentment. In the mean time, let us not be suspected of endeavouring to vindicate rage and peevishness, and implacable resentment. No; such is their deformity so horrid and so manifest are the evils they produce, that they do not admit of any defence or justification. We condemn, we detest them, as unnatural, brutish, unmanly, and monstrous. All we contend for, is, that it is better to be moderate in our resentment, than to suppress it altogether. Let us therefore keep it under a strict discipline, and carefully restrain it within the bounds which reason prescribes, with regard to the occasion, degree, and continuance of it. But let us not presume to extirpate any of those affections, which the wisdom of God has implanted in us, which are so

nicely balanced, and so well adjusted to each other, that by destroying one of them, we may perhaps disorder and blemish the whole frame of our nature.

To these arguments, those who adopt the opinion that anger should be entirely suppressed, reply :

You tell us, anger is natural to man ; but nothing is more natural to man than reason, mildness, and benevolence. Now with what propriety can we call that natural to any creature, which impairs and opposes the most essential and distinguishing parts of its constitution ? Sometimes, indeed, we may call that natural to a species, which, being found in most of them, is not produced by art or custom. That anger is in this scene natural, we readily grant ; but deny that we therefore cannot, or may not, lawfully extinguish it. Nature has committed to our management the faculties of the mind, as well as the members of the body : and, as when any of the latter become pernicious to the whole, we cut them off and cast them away ; in like manner, when any of our affections are become hurtful and useless in our frame, by cutting them off, we do not in the least counteract the intention of nature. Now such is anger to a wise man. To fools and cowards it is a necessary evil ; but to a person of moderate sense and virtue, it is an evil which has no advantage attending it. The harm it must do him is very apparent. It must ruffle his temper, make him less agreeable to his friends, disturb his reason, and unfit him for discharging the duties of life in a becoming manner. By only diminishing his passion, he may lessen, but cannot remove the evil ; for the only way to get clear of the one is by entirely dismissing the other.

How then will anger be so useful to him, as to make it worth his while to retain it in any degree ? He may defend his own rights ; assist an injured friend ; prosecute and punish a villain ; I say, his prudence and friendship, his public spirit and calm resolution, will enable him to do all this, and to do it in a much more safe, proper, and effectual manner, without the assistance of anger, than with it. He will be despised and neglected, you say, if he appears to have no resentment. You should rather say, if he appears to

have no sedate wisdom and courage; for these qualities will be sufficient of themselves to secure him from contempt, and maintain him in the possession of his just authority. Nor does any thing commonly lessen us more in the eyes of others than our own passion. It often exposes us to the contempt and derision of those who are not in our power: and if it makes us feared, it also makes us proportionally hated, by our inferiors and dependents. Let the influence it gives us be ever so great, that man must pay very dear for his power, who procures it at the expense of his own tranquility and peace,

Besides, the imitation of anger, which is easily formed, will produce the same effect upon others, as if the passion was real. If therefore to quicken the slow, to rouse the inattentive, and restrain the fierce, it is sometimes expedient that they believe you are moved, you may put on the outward appearance of resentment. Thus you may obtain the end of anger, without the danger and vexation that attends it; and may preserve your authority, without forfeiting the peace of your mind.

However manly and vigorous anger may be thought, it is in fact but a weak principle, compared with the sedate resolution of a wise and virtuous man. The one is uniform and permanent, like the strength* of a person in perfect health; the other, like a force which proceedeth from a fever, is violent for a time, but it soon leaves the mind more feeble than before. To him, therefore, who is armed with a proper firmness of soul, no degrees of passion can be useful in any respect. And to say it can ever be laudable and virtuous, is indeed a sufficiently bold assertion. For the most part we blame it in others; and though we are apt to be indulgent enough to our own faults, we are often ashamed of it in ourselves. Hence it is common to hear men excusing themselves, and seriously declaring, they were not angry, when they have given unquestionable proofs to the contrary. But do we not commend him who resents the injuries done to a friend or an innocent person? Yes, we commend him; yet not for his passion, but for that generosity and friendship of which it is the evidence. For let any one impartially consider which of these characters he esteems the better; his, who interests himself in the injuries of his friend, and zealously defends him with perfect calmness and sere-

nity of temper ; or his who pursues the same conduct under the influence of resentment.

If anger, then, is neither useful nor commendable, it is certainly the part of wisdom to suppress it entirely. We should rather confine it, you tell us, within certain bounds. But how shall we ascertain the limits to which it may, and beyond which it ought not, to pass ? when we receive a manifest injury, it seems we may resent it, provided we do it with moderation. When we suffer a worse abuse, our anger, I suppose, may rise somewhat higher. Now, as the degrees of injustice are infinite, if our anger must always be proportioned to the occasion, it may possibly proceed to the utmost extravagance. Shall we set bounds to our resentment while we are yet calm ; how can we be assured that, being once let loose, it will not carry us beyond them ? or shall we give passion the reins, imagining we can resume them at pleasure, or trusting it will tire or stop itself, as soon as it has run to its proper length ? As well might we think of giving laws to a tempest ; as well might we endeavour to run mad by rule and method.

In reality, it is much easier to keep ourselves void of resentment, than to restrain it from excess, when it has gained admission ; for if reason, while her strength is yet entire, is not able to preserve her dominion, what can she do when her enemy has in part prevailed and weakened her force ? To use the illustration of an excellent author, we can prevent the beginnings of some things, whose progress afterwards we cannot hinder ; we can forbear to cast ourselves down from a precipice, but if once we have taken the fatal leap, we must descend, whether we will or no. Thus the mind, if duly cautious, may stand firm upon the rock of tranquility ; but if she rashly forsake the summit, she can scarcely recover herself, but is hurried downwards, by her own passion, with increasing violence.

Do not say that we exhort you to attempt that which is impossible. Nothing has put it in our power to resist the motions of anger. We only plead inability, when we want an excuse for our own negligence. Was a passionate man to forfeit a hundred pounds, as often as he was angry, or was he sure he must die the next morning after the first sally of his passion, we should find he had a great command of his temper whenever he could prevail upon himself to exercise

a proper attention about it. And shall we not esteem it worthy of equal attention, worthy of our utmost care and pains, to obtain that immovable tranquility of mind, without which we cannot relish either life itself or any of its enjoyments?—Upon the whole, then, we both may and ought, not merely to restrain, but extirpate anger. It is impatient of rule; in proportion as it prevails, it will dequiet our minds; it has nothing commendable in itself, nor will it answer any valuable purpose in life.

HOLLAND.

CHAP. II.

VIRTUE OUR HIGHEST INTEREST.

I FIND myself existing upon a little spot surrounded every way by an immense unknown exposition.—Where am I? What sort of a place do I inhabit? Is it exactly accommodated, in every instance, to my convenience? Is there no excess of cold, none of heat, to offend me? Am I never annoyed by animals, either of my own kind, or a different? Is every thing subservient to me, as though I had ordered all myself?—No—Nothing like it—the farthest from it possible—The world appears not then originally made for the private convenience of me alone?—It does not.—But is it not possible so to accommodate it by my own particular industry? If to accommodate man and beast, heaven and earth; if this be beyond me, 'tis not possible.—What consequence then follows? Or can there be any other than this—If I seek an interest of my own, detached from that of others, I seek an interest which is chimerical, and can never have existence.

How then must I determine? Have I no interest at all?—If I have not, I am a fool for staying here——'Tis a smoky house, and the sooner out of it the better.—But why no interest?—Can I be contented with none, but one separate and detached?—Is a social interest joined with others such an absurdity as not to be admitted? The bee, the beaver, and the tribes of herding animals, are enough

to convince me, that the thing is, somewhat at least, possible. How then am I assured, that 'tis not equally true of man?—Admit it; and what follows?—If so, then Honour and Justice are my interest—then the whole train of Moral Virtues are my interest. Without some portion of which, not even thieves can maintain society.

But farther still—I stop not here—I pursue the social interest, as far as I can trace my several relations. I pass from my own stock, my own neighbourhood, my own nation, to the whole race of mankind as dispersed throughout the earth.—Am I not related to them all, by the mutual aids of commerce; by the general intercourse of arts and letters; by that common nature of which we all participate?—Again,—I must have food and clothing—without a proper genial warmth, I instantly perish—Am I not related in this view, to the very earth itself? To the distant sun, from whose beams I derive vigour? To that stupendous course and order of the infinite host of heaven, by which the times and seasons ever uniformly pass on? Were this order once confounded, I could not probably survive a moment; so absolutely do I depend on this common general welfare.

What then have I to do, but to enlarge Virtue into Piety? not only honour and justice, and what I owe to man, is my interest; but gratitude also, acquiescence, resignation, adoration, and all I owe to this great polity, and its greater Governor, our common Parent.

But if all these moral and divine habits be my interest, I need not surely seek for a better. I have an interest compatible with the spot on which I live—I have an interest which may exist, without altering the plan of Providence, without mending or marring the general order of events.—I can bear whatever happens with manlike magnanimity; can be contented, and fully happy in the good which I possess; and can pass through this torpid, this fickle, fleeting period, without bewailings, or envyings, or murmurings, or complaints.

HARRIS.

CHAP. III.

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Among other excellent arguments for the immortality of the soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progress of the soul to its perfection, without a possibility of ever arriving at it; which is a hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved by others who have written on this subject, though it seems to me to carry a great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created! Are such abilities made for no purpose? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never pass; in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human soul thus at a stand in her accomplishments, were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of farther enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away insensibly and drop at once into a state of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being that is in a perpetual progress of improvement, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her enquiries?

Man considered in his present state, seems only sent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himself with a successor, and immediately quits his post to make room for him.

He does not seem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider in animals which are formed for our use, and can finish their business in a short life. The silk worm, after having spun her task, lays her eggs and dies. But in this life man can never take in his full measure of knowledge: nor has he time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely wise Being make such glo-

rious creatures for so mean a purpose? Can he delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short-lived reasonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted? Capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wisdom which shines through all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nursery for the next, and believing that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick successions, are only to receive their first rudiments of existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity.

There is not, in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion, than this of the perpetual progress which the soul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength, to consider that she is to shine for ever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that she will be still adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge: carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself to see his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of resemblance.

Methinks this single consideration, of the progress of a finite spirit of perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in superior. That cherub, which now appears as a God to a human soul, knows very well that the period will come about in eternity, when the human soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is: nay, when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection, as much as she now falls short of it. It is true, the higher nature still advances, and by that means preserves his distance and superiority in the scale of being: but he knows that, how high soever the station is of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same degree of glory.

With what astonishment and veneration may we look into our souls, where there are such hidden stores of virtue and knowledge, such inexhausted sources of perfection! We

know not yet what we shall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reserve for him. The soul, considered in relation to its Creator, is like one of those mathematical lines that may draw nearer to another for all eternity, without a possibility of touching it; and can there be a thought so transporting, as to consider ourselves in these perpetual approaches to Him, who is not only the standard of perfection, but of happiness.

SPECTATOR.

CHAP. IV.

ON THE BEING OF A GOD.

RETIRE!—The world shut out;—Thy thoughts
call home——

Imagination's airy wing repress;—

Lock up thy senses:—Let no passion stir;—

Wake all to Reason—Let her reign alone;

Then, in thy soul's deep silence, and the depth

Of Nature's silence, midnight, thus enquire:—

What am I? and from whence?—I nothing know,

But that I am; and, since I am, conclude

Something eternal: had there e'er been nought,

Nought still had been: eternal there must be.—

But what eternal?—Why not human race;

And ADAM's ancestors without an end?

That's hard to be conceiv'd; since ev'ry link

Of that long chain'd succession is so frail;

Can every part depend, and not the whole?

Yet grant it true; new difficulties rise;

I'm still quite out at sea; nor see the shore.

Whence earth, and these bright orbs?—Eternal too?—

Grant matter was eternal; still these orbs

Would want some other Father: much design

Is seen in all their motions, all their makes;

Design implies intelligence, and art:

That can't be from themselves—or man: that art

Man can scarce comprehend, could man bestow ?
And nothing greater, yet allow'd than man—
Who motion, foreign to the smallest grain,
Shot through vast masses of enormous weight ?
Who bid rude matter's restive lump assume
Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly ?
Has matter innate motion ? then each atom
Asserting its indisputable right
To dance would form an universe of dust,
Has matter none ? Then whence these glorious forms,
And boundless flights, from shapeless, and repos'd ?
Has matter more than motion ? Has it thought,
Judgment, and genius ? Is it deeply learn'd
In mathematics ? Has it fram'd such laws,
Which, but to guess, a NEWTON made immortal ?
If art, to form ; and counsel, to conduct ;
And that with greater far than human skill ;
Resides not in each block ;—a GODHEAD reigns—
And if a GOD there is, that GOD how great !

YOUNG.

ORATIONS AND HARANGUES¹

CHAP. I.

THE

SCYTHIAN AMBASSADOR TO ALEXANDER.

WERE your person as gigantic as your desires, the world would not contain you. Your right hand would touch the east and your left the west, at the same time. You grasp at more than you are equal to. From Europe you reach Asia; from Asia you lay hold on Europe. And if you should conquer all mankind, you seem disposed to wage war with woods and snows, with rivers and wild beasts, and to attempt to subdue nature. But have you considered the usual course of things? Have you reflected, that great trees are many years in growing to their height, and are cut down in an hour? It is foolish to think of the fruit only, without considering the height you must climb before you can reach it. Take care, lest, while you are struggling to arrive at the top, you fall to the ground, with the branches to which you have clung. The lion, when dead, is devoured by ravens; and rust consumes the hardness of iron. There is nothing so strong, but it is danger from what is weak. It will, therefore, be your wisdom to take care how you venture beyond your reach. Besides, what have you to do with the Scythians. or the Scythians with you? We have never invaded Macedon: why should you attack Scythia? We inhabit vast deserts, and pathless woods, where we do not want to hear the name of Alexander. We are not dis-

posed to submit to slavery; and we have no ambition to tyrannize over any nation. That you may understand the genius of the Scythians, we present you with a yoke of oxen, an arrow, and a goblet. We use these respectively in our commerce with friends and with foes. We give to our friends the corn, which we raise by the labour of our oxen. With the goblet we join with them in pouring drink-offerings to the gods; and with arrows we attack our enemies. We have conquered those who have attempted to tyrannize over us in our own country, and likewise the kings of the Medes and Persians, when they made unjust war upon us; and we have opened to ourselves a way into Egypt. You pretend to be the punisher of robbers; and are yourself the general robber of mankind. You have taken Lydia; you have seized Syria; you are master of Persia; you have subdued the Bactrians; and attacked India. All this will not satisfy you, unless you lay your greedy and insatiable hands upon our flocks and our herds. How imprudent is your conduct! You grasp at riches, the possession of which only increases your avarice. You increase your hunger by what should produce satiety; so that the more you have, the more you desire. But have you forgot how long the conquest of the Bactrians detained you? While you were subduing them, the Sogdians revolted. Your victories serve no other purpose, than to find you employment by producing new wars. For the business of every conquest is two-fold; to win, and to preserve. And though you may be the greatest of warriors, you must expect that the nations you conquer will endeavour to shake off the yoke as fast as possible. For what people chuses to be under foreign dominion? If you will cross the Tanais, you may travel over Scythia, and observe how extensive a territory we inhabit. But to conquer us is quite another business. Your army is loaded with the cumbrous spoils of many nations. You will find the poverty of the Scythians at one time too nimble for your pursuit; and at another time, when you think we are fled far enough from you, you will have us surprise you in your camp. For the Scythians attack with no less vigour than they fly. Why should we put you in mind of the vastness of the country you will have to conquer? The deserts of Scythia are commonly talked of in

Greece; and all the world knows that our delight is to dwell at large, and not in towns or plantations. It will therefore be your wisdom to keep with strict attention what you have gained. Catching at more you may lose what you have. We have a proverbial saying in Scythia, That Fortune has no feet, and is furnished only with hands, to distribute her capricious favours; and with fins, to elude the grasp of those to whom she has been bountiful. You give yourself out to be a god, the son of Jupiter Ammon, It suits the character of a god to bestow favours on mortals; not to deprive them of what good they have. But if you are no god, reflect on the precarious condition of humanity. You will thus show more wisdom, than by dwelling upon those subjects which have puffed up your pride, and made you forget yourself. You see how little you are likely to gain by attempting the conquest of Scythia? On the other hand, you may, if you please, have in us a valuable alliance. We command the borders of both Europe and Asia. There is nothing between us and Bactria, but the river Tanais: and our territory extends to Thrace, which, as we have heard, borders on Macedon. If you decline attacking us in a hostile manner, you may have our friendship. Nations which have never been at war are on an equal footing. But it is in vain that confidence is reposed in a conquered people. There can be no sincere friendship between the oppressor and the oppressed. Even in peace, the latter think themselves entitled to the rights of war against the former. We will, if you think good, enter into a treaty with you, according to our manner, which is not by signing, sealing, and taking the gods to witness, as is the Grecian custom; but by doing actual services. The Scythians are not used to promise; but to perform without promising. And they think an appeal to the gods superfluous; for that those who have no regard for the esteem of men, will not hesitate to offend the gods by perjury. You may therefore consider with yourself, whether you had better have a people of such a character, and so situate as to have it in their power either to serve you or annoy you, according as you treat them, for allies or for enemies,

QUINTUS CURTIUS.

CHAP. II.

C. MARIUS TO THE ROMANS,

ON THEIR HESITATING TO APPOINT HIM GENERAL IN THEIR EXPEDITION AGAINST JUGURTHA, MERELY ON ACCOUNT OF HIS EXTRACTION.

It is but too common, my countrymen, to observe a material difference between the behaviour of those who stand candidates for places of power and trust, before and after their obtaining them. They solicit them in one manner, and execute them in another. They set out with a great appearance of activity, humility, and moderation: and they quickly fall into sloth, pride, and avarice. It is, undoubtedly, no easy matter to discharge, to the general satisfaction, the duty of a supreme commander in troublesome times. I am, I hope, duly sensible of the importance of the office I propose to take upon me for the service of my country. To carry on, with effect, an expensive war, and yet be frugal of the public money; to oblige those to serve, whom it may be delicate to offend; to conduct, at the same time, a complicated variety of operations; to concert measures at home answerable to the state of things abroad; and to gain every valuable end in spite of opposition from the envious, the factious, and the disaffected; to do all this, my countrymen, is more difficult than is generally thought. And, besides the disadvantages which are common to me with all others in eminent stations, my case is, in this respect, peculiarly hard: that whereas a commander of Patrician rank, if he is guilty of a neglect, or breach of duty, has his great connexions, the antiquity of his fame, the important services of his ancestors, and the multitudes he has by power engaged in his interest, to screen him from condign punishment; my whole safety depends upon myself; which renders it the more indispensably necessary for me to take care that my conduct be clear and unexceptionable. Besides, I am well aware, my countrymen, that the eye of the public is upon me; and that, though the impartial, who prefer the real advantages of the commonwealth to all other considerations, favour my pretensions, the Patricians want

nothing so much as an occasion against me. It is, therefore, my fixed resolution to use my best endeavours, that you may not be disappointed in me, and that their indirect designs against me may be defeated. I have, from my youth, been familiar with toils and with dangers. I was faithful to your interest, my countrymen, when I served you for no reward but that of honour. It is not my design to betray you now that you have conferred upon me a place of profit. You have committed to my conduct the war against Jugurtha. The Patricians are offended at this. But where would be the wisdom of giving such a command to one of their honourable body, a person of illustrious birth, of ancient family, of innumerable statues, but—of no experience? What service would his long line of dead ancestors, or his multitude of motionless statues do his country in the day of battle? What could such a general do but, in his trepidation and inexperience, have recourse to some inferior commander, for directions in difficulties, to which he was not himself equal? Thus, your Patrician general would, in fact, have a general over him; so that the acting commander would still be a Plebeian. So true is this, my countrymen, that I have myself known those who have been chosen consuls, begin then to read the history of their country, of which, till that time, they were totally ignorant; that is, they first obtained employment, and then bethought themselves of the qualifications necessary for the true discharge of it. I submit to your judgment, Romans, on which side the advantage lies, when a comparison is made between Patrician haughtiness and Plebeian experience. The very action which they have only read, I have partly seen, and partly myself achieved. What they know by reading, I know by action. They are pleased to slight my mean birth: I despise their mean characters. Want of birth and fortune is the objection against me; want of personal worth against them. But are not all men of the same species? What can make a difference between one man and another, but the endowments of the mind? For my part, I shall always look upon the bravest man as the noblest man. Suppose it were enquired of the fathers of such Patricians as Albinus and Bestia, whether if they had their choice, they would desire sons of their character, or of mine; what would they answer, but that

they should wish the worthiest to be their sons? If the Patricians have reason to despise me, let them likewise despise their ancestors, whose nobility was the fruit of their virtue. Do they envy the honours bestowed upon me? Let them envy likewise my labours, my abstinence, and the dangers I have undergone for my country; by which I have acquired them. But those worthless men lead such a life of inactivity, as if they despised any honours you can bestow; whilst they aspire to honours, as if they had deserved them by the most industrious virtue. They arrogate the rewards of activity for their having enjoyed the pleasure of luxury. Yet none can be more lavish than they are, in praise of their ancestors. And they imagine they honour themselves by celebrating their forefathers, whereas they do the very contrary. For, as much as their ancestors were distinguished for their virtues, so much are they disgraced by their vices. The glory of ancestors casts a light, indeed, upon their posterity: but it only serves to show what the descendants are. It alike exhibits to public view their degeneracy and their worth. I own, I cannot boast of the deeds of my forefathers: but I hope I may answer the cavils of the Patricians, by standing up in defence of what I have myself done. Observe now, my countrymen, the injustice of the Patricians. They arrogate to themselves honours on account of the exploits done by their forefathers, whilst they will not allow me the due praise for performing the very same sort of actions in my own person. He has no statues, they cry, of his family. He can trace no venerable line of ancestors.—What then! Is it matter of more praise to disgrace one's illustrious ancestors than to become illustrious by his own good behaviour? What if I can show no statues of my family? I can show the standards, the armour, and the trappings, which I have myself taken from the vanquished; I can show the scars of those wounds, which I have received by facing the enemies of my country. These are my statues. These are the honours I boast of; not left me by inheritance, as theirs; but, earned by toil, by abstinence, by valour, amidst clouds of dust and seas of blood; scenes of action, where those effeminate Patricians, who endeavour by indirect means to depreciate me in your esteem, have never dared to show their faces.

SALLUST.

CHAP. III.

GALGACUS, THE GENERAL OF THE CALEDONII, TO HIS ARMY, TO INCITE THEM TO ACTION AGAINST THE ROMANS.

WHEN I reflect on the causes of the war and the circumstances of our situation, I feel a strong persuasion that our united efforts on the present day will prove the beginning of universal liberty to Britain. For none of us are hitherto debased by slavery; and we have no prospect of a secure retreat behind us, either by land or sea, whilst the Roman fleet hovers around. Thus the use of arms, which is at all times honourable to the brave, here offers the only safety even to cowards. In all the battles which have yet been fought with various success against the Romans the resources of hope and aid were in our hands; for we, the noblest inhabitants of Britain, and therefore stationed in its deepest recesses, far from the view of servile shores, have preserved even our eyes unpolluted by the contact of subjection. We, at the farthest limits, both of land and liberty, have been defended to this day by the obscurity of our situation and of our fame. The extremity of Britain is now disclosed; and what ever is unknown becomes an object of importance. But there is no nation beyond us; nothing but waves and rocks; and the Romans are before us. The arrogance of these invaders it will be in vain to encounter by obsequiousness and submission. These plunderers of the world, after exhausting the land by their devastations, are rifling the ocean: stimulated by avarice, if their enemy be rich; by ambition, if poor; insatiated by the east and by the west; the only people who behold wealth and indigence with equal avidity. To ravage, to slaughter, to usurp under false titles, they call empire; and when they make a desert, they call it peace.

Our children and relations are, by the appointment of nature, rendered the dearest of all things to us. These are torn away by levies to foreign servitude. Our wives and sisters, though they should escape the violation of hostile force, are polluted under the names of friendship and hos-

pitality. Our estates and possessions are consumed in tributes; our grain in contributions. Even the powers of our bodies are worn down amidst stripes and insults, in clearing woods and draining marshes. Wretches born to slavery are first bought, and afterwards fed by their masters: Britain continually buys, continually feeds her own servitude. And as among domestic slaves every new comer serves for the scorn and derision of his fellows; so, in this ancient household of the world, we, as the last and vilest, are sought out for destruction. For we have neither cultivated lands, nor mines, nor harbours, which can induce them to preserve us for our labours; and our valour and unsubmitting spirit will only render us more obnoxious to our imperious masters; while the very remoteness and secrecy of our situation, in proportion as it conduces to security, will tend to inspire suspicion. Since, then, all hopes of forgiveness are vain, let those at length assume courage, to whom glory, to whom safety is dear. The Brigantines, even under a female leader, had force enough to burn the enemy's settlements, to storm their camps; and if success had not introduced negligence and inactivity, would have been able entirely to have thrown off the yoke; and shall not we, untouched, unsubdued, and struggling not for the acquisition, but the continuance of liberty, declare, at the very first onset, what kind of men Caledonia has reserved for her defence?

Can you imagine that the Romans are as brave in war as they are insolent in peace? Acquiring renown from our discords and dissensions, they convert the errors of their enemies to the glory of their own army; an army compounded of the most different nations, which, as success alone has kept together, misfortune will certainly dissipate. Unless, indeed, you can suppose that Gauls, and Germans, and (I blush to say it) even Britons, lavishing their blood for a foreign state, to which they have been longer foes than subjects, will be restrained by loyalty and affection! Terror and dread alone, weak bonds of attachment, are the ties by which they are restrained! and when these are once broken, those who cease to fear will begin to hate. Every incitement to victory is on our side. The Romans have no wives to animate them; no parents to upbraid their flight. Most of them have either no habitation, or a

distant one. Few in number, ignorant of the country, looking around in silent horror at the woods, seas, and a haven itself unknown to them, they are delivered by the gods, as it were, imprisoned and bound, into our hands. Be not terrified with an idle show, and the glitter of silver and gold, which can neither protect nor wound. In the very ranks of the enemy we shall find our own bands. The Britons will acknowledge their own cause. The Gauls will recollect their former liberty. The Germans will desert them, as the Usipii have lately done. Nor is there any thing formidable behind them: ungarrisoned forts; colonies of invalids; municipal towns, distempered and distracted between unjust masters and ill-obeying subjects. Here is your general; here your army. There, tributes, mines, and all the train of servile punishments; which, whether to bear eternally, or instantly to revenge, this field must determine. March, then, to battle, and think of your ancestors and your posterity.

TACITUS.

CHAP. IV.

JUNIUS BRUTUS

OVER THE DEAD BODY OF LUCRETIA.

Yes, noble lady, I swear by this blood, which was once so pure, and which nothing but royal villany could have polluted, that I will pursue Lucius Tarquinius the Proud, his wicked wife, and their children, with fire and sword: nor will I ever suffer any of that family, or of any other whatsoever, to be king in Rome. Ye gods, I call you to witness this my oath!—There, Romans, turn your eyes to that sad spectacle—the daughter of Lucretius, Collatinus' wife—she died by her own hand. See there a noble lady, whom the lust of a Tarquin reduced to the necessity of being her own executioner, to attest her innocence. Hospitably entertained by her as a kinsman of her husband. Sextus, the perfidious guest, became her brutal ravisher. The chaste, the generous Lucretia could not survive the

insult. Glorious woman! But once only treated as a slave, she thought life no longer to be endured. Lucretia, a woman, disdained a life that depended on a tyrant's will, and shall we, shall men, with such an example before our eyes, and after five-and-twenty years of ignominious servitude, shall we, through a fear of dying, defer one single instant to assert our liberty? No, Romans, now is the time: the favourable moment we have so long waited for is come. Tarquin is not at Rome. The Patricians are at the head of the enterprise. The city is abundantly provided with men, arms, and all things necessary. There is nothing wanting to secure the success, if our own courage does not fail us. Can all those warriors, who have ever been so brave when foreign enemies were to be subdued, or when conquests were to be made to gratify the ambition and avarice of Tarquin, be then only cowards, when they are to deliver themselves from slavery? Some of you are perhaps intimidated by the army which Tarquin now commands. The soldiers, you imagine, will take the part of their general. Banish so groundless a fear. The love of liberty is natural to all men. Your fellow-citizens in the camp feel the weight of oppression with as quick a sense as you that are in Rome: they will as eagerly seize the occasion of throwing off the yoke. But let us grant there may be some among them, who through baseness of spirit, or a bad education, will be disposed to favour the tyrant. The number of those can be but small, and we have means sufficient in our hands to reduce them to reason. They have left us hostages more dear to them than life. Their wives, their children, their fathers, their mothers, are here in the city. Courage, Romans! the gods are for us: those gods, whose temples and altars the impious Tarquin has profaned by sacrifices and libations made with polluted hands, polluted with blood, and with numberless unexpiated crimes committed against his subjects. Ye gods, who protected our forefathers, ye genii, who watch for the preservation and glory of Rome, do you inspire us with courage and unanimity in this glorious cause, and we will to our last breath defend your worship from all profanation.

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CHAP. V.MR. PULTENEY'S SPEECH ON THE MOTION FOR
REDUCING THE ARMY.

SIR,

WE have heard a great deal about parliamentary armies, and about an army continued from year to year. I have always been, Sir, and always shall be, against a standing army of any kind: to me it is a terrible thing, whether under that of parliamentary or any other designation; a standing army is still a standing army, whatever name it be called by: they are a body of men distinct from the body of the people; they are governed by different laws, and blind obedience; and an entire submission to the orders of their commanding officer is their only principle. The nations around us, Sir, are already enslaved, and have been enslaved by those very means; by means of their standing armies they have every one lost their liberties; it is indeed impossible that the liberties of the people can be preserved in any country where a numerous standing army is kept up. Shall we then take any of our measures from the example of our neighbours? No, Sir, on the contrary, from their misfortunes we ought to learn to avoid those rocks upon which they have split.

It signifies nothing to tell me, that our army is commanded by such gentlemen as cannot be supposed to join in any measures for enslaving their country; it may be so; I hope it is so; I have a very good opinion of many gentlemen now in the army; I believe they would not join in any such measures; but their lives are uncertain, nor can we be sure how long they may be continued in command; they may all be dismissed in a moment, and proper tools of power put in their room. Besides, Sir, we know the passions of men, we know how dangerous it is to trust the best of men with too much power. Where was there a braver army than that under Julius Cæsar? Where was there ever an army that had served their country more faithfully? That army was commanded generally by the best citizens of Rome, by men of great fortune and figure in their country; yet that army enslaved its country. The affections of the

soldiers towards their country, the honour and integrity of the under officers, are not to be depended on : by the military law, the administration of justice is so quick, and the punishments so severe, that neither officer nor soldier dares offer to dispute the orders of his supreme commander ; he must not consult his own inclination : if an officer were commanded to pull his own father out of his house, he must do it ; he dares not disobey ; immediate death would be the sure consequence of the least grumbling. And if an officer were sent into the court of requests, accompanied by a body of musketeers with screwed bayonets, and with orders to tell us what we ought to do, and how we were to vote, I know what would be the duty of this house, I know it would be our duty to order the officer to be taken and hanged up at the door of the lobby : but, Sir, I doubt much if such a spirit could be found in the house, or in any House of Commons that will ever be in England.

Sir, I talk not of imaginary things ; I talk of what has happened to an English House of Commons, and from an English army ; not only from an English army, but an army that was raised by that very House of Commons, an army that was paid by them, an army that was commanded by generals appointed by them. Therefore do not let us vainly imagine, that an army raised and maintained by authority of Parliament, will always be submissive to them : if an army be so numerous as to have it in their power to overawe the Parliament, they will be submissive as long as the Parliament does nothing to disoblige their favourite general ; but when that case happens, I am afraid that in place of the Parliament's dismissing the army, the army will dismiss the Parliament, as they have done heretofore. Nor does the legality or illegality of that Parliament, or of that army, alter the case : for with respect to that army, and according to their way of thinking, the Parliament dismissed by them was a legal Parliament ; they were an army, raised and maintained according to law, and at first they were raised, as they imagined, for the preservation of those liberties which they afterwards destroyed.

It has been urged, Sir, that whoever is for the Protestant succession must be for continuing the army : for that very reason, Sir, I am against continuing the army. I know that neither the Protestant succession in his Majesty's most

illustrious house, nor any succession, can ever be safe as long as there is a standing army in the country. Armies, Sir, have no regard to hereditary successions. The first two Cæsars at Rome did pretty well, and found means to keep their armies in tolerable subjection, because the generals and officers were all their own creatures. But how did it fare with their successors? Was not every one of them named by the army, without any regard to hereditary right, or to any right? A cobbler, a gardener, or any man who happened to raise himself in the army, and could gain their affections, was made emperor of the world: was not every succeeding emperor raised to the throne, or tumbled headlong into the dust, according to the mere whim, or mad frenzy of the soldiers?

We are told this army is desired to be continued but for one year longer, or for a limited term of years. How absurd is this distinction! Is there any army in the world continued for any term of years? Does the most absolute monarch tell his army that he is to continue them for any number of years, or any number of months? How long have we already continued our army from year to year? And if it thus continues, wherein will it differ from the standing armies of those countries which have already submitted their necks to the yoke? We are now come to the Rubicon: our army is now to be reduced, or it never will; from his Majesty's own mouth we are assured of a profound tranquillity abroad; we know there is one at home; if this is not a proper time, if these circumstances do not afford us a safe opportunity of reducing at least a part of our regular forces, we never can expect to see any reduction; and this nation, already overburdened with debts and taxes, must be loaded with the heavy charge of perpetually supporting a numerous standing army; and remain for ever exposed to the danger of having its liberties and privileges trampled upon by any future king or ministry, who shall take it in their heads to do so, and shall take a proper care to model the army for that purpose.

CHAP. VI.

SIR JOHN ST. AUBIN'S SPEECH FOR REPEALING
THE SEPTENNIAL ACT.

MR. SPEAKER,

THE subject matter of this debate is of such importance, that I should be ashamed to return to my electors, without endeavouring, in the best manner I am able, to declare publicly the reasons which induced me to give my most ready assent to this question.

The people have an unquestionable right to frequent new Parliaments by ancient usage; and this usage has been confirmed by several laws, which have been progressively made by our ancestors, as often as they found it necessary to insist on this essential privilege.

Parliaments were general annual, but never continued longer than three years, till the remarkable reign of Henry VIII. He, Sir, was a prince of unruly appetites, and of an arbitrary will; he was impatient of every restraint; the laws of God and man fell equally a sacrifice as they stood in the way of his avarice, or disappointed his ambition; he, therefore, introduced long Parliaments, because he very well knew that they would become the proper instruments of both; and what a slavish obedience they paid to all his measures is sufficiently known.

If we come to the reign of king Charles the First, we must acknowledge him to be a prince of a contrary temper; he had certainly an innate love for religion and virtue. But here lay the misfortune—he was led from his natural disposition by sycophants and flatterers; they advised him to neglect the calling of frequent new Parliaments, and therefore, by not taking the constant sense of his people in what he did, he was worked up into so high a notion of prerogative, that the Commons (in order to restrain it) obtained that independent fatal power, which at last unhappily brought him to his most tragical end, and at the same time subverted the whole constitution. And I hope we shall learn this lesson from it, never to compliment the crown with any new or extravagant powers, nor to deny the

people those rights which by ancient usage they are entitled to; but to preserve the just and equal balance, from which they will both derive mutual security, and which, if duly observed, will render our constitution the envy and admiration of all the world. King Charles the Second naturally took a surfeit of Parliaments in his father's time, and was therefore extremely desirous to lay them aside. But this was a scheme impracticable. However, in effect, he did so; for he obtained a Parliament which, by its long duration, like an army of veterans, became so exactly disciplined to his own measures, that they knew no other command but from that person who gave them their pay.

This was a safe and most ingenious way of enslaving a nation. It was very well known, that arbitrary power, if it was open and avowed, would never prevail here. The people were therefore amused with the specious form of their ancient constitution; it existed, indeed, in their fancy; but, like a mere phantom, had no substance nor reality in it; for the power, the authority, the dignity of Parliaments were wholly lost. This was that remarkable Parliament which so justly obtained the opprobrious name of the PENSION PARLIAMENT; and was the model from which, I believe, some later Parliaments have been exactly copied.

At the time of the Revolution, the people made a fresh claim of their ancient privileges; and as they had so lately experienced the misfortune of long and servile Parliaments, it was then declared, that they should be held frequently. But it seems, their full meaning was not understood by this declaration: and therefore, as in every new settlement, the intention of all parties should be specifically manifested, the Parliament never ceased struggling with the crown, till the triennial law was obtained: the preamble of it is extremely full and strong; and in the body of the bill you will find the word *declared* before *enacted*, by which I apprehend, that though this law did not immediately take place at the time of the revolution, it was certainly intended as declaratory of their first meaning, and therefore stands a part of that original contract under which the constitution was then settled. His Majesty's title to the crown is primarily derived from that contract; and if, upon a review, there shall appear any deviations from it, we ought to treat

them as so many injuries done to that title. And I dare say, that this house, which has gone through so long a series of services to his Majesty, will at last be willing to revert to those original stated measures of government, to renew and strengthen that title.

But, Sir, I think the manner in which the septennial law was first introduced, is a very strong reason why it should be repealed. People, in their fears have very often recourse to desperate expedients, which, if not cancelled in season, will themselves prove fatal to that constitution which they were meant to secure. Such is the nature of the septennial law; it was intended only as a preservative against a temporary inconvenience: the inconvenience is removed, but the mischievous effects still continue; for it not only altered the constitution of Parliaments, but extended that same Parliament beyond its natural duration: and therefore carries this most unjust implication with it, that you may at any time usurp the most indubitable, the most essential privilege of the people.—I mean that of chusing their own representatives. A precedent of such a dangerous consequence, of so fatal a tendency, that I think it would be a reproach to our statute book, if that law was any longer to subsist, which might record it to posterity.

This is a season of virtue and public spirit. Let us take advantage of it to repeal those laws which infringe our liberties, and introduce such as may restore the vigour of our ancient constitution.

Human nature is so very corrupt, that all obligations lose their force unless they are frequently renewed.—Long Parliaments become therefore independent of the people, and when they do so, there always happens a most dangerous dependence elsewhere.

Long Parliaments give the minister an opportunity of getting acquaintance with members, of practising his several arts to win them into his schemes.—This must be the work of time.—Corruption is of so base a nature, that at first sight it is extremely shocking.—Hardly any one has submitted to it all at once. His disposition must be previously understood, the particular bait must be found out with which he is to be allured, and after all, it is not without many struggles that he surrenders his virtue.—In-

deed, there are some who will at once plunge themselves into any base action, but the generality of mankind are of a more cautious nature, and will proceed only by leisurely degrees.—One or two perhaps have deserted their colours the first campaign, some have done it a second. But a great many, who have not that eager disposition to vice, will wait till a third.

For this reason short parliaments have been less corrupt than long ones; they are observed, like streams of water, always to grow more impure the greater distance they run from the fountain head.

I am aware, it may be said, that frequent new parliaments will produce frequent new expenses, but I think quite the contrary; I am really of opinion, that it will be a proper remedy against the evil of bribery at elections, especially as you have provided so unwholesome a law to cooperate upon these occasions.

Bribery at elections, whence did it arise? Not from country gentlemen, for they are sure of being chosen without it; it was, Sir, the invention of wicked and corrupt ministers, who have, from time to time, led weak princes into such destructive measures, that they did not dare to rely upon the natural representation of the people.—Long Parliaments, Sir, first introduced bribery, because they were worth purchasing at any rate:—country gentlemen, who have only their private fortunes to rely upon, and have no mercenary ends to serve, are unable to oppose it, especially if at any time the public treasure shall be unfaithfully squandered away to corrupt their boroughs.—Country gentlemen, indeed, may make some weak efforts; but as they generally prove unsuccessful, and the time of a fresh struggle is at so great a distance, they at last grow faint in the dispute, give up their country for lost, and retire in despair.—Despair naturally produces indolence, and that is the proper disposition for slavery. Ministers of state understand this very well, and are therefore unwilling to awaken the nation out of its lethargy by frequent elections.—They know that the spirits of liberty, like every other virtue of the mind, is to be kept alive only by constant action; that it is impossible to enslave this nation, while it is perpetually upon its guard.—Let country gentlemen, then, by having frequent opportunities of exerting themselves, be kept warm

and active in their contention for the public good ; this will raise that zeal and spirit which will at last get the better of those undue influences by which the officers of the crown, though unknown to the several boroughs, have been able to supplant country gentlemen of great characters and fortune, who live in their neighbourhood.—I do not say this upon idle speculation only. I live in a country where it is too well known, and I appeal to many gentlemen in the house, to more out of it (and who are so for this very reason) for the truth of my assertion. Sir, it is a sore which has been long eating into the most vital part of our constitution, and I hope the time will come when you will probe it to the bottom.—For if a minister should ever gain a corrupt familiarity with our boroughs, if he should keep a register of them in his closet, and, by sending down his treasury mandates, should procure a 'spurious representation of the people, the offspring of his corruption, who will be at all times ready to reconcile and justify the most contradictory measures of his administration, and even to vote every crude indigested dream of their patron into a law ; if the maintenance of his power should become the sole object of their attention, and they should be guilty of the most violent breach of parliamentary trust, by giving the king a discretionary liberty of taxing the people without limitation or control ; the last fatal compliment they can pay to the crown :——if this should ever be the unhappy condition of this nation, the people indeed may complain ; but the doors of that place where their complaints should be heard, will for ever be shut against them.

Our disease, I fear, is of a complicated nature, and I think that this motion is wisely intended to remove the first and principal disorder.—Give the people their ancient right of frequent new elections ; that will restore the decayed authority of Parliaments, and will put our constitution into a natural condition of working out her own cure.

Sir, upon the whole, I am of opinion that I cannot express a greater zeal for his majesty, for the liberties of the people, or the honour and dignity of this house, than by seconding the motion which the honourable gentlemen has made you.

CHAP. VII.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE'S REPLY.

MR. CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER,

THOUGH the question has been already so fully opposed, that there is no great occasion to say any thing farther against it, yet, I hope the house will indulge me the liberty of giving some of those reasons which induce me to be against the motion. In general I must take notice that the nature of our constitution seems to be very much mistaken by the gentlemen who have spoken in favour of this motion. It is certain, that ours is a mixed government, and the perfection of our constitution consists in this, that the monarchical, aristocratical, and democratical forms of government are mixed and interwoven in ours, so as to give us all the advantages of each, without subjecting us to the dangers and inconveniences of either. The democratical form of government, which is the only one I have now occasion to take notice of, is liable to these inconveniences: that they are generally too tedious in their coming to any resolution, and seldom brisk and expeditious enough in carrying their resolutions into execution; that they are always wavering in their resolutions, and never steady in any of the measures they resolve to pursue; and that they are often involved in factions, seditions, and insurrections, which exposes them to be made the tools, if not the prey, of their neighbours: therefore, in all the regulations we make, with respect to our constitution, we are to guard against running too much into that form of government which is properly called democratical: this was, in my opinion, the effect of the triennial law, and will again be the effect if ever it should be restored.

That triennial elections would make our government too tedious in all their resolves, is evident; because, in such case, no prudent administration would ever resolve upon any measure of consequence, till they had felt not only the pulse of the Parliament, but the pulse of the people; and the ministers of state would always labour under the disadvantage, that as secrets of state must not be immediately

divulged, their enemies (and enemies they will always have) would have a handle for exposing their measures, and rendering them disagreeable to the people, and thereby carrying perhaps a new election against them, before they could have an opportunity of justifying their measures, by divulging those facts and circumstances, from whence the justice and the wisdom of their measures would clearly appear.

Then, Sir, it is by experience well known, that what is called the populace of every country, are apt to be too much elated with success, and too much dejected with every misfortune; this makes them wavering in their opinions about affairs of state, and never long of the same mind: and as this house is chosen by the free and unbiassed voice of the people in general, if this choice were so often renewed, we might expect that this house would be as wavering and as unsteady as the people usually are: and it being impossible to carry on the public affairs of the nation, without the concurrence of this house, the ministers would always be obliged to comply, and consequently would be obliged to change their measures, as often as the people changed their minds.

With septennial Parliaments, Sir, we are not exposed to either of these misfortunes, because, if the ministers, after having felt the pulse of the Parliament, which they can always soon do, resolve upon any measures, they have generally time enough, before the new election comes on, to give the people proper information, in order to show them the justice and the wisdom of the measures they have pursued; and if the people should at any time be too much elated, or too much dejected, or should without a cause change their minds, those at the helm of affairs have time to set them right before a new election comes on.

As to faction and sedition, Sir, I will grant, that in monarchical and aristocratical governments, it generally arises from violence and oppression; but in democratical governments, it always arises from the people's having too great a share in the government; for in all countries, and in all governments, there always will be many factious and unquiet spirits, who can never be at rest either in power or out of power; when in power, they are never easy, unless every man submits entirely to their direction; and when out of power, they are always working and intriguing

against those that are in, without any regard to justice, or to the interest of their country: in popular governments such men have too much game, they have too many opportunities for working upon and corrupting the minds of the people, in order to give them a bad impression of, and to raise discontents against, those that have the management of the public affairs for the time; and these discontents often break out into seditions and insurrections. This, Sir, would in my opinion be our misfortune, if our Parliaments were either annual or triennial: by such frequent elections, there would be so much power thrown into the hands of the people, as would destroy that equal mixture, which is the beauty of our constitution: in short, our government would really become a democratical government, and might from thence, very probably diverge into a tyrannical. Therefore in order to preserve our constitution, in order to prevent our falling under tyranny and arbitrary power, we ought to preserve that law, which I really think has brought our constitution to a more equal mixture, and consequently to greater perfection, than it was ever in before that law took place.

As to bribery and corruption, Sir, if it were possible to influence, by such base means, the majority of the electors of Great Britain, to chuse such men as would probably give up their liberties; if it were possible to influence, by such means, a majority of the members of the house, to consent to the establishment of arbitrary power, I would readily allow that the calculations made by the gentlemen of the other side were just, and their inference true; but I am persuaded that neither of these is possible. As the members of this house generally are, and must always be, gentlemen of fortune and figure in their country, is it possible to suppose that any of them could, by a pension or a post, be influenced to consent to the overthrow of our constitution; by which the enjoyment, not only of what he got, but of what he before had, would be rendered altogether precarious? I will allow, Sir, that, with respect to bribery, the price must be higher or lower, generally in proportion to the virtue of the man who is to be bribed; but it must likewise be granted, that the humour he happens to be in at the time, the spirit he happens to be endowed with, adds a great deal to his virtue. When no

encroachments are made upon the rights of the people, when the people do not think themselves in any danger, there may be many of the electors, who by a bribe of ten guineas might be induced to vote for one candidate rather than another; but if the court were making any encroachments upon the rights of the people, a proper spirit would, without doubt, arise in the nation; and in such a case, I am persuaded, that none, or very few, even of such electors, could be induced to vote for a court candidate; no, not for ten times the sum.

There may, Sir, be some bribery and corruption in the nation; I am afraid there will always be some; but it is no proof of it, that strangers are sometimes chosen; for a gentlemen may have so much natural influence over a borough in his neighbourhood, as to be able to prevail with them to chuse any person he pleases to recommend; and if upon such recommendation they chuse one or two of his friends, who are perhaps strangers to them, it is not from thence to be inferred that the two strangers were chosen their representatives by the means of bribery and corruption.

To insinuate, Sir, that money may be issued from the public treasury for bribing elections, is really something very extraordinary, especially in those gentlemen who know how many checks are upon every shilling that can be issued from thence; and how regularly the money granted in one year for the public service of the nation, must always be accounted for, the very next session, in this house, and likewise in the other, if they have a mind to call for any such account. And as to the gentlemen in office, if they have any advantage over country gentlemen, in having something else to depend on besides their own private fortunes, they have likewise many disadvantages; they are obliged to live in London with their families, by which they are put to a much greater expense than gentlemen of equal fortunes who live in the country: this lays them under a very great disadvantage with respect to the supporting their interest in the country. The country gentleman, by living among the electors, and purchasing the necessities for his families from them, keeps up an acquaintance and correspondence with them, without putting himself to any extraordinary charge; whereas, a gentleman who lives

in London, has no other way of keeping up an acquaintance or correspondence among his friends in the country, but by going down once or twice a year at a very extraordinary charge, and often without any other business; so that we may conclude, a gentleman in office cannot, even in seven years, save much for distributing in ready money at the time of an election; and I really believe, if the fact were narrowly inquired into, it would appear, that the gentleman in office are as little guilty of bribing their electors with ready money, as any other set of gentlemen in the kingdom.

That there are ferments often raised among the people without any just cause, is what I am surprised to hear controverted, since very late experience may convince us of the contrary. Do not we know what a ferment was raised in the nation, towards the latter end of the late queen's reign? and it is well known, what a fatal change in the affairs of this nation was introduced, or at least confirmed, by an election's coming on while the nation was in that ferment. Do not we know what a ferment was raised in the nation, soon after his late Majesty's accession? And if an election had then been allowed to come on, while the nation was in that ferment, it might, perhaps, have had as fatal effects as the former; but, thank God, this was wisely provided against by the very law which is now wanting to be repealed.

As such ferments may hereafter often happen, I must think that frequent elections will always be dangerous; for which reason, as far as I can see at present, I shall, I believe at all times, think it a very dangerous experiment to repeal the septennial bill.

CHAP. VIII.

THE SPEECH OF BRUTUS ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

ROMANS, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause! and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour, and have respect for my honour, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom, and awake your

senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who's here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended—I pause for a reply——

None?——then none have I offended.——I have done no more to Cæsar than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, that as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

SHAKESPEARE.

CHAP. IX.

GLOCESTER'S SPEECH TO THE NOBLES.

BRAVE Peers of England, pillars of the state,
 To you Duke Humphry must unload his grief,
 Your grief, the common grief of all the land,
 What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
 His valour, coin, and people in the wars;

Did he so often lodge in open field,
 In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
 To conquer France, his true inheritance?
 And did my brother Bedford toil his wits
 To keep by policy what Henry got?
 Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
 Brave York, and Salisbury, victorious Warwick,
 Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?
 Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, and myself,
 With all the learned council of the realm,
 Studied so long, sat in the council-house
 Early and late, debating to and fro,
 How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
 And was his highness in his infancy
 Crowned in Paris in despite of foes?
 And shall these labours and these honours die?
 Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
 Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?
 O Peers of England, shameful is this league,
 Fatal this marriage; cancelling your fame,
 Blotting your names from books of memory;
 Razing the characters of your renown,
 Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
 Undoing all, as all had never been.

SHAKSPEARE.

 CHAP. X.

 DEMOSTHENES TO THE ATHENIANS, AGAINST
 PHILIP:

HAD we been convened, Athenians, on some new subject
 of debate, I had waited until most of the usual persons had
 declared their opinions. If I had approved of any thing pro-
 posed by them, I should have continued silent: if not I had
 then attempted to speak my sentiments. But since those
 very points, on which these speakers have oftentimes been
 heard already, are at this time to be considered; though I
 have risen first, I presume I may expect your pardon; for
 if they on former occasions had advised the necessary

measures you would not have found it needful to consult at present.

First then, Athenians! these our affairs must not be thought desperate: no, though their situation seems entirely deplorable. For the most shocking circumstance of all our past conduct is really the most favourable to our future expectations. And what is this? That our own total indolence has been the cause of all our present difficulties. For were we thus distressed, in spite of every vigorous effort which the honour of our state demanded, there were then no hope of a recovery.

In the next place, reflect (you who have been informed by others. and you who can yourselves remember) how great a power the Lacedæmonians not long since possessed; and with what resolution, with what dignity, you disdained to act unworthy of the state, but maintained the war against them for the rights of Greece. Why do I mention these things? That you may know, that you may see, Athenians, that, if duly vigilant, you can have nothing to fear; that, if once remiss, nothing can happen agreeable to your desires; witness the then powerful arms of Lacedæmon, which a just attention to your interests enabled you to vanquish; and this man's late insolent attempt, which our insensibility to all our great concerns hath made the cause of this confusion.

If there is a man in this assembly who thinks that we must find a formidable enemy in Philip, while he views on one hand the numerous armies which surround him, and on the other the weakness of the state thus despoiled of its dominions, he thinks justly. Yet let him reflect on this: there was a time, Athenians! when we possessed Pynda, and Potidæa, and Methone, and all that country round; when many of the states now subjected to him were free and independent, and more inclined to our alliance than to his. Had then Philip reasoned in the same manner, "How shall I dare to attack the Athenians, whose garrisons command my territory, while I am destitute of all assistance!" he would not have engaged in those enterprises which are now crowned with success; nor could he have raised himself to this pitch of greatness. No, Athenians! he knew this well, that all these places are but prizes, laid between the combatants, and ready for the conqueror; that the dominions

of the absent devolve naturally to those who are in the field; the possession of the supine to the active and intrepid. Animated by these sentiments, he overturns whole nations; he holds all people in subjection: some, by the right of conquest; others, under the title of allies and confederates: for are all willing to confederate with those whom they see prepared and resolved to exert themselves as they ought.

And if you, my countrymen! will now at length be persuaded to entertain the like sentiments: if each of you renouncing all evasions, will be ready to approve himself a useful citizen, to the utmost that his station and abilities demand: if the rich will be ready to contribute, and the young to take the field; in one word, if you will be yourselves, and banish those vain hopes which every single person entertains, that while so many others are engaged in public business, his service will not be required: you then (if Heaven so pleases) will regain your dominions, recall those opportunities your supineness hath neglected, and chastise the insolence of this man. For you are not to imagine that, like a God, he is to enjoy his present greatness for ever, fixed and unchangeable. No, Athenians! there are, who hate him, who fear him, who envy him, even among those seemingly the most attached to his cause. These are passions common to mankind: nor must we think that his friends only are exempted from them. It is true they lie concealed at present, as our indolence deprives them of all resource. But let us shake off this indolence! for you see how we are situated; you see the outrageous arrogance of this man, who does not leave it to your choice whether you shall act, or remain quiet but braves you with his menaces; and talks (as we are informed) in a strain of the highest extravagance: and is not able to rest satisfied with his present acquisitions, but is ever in pursuit of farther conquests; and while we sit down, inactive and irresolute, incloses us on all sides with his toils, *

When, therefore, O my countrymen! when will you exert your vigour? When roused by some event? When forced by some necessity? What then are we to think of our present condition? To freemen, the disgrace attending on misconduct is, in my opinion, the most urgent necessity. Or say, is it your sole ambition to wander through the

public places, one inquiring of another, "What news?" Can any thing be more new, than that a man of Macedon should conquer the Athenians, and give law to Greece?—"Is Philip dead?—No, but in great danger."—How are you concerned in those rumours? Suppose he should meet some fatal stroke: you would soon raise up another Philip, if your interests are thus disregarded. For it is not to his own strength that he so much owes his elevation, as to our supineness. And should some accident affect him, should fortune, who hath ever been more careful of the state than we ourselves, now repeat her favours; (and may she thus crown them!) be assured of this, that, by being on the spot, ready to take advantage of the confusion, you will every where be absolute masters: but in your present disposition, even if a favourable juncture should present you with Amphipolis, you could not take possession of it, while this suspense prevails in your designs and in your councils.

Some wander about, crying, Philip hath joined with the Lacedæmonians, and they are concerting the destruction of Thebes, and the dissolution of some free states! Others assure us, he hath sent an embassy to the King; others that he is fortifying places in Illyria. Thus we all go about framing our several tales. I do believe, indeed, Athenians! he is intoxicated with his greatness, and does entertain his imagination with many such visionary prospects, as he sees no power rising to oppose him, and is elated with his success. But I cannot be persuaded that he hath so taken his measures, that the weakest among us know what he is next to do; (for it is the weakest among us who spread these rumours.)—Let us disregard them: let us be persuaded of this; that he is our enemy, that he hath spoiled us of our dominions, that we have long been subject to his insolence, that whatever we expected to be done for us by others hath proved against us, and that all the resource left is in ourselves; that if we are not inclined to carry our arms abroad, we may be forced to engage him here—let us be persuaded of this, and then we shall come to a proper determination, then we shall be freed from these idle tales. For we are not to be solicitous to know what particular events will happen; we need but be convinced nothing good can happen, unless you grant the due attention to affairs, and be ready to act as become Athenians.

LELAND.

CHAP. XI.

IN PRAISE OF VIRTUE.

VIRTUE is of intrinsic value and good desert, and of indispensable obligation; not the creature of will, but necessary and immutable: not local or temporary, but of equal extent and antiquity with the DIVINE MIND; not a mode of sensation, but everlasting TRUTH; not dependent on power, but the guide of all power. VIRTUE is the foundation of honour and esteem, and the source of all beauty, order, and happiness in nature. It is what confers value on all the other endowments and qualities of a reasonable being, to which they ought to be absolutely subservient, and without which, the more eminent they are, the more hideous deformities and the greater curses they become. The use of it is not confined to any one stage of our existence, or to any particular situation we can be in, but reaches through all the periods and circumstances of our being.—Many of the endowments and talents we now possess, and of which we are too apt to be proud, will cease entirely with the present state; but this will be our ornament and dignity in every future state to which we may be removed. Beauty and wit will die, learning will vanish away, and all the arts of life be soon forgot; but virtue will remain for ever. This unites us to the whole rational creation, and fits us for conversing with any order of superior natures, and for a place in any part of God's works. It procures us the approbation and love of all wise and good beings, and renders them our allies and friends. But what is of unspeakably greater consequence is, that it makes God our friend, assimilates and unites our minds to his, and engages his almighty power in our defence.—Superior beings of all ranks are bound by it no less than ourselves. It has the same authority in all worlds that it has in this. The further any being is advanced in excellence and perfection, the greater is his attachment to it, and the more he is under its influence.—To say no more; it is the LAW of the whole universe; it stands first in the estimation of the

Deity; its original is his nature; and it is the very object that makes him lovely.

Such is the importance of Virtue.—Of what consequence, therefore, is it that we practise it?—There is no argument or motive which is at all fitted to influence a reasonable mind, which does not call us to this. One virtuous disposition of soul is preferable to the greatest natural accomplishments and abilities, and of more value than all the treasures of the world.—If you are wise, then, study virtue, and condemn every thing that can come in competition with it. Remember, that nothing else deserves one anxious thought or wish: Remember, that this alone is honour, glory, wealth, and happiness. Secure this, and you secure every thing. Lose this, and all is lost.

PRICE.

CHAP. XII.

SPEECH OF NICHOLAUS, THE OLD SYRACUSAN, IN FAVOUR OF NICIAS.

You here behold an unfortunate father, who has felt, more than any other Syracusan, the fatal effects of this war, by the death of two sons, who formed all his consolation, and were the only support of his old age. I cannot, indeed, forbear admiring their courage and felicity, in sacrificing to their country's welfare a life of which they would one day have been deprived by the common course of nature; but then I cannot but be strongly affected with the cruel wound which their death hath made in my heart, nor forbear hating and detesting the Athenians, the authors of this unhappy war, as the murderers of my children. I cannot, however, conceal one circumstance, which is, that I am less sensible of my private affliction than of the honour of my country; and I see it exposed to eternal infamy by the barbarous advice which is now given you. The Athenians, indeed, merit the worst treatment, and every kind of punishment that can be inflicted on them, for so unjustly declaring war

against us: but have not the gods, the just avengers of crimes, punished them, and revenged us sufficiently? When their generals laid down their arms and surrendered, did they not do this in hopes of having their lives spared? And if we put them to death, will it be possible for us to avoid the just reproach of our having violated the laws of nations, and dishonoured our victory by an unheard-of cruelty? How! will you suffer your glory to be thus sullied in the face of the whole world, and have it said, that a nation, who first dedicated a temple in their city to Clemency, had not found any in yours? Surely victories and triumphs do not give immortal glory to a city; but the exercising of mercy towards a vanquished enemy, the using of moderation in the greatest prosperity, and fearing to offend the gods by a haughty and insolent pride. You doubtless have not forgot that this Nicias, whose fate you are going to pronounce, was the very man who pleaded your cause in the assembly of the Athenians, and employed all his credit, and the whole power of his eloquence, to dissuade his country from embarking in this war; should you therefore pronounce sentence of death on this worthy general, would it be a just reward for the zeal he showed for your interest? With regard to myself, death would be less grievous to me than the sight of so horrid an injustice committed by my countrymen and fellow-citizens.

SHAKSPEARE.

BOOK VI.

DIALOGUES.

CHAP. I.

ON HAPPINESS,

It was at a time when a certain friend, whom I highly value, was my guest. We had been sitting together, entertaining ourselves with Shakspeare. Among many of his characters, we had looked into that of Wolsey. How soon, says my friend, does the cardinal in disgrace abjure that happiness which he was lately so fond of! Scarcely out of office but he begins to exclaim :

Vain pomp and glory of the world ! I hate ye.

So true is it, that our sentiments ever vary with the season ; and that in adversity we are of one mind, in prosperity of another. As for his mean opinion, said I, of human happiness, it is a truth, which small reflection might have taught him long before. There seems little need of distress to inform us of this. I rather commend the seeming wisdom of that eastern monarch, who in the affluence of prosperity, when he was proving every pleasure, was yet so sensible of their emptiness, their insufficiency to make him happy, that he proclaimed a reward to the man who should invent a new delight. The reward indeed was proclaimed, but the delight was not to be found. If by delight, said he, you mean some good ; something conducing to real happiness ; it might have been found, perhaps, and yet not hit the monarch's fancy. Is that said I, possible ? It is possible, replied he, though it had been the Scvereign Good itself.

And indeed what wonder? Is it probable that such a mortal as an eastern monarch, such a pampered, flattered, idle mortal, should have attention or capacity for a subject so delicate; a subject, enough to exercise the subtlest and most acute?

What then is it you esteem, said I, the Sovereign Good to be? It should seem, by your representation, to be something very uncommon. Ask me not the question, said he; you know not where it will carry us. Its general idea, indeed, is easy and plain: but the detail of particulars is perplexed and long: passions and opinions for ever thwart us; a paradox appears in almost every advance. Besides, did our inquiries succeed ever so happily, the very subject itself is always enough to give me pain. That, replied I, seems a paradox indeed. It is not, said he; from any prejudice which I have conceived against it: for to man I esteem it the noblest in the world. Nor is it for being a subject, to which my genius does not lead me; for no subject at all times has more employed my attention. But the truth is, I can scarcely ever think of it, but an unlucky story still occurs to my mind: "A certain star-gazer with his telescope was once viewing the moon, and describing her seas, her mountains, and her territories. Says a clown to his companion, Let him spy what he pleases; we are as near to the moon as he and all his brethren." So fares it, alas! with these our moral speculations. Practice too often creeps where theory can soar. The philosopher proves as weak as those whom he most contemns. A mortifying thought to such as well attend it. Too mortifying, replied I to be long dwelt on. Give us rather your general idea of the Sovereign Good. This is easy from your own account, however intricate the detail.

Thus then, said he, since you are so urgent, it is thus that I conceive it. The Sovereign Good is that, the possession of which renders us happy. And how, said I, do we possess it? Is it sensual, or intellectual? There you are entering, said he, upon the detail. This is beyond your question. Not a small advance, said I, to indulge poor curiosity? Will you raise me athirst, and be so cruel as not to allay it? It is not, replied he, of my raising, but your own. Besides, I am not certain, should I attempt to proceed, whether you will admit such authorities, as it is pos-

sible I may vouch. That, said I, must be determined by their weight and character. Suppose, said he, it should be mankind : the whole human race. Would you not think it something strange, to seek of those concerning Good who pursue it a thousand ways, and many of them contradictory ? I confess, said I, it seems so. And yet, continued he, were there a point in which such dissentients ever agreed, this agreement would be no mean argument in favour of its truth and justness. But where, replied I, is this agreement to be found,

He answered me by asking, What if it should appear, that there were certain original characteristics and preconceptions of good, which were natural, uniform, and common to all men ; which all recognized in their various pursuits, and that the difference lay only in the applying them to particulars ? This requires, said I, to be illustrated. As if, continued he, a company of travellers, in some wide forest, were intending for one city, but each by a route peculiar to himself. The roads, indeed, would be various, and many perhaps false ; but all who travelled would have one end in view. It is evident, said I, they would. So fares it then, added he, with mankind in the pursuit of good. The ways indeed are many, but what they seek is one.

For instance : Did you ever hear of any, who in pursuit of their good, were for living the life of a bird, an insect, or a fish ? None. And why not ? It would be inconsistent, answered I with their nature. You see then, said he, they all agree in this, that what they pursue ought to be consistent and agreeable to their proper nature. So ought it, said I, undoubtedly. If so, continued he, one preconception is discovered, which is common to good in general. It is, that all good is supposed something agreeable to nature. This indeed, replied I, seems to be agreed on hands.

But again, said he, is there a man scarcely to be found of a temper so truly mortified, as to acquiesce in the lowest, and shortest necessities of life ; who aims not, if he be able, at something farther, something better ? I replied, scarcely one. Do not multitudes pursue, said he, infinite objects of desire, acknowledged, every one of them, to be in no respect necessities ? Exquisite viands, delicious wines, splendid apparel, curious gardens : magnificent apartments adorned with pictures and sculptures : music and poetry, and

the whole tribe of elegant arts? It is evident, said I. If it be, continued he, it should seem that they all considered the Chief or Sovereign Good, not to be that which conduces to bare existence or mere being; for to this the necessities alone are adequate. I replied they were. But if not this, it must be somewhat conducive to that which is superior to mere being. It must. And what, continued he, can this be, but well-being, under the various shapes in which different opinions paint it? Or can you suggest any thing else? I replied, I could not. Mark here, then, continued he, another preconception, in which they all agree; the Sovereign Good is somewhat conducive, not to mere being, but to well-being. I replied, it had so appeared.

Again, continued he. What labour, what expense, to procure those rarities which our own poor country is unable to afford us! How is the world ransacked to its utmost verges, and luxury and arts imported from every quarter? Nay, more; How do we baffle nature herself, invert her order: seek the vegetables of spring in the rigours of winter, and winter's ice during the heats of summer! I replied, we did. And what disappointment, what remorse when endeavours fail? It is true. If this then be evident, said he, it would seem, that whatever we desire as our Chief and Sovereign Good, is something which, as far as possible, we would accommodate to all places and times. I answered, so it appeared. See then, said he, another of its characteristics, another preconception.

But farther still: What contests for wealth! What scrambling for property! What perils in the pursuit! What solicitude in the maintenance! And why all this? To what purpose, to what end? Or is not the reason plain? Is it not that wealth may continually procure us whatever we fancy good; and make that perpetual, which would otherwise be transient? I replied, it seemed so. Is it not farther desired, as supplying us from ourselves; when without it, we must be beholden to the benevolence of others, and depend on their caprice for all that we enjoy? It is true said I, this seems a reason.

Again; Is not power of every degree as much contested for as wealth? Are not magistracies, honours, principalities, and empire, the subjects of strife and everlasting contention? I replied, they were. And why, said he, this?

To obtain what end? Is it not to help us, like wealth, to the possession of what we desire? Is it not farther to ascertain, to secure our enjoyments: and when others would deprive us, we may be strong enough to resist them? I replied, it was.

Or to invert the whole: Why are there, who seek recesses the most distant and retired; flee courts and power, and submit to parsimony and obscurity? Why all this, but from the same intention? From an opinion, that small possessions, used moderately, are permanent; that larger possessions raise envy, and are more frequently invaded; that the safety of power and dignity is more precarious than that of retreat, and that therefore they have chosen what is more eligible upon the whole? It is not, said I, improbable that they act by some such motive.

Do you not see then, continued he, two or three more preconceptions of the Sovereign Good, which are sought for by all, as essential to constitute it? And what, said I, are these? That it should not be transient, nor derived from the will of others, nor in their power to take away; but be durable, self-derived, and (if I may use the expression) indeprivable. I confess, said I, it appears so. But we have already found it to be considered as something agreeable to our nature; conducive, not to mere being, but to well being; and what we aim to have accommodated to all places and times. We have.

There may be other characteristics, said he, but these I think sufficient. See then its idea; behold it as collected from the original, natural, [and universal] preconception of all mankind. The Sovereign Good, they have taught us, ought to be something *agreeable to our nature; and conducive to well-being; accommodated to all places and times; durable, self-derived, and indeprivable.* Your account, said I, appears just.

HARRIS.

CHAP. II.

RIVERS AND SIR HARRY.

SIR HAR. Colonel, your most obedient; I am come upon the old business; for unless I am allowed to entertain hopes of Miss Rivers, I shall be the most miserable of all human beings.

RIV. Sir Harry, I have already told you by letter, and I now tell you personally, I cannot listen to your proposals.

SIR HAR. No, Sir?

RIV. No, Sir, I have promised my daughter to Mr. Sidney; do you know that, Sir?

SIR HAR. I do; but what then? Engagements of this kind, you know——

RIV. So then, you do know I have promised her to Mr. Sidney?

SIR HAR. I do; but I also know that matters are not finally settled between Mr. Sidney and you; and I moreover know, that his fortune is by no means equal to mine: therefore——

RIV. Sir Harry, let me ask you one question before you make your consequence.

SIR HAR. A thousand if you please, Sir.

RIV. Why then, Sir, let me ask you, what you have ever observed in me or my conduct, that you desire me so familiarly to break my word? I thought, Sir, you considered me as a man of honour.

SIR HAR. And so I do, Sir, a man of the nicest honour.

RIV. And yet, Sir, you ask me to violate the sanctity of my word; and tell me directly, that it is my interest to be a rascal.

SIR HAR. I really do'nt understand you, Colonel; I thought when I was talking to you, I was talking to a man who knew the world; and as you have not yet signed——

RIV. Why this is mending matters with a witness! And so you think because I am not legally bound, I am under no necessity of keeping my word! Sir Harry, laws were never made for men of honour: they want no bond but the

rectitude of their own sentiments, and laws are of no use but to bind the villains of society.

Sir HAR. Well ! but, my dear Colonel, if you have no regard for me, show some little regard for your daughter.

RIV. I show the greatest regard for my daughter, by giving her to a man of honour, and I must not be insulted with any farther repetition of your proposals.

Sir HAR. Insult you, Colonel ! is the offer of my alliance an insult ? is my readiness to make what settlements you think proper——

RIV. Sir Harry, I should consider the offer of a kingdom an insult if it was to be purchased by the violation of my word ; besides, though my daughter shall never go a beggar to the arms of her husband, I would rather see her happy than rich ; and if she has enough to provide handsomely for a young family, and something to spare for the exigences of a worthy friend, I shall think her as affluent as if she was mistress of Mexico.

Sir HAR. Well, Colonel, I have done : but I believe——

RIV. Well, Sir Harry, and as our conference is done, we will, if you please, retire to the ladies : I shall always be glad of your acquaintance, though I cannot receive you as a son-in-law ; for a union of interest I look upon as a union of dishonour, and consider a marriage for money at best but a legal prostitution.

FALSE DELICACY.

CHAP. III.

ON CRITICISM.

——How did Garrick speak the soliloquy last night ? Oh, against all rule, my lord, most ungrammatically ! Betwixt the substantive and the adjective, which should agree together in number, case, and gender, he made a breach thus——stopping as if the point wanted settling ;——and betwixt the nominative case, which your lordship knows should govern the verb, he suspended his voice in the epilogue a dozen times, three seconds, and three-fifths,

by a stop-watch, my lord, each time.—Admirable grammarian!

—But in suspending his voice—was the sense suspended likewise? did no expression of attitude or countenance fill up the chasm?—was the eye silent? Did you narrowly look?—I looked only at the stop-watch, my lord. Excellent observer!

And what of this new book the whole world makes such a rout about?—Oh! 'tis out of all plumb, my lord—quite an irregular thing; not one of the angles at the four corners was a right angle. I had my rule and compasses, &c. my lord, in my pocket.—Excellent critic!

—And for the epic poem your lordship bid me look at;—upon taking the length, breadth, height, and depth of it and trying them at home upon an exact scale of Bossu's—'tis out, my lord, in every one of its dimensions.—Admirable connoisseur!

—And did you step in to take a look at the grand picture in your way back?—'Tis a melancholy daub! my lord: not one principle of the pyramid in any one group!—and what a price!—for there is nothing of the colouring of Titian—the expression of Rubens—the grace of Raphael—the purity of Domenichino—the corregiescity of Corregio—the learning of Poussin—the airs of Guido—the taste of the Carrachis, or the grand contour of Angelo.

Grant me patience, just heaven!—Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world—though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst—the cant of criticism—is the most tormenting!

I would go fifty miles on foot to kiss the hand of that man, whose generous heart will give up the reins of his imagination into his author's hands—be pleased he knows not why, and cares not wherefore.

STERNE.

CHAP. IV.

HENRY V. AND THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

CH. JUST. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
Your Majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

P. HENRY. No! might a prince of my great hopes forget
 So great indignities you laid upon me?
 What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
 Th' immediate heir of England! was this easy?
 May this be wash'd in Lethe and forgotten?

CH. JUST. I then did use the person of your father;
 The image of his power lay then in me:
 And in th' administration of his law,
 While I was busy for the commonwealth,
 Your highness pleased to forget my place,
 The majesty and power of law and justice,
 The image of the King whom I presented;
 And struck me in my very seat of judgment:
 Whereon, as an offender to your father,
 I gave bold way to my authority,
 And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
 Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
 To have a son set your decrees at nought:
 To pluck down justice from your awful bench
 To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
 That guards the peace and safety of your person:
 Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image,
 And mock your working in a second body.
 Question your royal thoughts, make the case your's;
 Be now the father, and propose a son
 Hear your own dignity so much profan'd;
 See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted;
 Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;
 And then imagine me taking your part,
 And in your pow'r so silencing your son.
 After this cold consid'rance, sentence me:
 And, as you are a King, speak in your state,
 What I have done that misbecame my place,
 My person, or my Liege's sovereignty.

P. HEN. You are right, Justice, and you weigh this well
 Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:
 And I do wish your honours may increase,
 Till you do live to see a son of mine
 Offend you, and obey you, as I did:
 So shall I live to speak my father's words:
 "Happy am I, that have a man so bold

That dares do justice on my proper son ;
And no less happy, having such a son,
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hand of justice."—You committed me ;
For which I do commit into your hand
Th' unstain'd sword that you have us'd to bear ;
With this remembrance, that you use the same
With a like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand,
You shall be as a father to my youth :
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear ;
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practis'd wise directions.
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you :
My father is gone wild into his grave ;
For in his tomb lie my affections ;
And with his spirit sadly I survive,
To mock the expectations of the world ;
To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
Rotten opinion, which hath writ me down
After my seeming. Though my tide of blood
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now ;
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now call we our high court of parliament :
And let us chuse such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best govern'd nation ;
That war or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us,
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand,
Our coronation done, we will accite
(As I before remember'd) all our state,
And (Heav'n consigning to my good intents)
No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,
Heav'n shorten Harry's happy life one day.

SHAKSPEARE.

CHAP. V.

ON NEGROES.

WHEN Tom, an' please your honour, got to the s there was nobody in it but a poor negro girl, with a b of white feathers slightly tied to the end of a long c flapping away flies—not killing them.—'Tis a pretty ture! said my uncle Toby—she had suffered persecu Trim, and had learnt mercy——

—She was good, an' please your honour, from nat as well as from hardships: and there are circumstances the story of that poor friendless slut that would me heart of stone, said Trim; and some dismal winter's ning, when your honour is in the humour, they shall told you with the rest of Tom's story, for it makes a of it.—

Then do not forget, Trim, said my uncle Toby.

A negro has a soul, an' please your honour, said corporal (doubtingly.)

I am not much versed, corporal, quoth my uncle To in things of that kind; but I suppose God would not le him without one, any more than thee or me.—

—It would be putting one sadly over the head of a ther, quoth the corporal.

It would so, said my uncle Toby. Why, then, an plea your honour, is a black wench to be used worse than white one?

I can give no reason, said my uncle Toby——

—Only, cried the corporal, shaking his head, becau she has no one to stand up for her.——

——'Tis that very thing, Trim, quoth my uncle To which recommends her to protection, and her brethren wi her;—'Tis the fortune of war which has put the whip in our hands now——where it may be hereafter, Heave knows!—but be it where it will, the brave, Trim, will n use it unkindly.

——God forbid, said the corporal.

Amen, responded my uncle Toby, laying his hand upo his heart.

CHAP. VI.

SIR JOHN MELVIL AND STERLING.

STERL. What are your commands with me, Sir John?

Sir JOHN. After having carried the negotiation between our families to so great a length, after having assented so readily to all your proposals as well as received so many instances of your cheerful compliance with the demands made on our part, I am extremely concerned, Mr. Sterling, to be the involuntary cause of any uneasiness.

STERL. Uneasiness! what uneasiness? Where business is transacted as it ought to be, and the parties understand one another, there can be no uneasiness. You agree on such and such conditions, to receive my daughter for a wife; on the same conditions, I agree to receive you as a son-in-law: and as to all the rest, it follows of course, you know, as regularly as the payment of a bill after acceptance.

Sir JOHN. Pardon me, Sir: more uneasiness has arisen than you are aware of. I am myself, at this instant, in a state of inexpressible embarrassment: Miss Sterling, I know, is extremely disconcerted too; and unless you will oblige me with the assistance of your friendship, I foresee the speedy progress of discontent and animosity through the whole family.

STERL. What the deuce is all this! I do not understand a single syllable.

Sir JOHN. In one word, then, it will be absolutely impossible for me to fulfil my engagements in regard to Miss Sterling.

STERL. How, Sir John? Do you mean to put an affront upon my family? What! refuse to—

Sir JOHN. Be assured, Sir, that I neither mean to affront nor forsake your family. My only fear is, that you should desert me: for the whole happiness of my life depends on my being connected with your family by the nearest and tenderest ties in the world.

STERL. Why, did not you tell me, but a moment ago, it was absolutely impossible for you to marry my daughter?

SIR JOHN. True : but you have another daughter, Sir,—

STERL. Well !

SIR JOHN. Who has obtained the most absolute dominion over my heart. I have already declared my passion to her ; nay, Miss Sterling herself is also apprised of it, and if you will but give a sanction to my present addresses, the uncommon merit of Miss Sterling will no doubt recommend her to a person of equal, if not superior rank to myself, and our families may still be allied by my union with Miss Fanny.

STERL. Mighty fine, truly ! Why, what the plague do you make of us, Sir John ? Do you come to market for my daughters, like servants at a statute fair ? Do you think that I will suffer you, or any man in the world, to come into my house like the grand Seignior, and throw the handkerchief first to one and then to to'ther, just as he pleases ? Do you think I drive a kind of African slave-trade with them ? and——

SIR JOHN. A moment's patience, Sir ! Nothing but the excess of my passion for Miss Fanny should have induced me to take any step that had the least appearance of disrespect to any part of your family ; and even now I am desirous to atone for my transgression, by making the most adequate compensation that lies in my power.

STERL. Compensation ! what compensation can you possibly make in such a case as this, Sir John ?

SIR JOHN. Come, come, Mr. Sterling ; I know you to be a man of sense, and a man of business, a man of the world. I will deal frankly with you ; and you shall see that I do not desire a change of measures for my own gratification, without endeavouring to make it advantageous to you.

STERL. What advantage can your inconstancy be to me ? Sir John ?

SIR JOHN. I will tell you, Sir. You know that by the articles at present subsisting between us, on the day of my marriage with Miss Sterling, you agree to pay down the gross sum of eighty thousand pounds.

STERL. Well !

SIR JOHN. Now if you will but consent to my waiving that marriage——

STERL. I agree to you waiving that marriage ? Impos-

sible, Sir John; I cannot think of agreeing to your proposal.

Sir JOHN. I hope not, Sir: as on my part, I will agree to waive my right to thirty thousand pounds of the fortune I was to receive with her.

STERL. Thirty thousand, do you say?

Sir JOHN. Yes, Sir; and accept of Miss Fanny, with fifty thousand instead of fourscore.

STERL. Fifty thousand——

Sir JOHN. Instead of fourscore.

STERL. Why, why, there may be something in that. Let me see; Fanny with fifty thousand instead of Betsy with fourscore. But how can this be, Sir John? For you know I am to pay this money into the hands of my Lord Ogleby; who, I believe, betwixt you and me, Sir John is not overstocked with ready money at present; and threescore thousand of it, you know, is to go to pay off the present incumbrances on the estate, Sir John.

Sir JOHN. That objection is easily obviated. Ten of the twenty thousand, which would remain as a surplus of the fourscore after paying off the mortgage, was intended by his lordship for my use, that we might set off with some little eclat on our marriage; and the other ten for his own. Ten thousand pounds therefore I shall be able to pay you immediately? and for the remaining twenty thousand you shall have a mortgage on that part of the estate which is to be made over to me, with whatever security you shall require for the regular payments of the interest, till the principal is duly discharged.

STERL. Why, to do you justice, Sir John, there is something fair and open in your proposal; and since I find you do not mean to put an affront upon the family——

Sir JOHN. Nothing was ever farther from my thoughts, Mr. Sterling. And after all, the whole affair is nothing extraordinary; such things happen every day; and as the world had only heard generally of a treaty between the families, when this marriage takes place, nobody will be the wiser, if we have but discretion enough to keep our own counsel.

STERL. True, true; and since you only transfer from one girl to the other, it is no more than transferring so much stock, you know.

Sir JOHN. The very thing.

STERL. Odso! I had quite forgot. We are reckoning without our host here.—There is another difficulty—

Sir JOHN. You alarm me. What can that be?

STERL. I cannot stir a step in this business without consulting my sister Heideiberg. The family has very great expectations from her, and we must not give her any offence.

Sir JOHN. But if you come into this measure, surely she will be so kind as to consent—

STERL. I do not know that. Betsy is her darling, and I cannot tell how far she may resent any slight that seems to be offered to her favourite niece. However, I will do the best I can for you. You shall go and break the matter to her first, and by the time that I may suppose that your rhetoric has prevailed on her to listen to reason, I will step in to reinforce your arguments.

Sir JOHN. I will fly to her immediately: you promise me your assistance?

STERL. I do.

Sir JOHN. Ten thousand thanks for it! and now success attend me!

STERL. Harkee, Sir John!—Not a word of the thirty thousand to my sister, Sir John.

Sir JOHN. O, I am dumb, I am dumb, Sir.

STERL. You remember it is thirty thousand.

Sir JOHN. To be sure I do.

STERL. But, Sir John, one thing more. My lord must know nothing of this stroke of friendship between us.

Sir JOHN. Not for the world. Let me alone! let me alone!

STERL. And when every thing is agreed, we must give each other a bond to be held fast to the bargain.

Sir JOHN. To be sure. A bond by all means! a bond, or whatever you please.

STERL. I should have thought of more conditions: he is in a humour to give me everything. Why, what mere children are your fellows of quality; that cry for a play-thing one minute, and throw it by the next! as changeable as the weather, and as uncertain as the stocks. Special fellows to drive a bargain! and yet they are to take care of the interest of the nation truly! Here does this whirigig man of fashion offer to give up thirty thousand pounds in

hard money, with as much indifference as if it was a China orange. By this mortgage, I shall have a hold on his Terra Firma: and if he wants more money, as he certainly will, let him have children by my daughter or no, I shall have his whole estate in a net for the benefit of my family. Well! thus it is, that the children of citizens who have acquired fortunes, prove persons of fashion; and thus it is, that persons of fashion, who have ruined their fortunes, reduce the next generation to cits.

CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

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CHAP. VII.

BELCOUR AND STOCKWELL.

STOCK. Mr. Belcour, I am rejoiced to see you; you are welcome to England.

BEL. I thank you heartily, good Mr. Stockwell; you and I have long conversed at a distance; now we are met, and the pleasure this meeting gives me, amply compensates for the perils I have run through in accomplishing it.

STOCK. What perils, Mr. Belcour? I could not have thought you would have met a bad passage at this time o'year.

BEL. Nor did we; courier-like, we came posting to your shores, upon the pinions of the swiftest gales that ever blew: it is upon English ground all my difficulties have arisen; it is the passage from the river side I complain of.

STOCK. Ay, indeed! What obstructions can you have met with between this and the river side?

BEL. Innumerable! Your town's as full of defiles as the island of Corsica; and I believe they are as obstinately defended; so much hurry, bustle, and confusion on your quays: so many sugar-casks, porter-butts, and common-councilmen in your streets; that unless a man marched with artillery in his front, it is more than the labour of an Hercules can effect, to make any tolerable way through your town.

STOCK. I am sorry you have been so incommoded.

BEL. Why, faith, it was all my own fault; accustomed to a land of slaves, and out of patience with the whole tribe of custom-house extortioners, boat-men, tide-waiters and water-bailiffs, that beset me on all sides, worse than a swarm of musquitoes, I proceeded a little too roughly to brush them away with my ratan; the sturdy rogues took this in dudgeon, and beginning to rebel, the mob chose different sides, and a furious scuffle ensued; in the course of which, my person and apparel suffered so much, that I was obliged to step into the first tavern to refit, before I could make my approaches in any decent trim.

STOCK. Well, Mr. Belcour, it is a rough sample you have had of my countrymen's spirit; but, I trust, you will not think the worse of them for it.

BEL. Not at all, not at all; I like them the better: was I only a visitor, I might perhaps, wish them a little more tractable; but as a fellow subject, and a sharer in their freedom, I applaud their spirit, though I feel the effects of it in every bone in my skin—Well, Mr. Stockwell, for the first time in my life, here am I in England; at the fountain-head of pleasure, in the land of beauty, of arts, and elegances. My happy stars have given me a good estate, and the conspiring winds have blown me hither to spend it.

STOCK. To use it, not to waste it, I should hope: to treat it, Mr. Belcour, not as a vassal, over whom you have a wanton despotic power, but as a subject, which you are bound to govern with a temperate and restrained authority.

BEL. True, Sir; most truly said; mine's a commission, not at right; I am the offspring of distress, and every child of sorrow is my brother; while I have hands to hold, therefore I will hold them open to mankind: but, Sir, my passions are my masters; they take me where they will; and oftentimes they leave to reason and virtue nothing but my wishes and my sighs.

STOCK. Come, come, the man who can accuse, corrects himself.

BEL. Ah! that is an office I am weary of; I wish a friend would take it up: I would to Heaven you had leisure for the employ! but, did you drive a trade to the

four corners of the world, you would not find the task so toilsome as to keep me free from faults.

STOCK. Well, I am not discouraged : this candour tells me I should not have the fault of self-conceit to combat ; that, at least, is not amongst the number.

BEL. No : if I knew that man on earth who thought more humbly of me than I do myself, I would take up his opinion and forego my own.

STOCK. And, was I to chuse a pupil, it should be one of your complexion, so if you will come along with me, we will agree upon your admission, and enter upon a course of lectures directly,

BEL. With all my heart.

WEST INDIAN.



## CHAP. VIII.

### DUKE AND LORD.

DUKE. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile  
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet  
 Than that of painted pomp ? Are not these woods  
 More free from peril than the envious court ?  
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,  
 'The season's difference ! the icy phang,  
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind ;  
 Which, when it bites and blows upon the body,  
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,  
 This is no flattery ; these are counsellors,  
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.  
 Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head :  
 And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
 Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.  
 —Come, shall we go and kill us venison ?  
 And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,

Being native burghers of this desert city,  
Should in their own confines, with forked heads,  
Have their round haunches gor'd.

LORD. Indeed, my lord,  
The melancholy Jaques grieves much at that;  
And in that kind swears you do more usurp  
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.  
To-day, my lord of Amiens, and myself,  
Did steal behind him as he lay along  
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out  
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;  
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,  
That from the hunter's aim hath ta'en a hurt,  
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,  
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,  
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat  
Almost to bursting: and the big round tears  
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose  
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,  
Much mark'd of the melancholy Jaques,  
Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,  
Augmenting it with tears.

DUKE. But what said Jaques?  
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

LORD. O yes, into a thousand similes,  
First for his weeping in the needless stream!  
Poor deer, quoth he, thou mak'st a testament  
As wordlings do, giving thy sum of more  
To that which had too much. Then, being alone,  
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;  
'Tis right, quoth he, thus misery doth part  
The flux of company. Anon, a careless herd,  
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,  
And never stays to geet him: Ay, quoth Jaques.  
Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens,  
'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look  
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?  
Thus most invectively he pierceth through  
The body of the country, city, court,  
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we  
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,  
To fright the animals, and to kill them up

In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

DUKE, And did you leave him in this contemplation ?

LORD. We did my lord, weeping and commenting  
Upon the sobbing deer.

DUKE. Show me the place ;  
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,  
For then he's full of matter.

LORD. Ill bring you to him straight.

SHAKSPEARE.

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CHAP. IX.

HAMLET AND HORATIO.

HOR. Hail to your lordship !

HAM. I am glad to see you well.

Horatio !——or I do forget myself.

HOR. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

HAM. Sir, my good friend ; I'll change that name with
you :

And what makes you from Wittenburg, Horatio ?

HOR. A truant disposition, good my lord.

HAM. I would not hear your enemy say so,
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,

To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself. I know you are no truant :
But what is your affair in Elsinour ?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

HOR. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

HAM. I pr'ythee do not mock me, fellow-student ;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

HOR. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

HAM. Thrift, thrift, Horatio ; the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage-tables,
Would I had met my direst foe in heav'n,
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio !
My father——methinks I see my father.

HOR. Oh where, my lord ?

HAM. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

HOR. I saw him once, he was a goodly king.

HAM. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

HOR. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

HAM. Saw ! who ?

HOR. My lord, the king your father.

HAM. The king my father !

HOR. Season your admiration but a while,
With an attentive ear, till I deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

HAM. For Heaven's love, let me hear.

HOR. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd : a figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, cap-a-pe,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them ; thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length ; whilst they (distill'd
Almost to jelly with th' effect of fear)
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did.
And I with them the third night kept the watch
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes. I knew your father ;
These bands are not more alike.

HAM, But where was this ?

HOR, My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

HAM. Did you not speak to it ?

HOR. My lord, I did ;

But answer made it none. Yet once methought
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak,
But even then the morning cock crew loud ;
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away
And vanish'd from our sight.

HAM. 'Tis very strange !

HOR. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.

HAM. Indeed, indeed, Sir, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

HOR. We do, my lord.

HAM. Arm'd say you?

HOR. Arm'd, my lord.

HAM. From top to toe?

HOR. My lord, from head to foot.

HAM. Then saw you not his face?

HOR. O yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

HAM. What look'd he frowningly?

HOR. A count'nance more in sorrow than in anger.

HAM. Pale, or red?

HOR. Nay, very pale.

HAM. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

HOR. Most constantly,

HAM. I would I had been there!

HOR. It would have much amaz'd you.

HAM. Very like. Staid it long?

HOR. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

HAM. His beard was grizzled?—no.—

HOR. It was as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

HAM. I'll watch to-night; perchance 'twill walk again.

HOR. I warrant you it will.

HAM. If it assumes my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be ten'ble in your silence still:
And whatsoever shall befall to night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:
I will requite your love: so fare ye well.
Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve.
I'll visit you.

SHAKESPEARE.

CHAP. X.

BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

CAS. Will you go see the order of the course ?

BRU. Not I.

CAS. I pray you do.

BRU. I am not gamesome ; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony ;
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires ;
I'll leave you.

CAS. Brutus, I do observe you now of late ;
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have ;
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

BRU. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd : if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself ;
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviour ;
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,
Among which number, Cassius, be you one ;
Nor construe any farther my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the show of love to other men.

CAS. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion ;
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face ?

BRU. No, Cassius : for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection from some other thing.

CAS. 'Tis just,
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirror as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,

(Except immortal Cæsar) speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

BRU. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius
That you would have me seek into myself,
For that which is not in me?

CAS. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear;
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which yet you know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout; then hold me dangerous.

BRU. What means this shouting? I do fear the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

CAS. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

BRU. I would not, Cassius: yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be ought toward the general good,
Set Honour in one eye, and death i' th' other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of Honour more than I fear Death.

CAS. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life: but for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once upon a raw and gusty day,

The troubled Tiber chafing with his shores,
 Cæsar says to me, Dars't thou, now
 Leap in with me into this angry flood,
 And swim to yonder point?—Upon the word,
 Accounted as I was, I plunged in,
 And bade him follow; so indeed he did.
 The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
 But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
 Cæsar cry'd, Help me, Cassius, or I sink.
 I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
 The old Anchises bear; so from the waves of Tiber
 Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man
 Is now become a god; and Cassius is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake. 'Tis true, this god did shake;
 His coward lips did from their colour fly,
 And that same eye whose bend does awe the world
 Did lose its lustre: I did hear him groan;
 Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas! it cry'd—Give me some drink, Titinius—
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of this majestic world
 And bear the palm alone.

BRU. Another general shout!

I do believe that these applauses are
 For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

CAS. Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world
 Like a Colossus! and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves,
 Men at some time are master of their fates;
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
 Brutus—and Cæsar—what should be in that Cæsar?

Why should that name be sounded more than your's ?
Write them together ; your's is as fair a name :
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;
Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meats does this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great ? Age thou art sham'd ;
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble blood.
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man ?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man ?
Oh ! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
Th' eternal devil, to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

* BRU. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous ;
What you would work me to, I have some aim :
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter ; for this present,
I would not (so with love I might entreat you
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider ; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear ; and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer such high things,
Till then my noble friend, chew upon this :
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under such hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

CAS. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

SHAKSPEARE.

BOOK VII.

DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.

CHAP I.

LIBERTY AND SLAVERY.

DISGUISE thyself as thou wilt, still, SLAVERY ! still thou art a bitter draught ; and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. It is thou, LIBERTY ! thrice sweet and gracious goddess, whom all in public [or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till nature herself shall change——no tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron——with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled. Gracious heaven ! grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion ; and shower down thy mitres, if it seems good unto thy divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them.——

Pursuing these ideas, I sat down close by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery ; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it nearer me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me——

—I took a single captive, and having first shut him up

in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish: in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood—he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice. His children——

But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of small sticks were laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there—he had one of those little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down—shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle—he gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron enter into his soul—I burst into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

STERNE.

CHAP. II.

PICTURE OF RURAL LIFE.

Come, take thy stand upon this gentle ridge,
Which overlooks yon sweet secluded vale;
Before us is a rude and rustic bridge,
A simple plank; and by its side a rail
On either hand, to guide the footsteps frail

Of first or second childhood ; while below
 The murmuring brooklet tells its babbling tale,
 Like a sweet under-song, which, in its flow,
 It chanteth to the flowers that on its margin grow.

For many a flow'ret blossoms there to bless
 The gentle loveliness whose charms imbue
 Its border ;—strawberry of the wilderness ;
 The star-like daisy ; violet brightly blue ;
 Pale primrose, in whose cup the pearly dew
 Glistens till noon-tide's languid, listless hour ;
 And last of all, and sweetest to the view
 The lily of the vale, whose virgin flower
 Trembles at every breeze within its leafy bower.

Now glance thine eye along the streamlet's banks
 Up through yon quiet valley ; thou wilt trace
 Above, the giant mountains in their ranks,
 Of bold and varied outline ; little space
 Below their summits, far above their base,
 Umbrageous woods ; and, last of all, thine eye
 Will rest on many an humble dwelling-place
 Of happy human beings ; and descry
 The lowly temple where they worship the Most High.

How quietly it stands within the bound
 Of its low wall of grey, and mossy stone !
 And like a shepherd's peaceful flock around
 Its guardian gatherer'd,—graves, or tombstones strown,
 Make *their* last narrow resting-places known,
 Who, living, lov'd it as a holy spot ;
 And dying, made their deep attachment shown
 By wishing here to sleep when life was not,
 That so their turf, or stone, might keep them unforget !

It is a bright and balmy afternoon,
 Approaching unto even-tide ; and all
 Is still except that streamlet's placid tune,
 Or hum of bees, or lone wood-pigeon's call,
 Buried amid embow'ring forest tall,
 Which feathers, half way up, each hill's steep side :
 Dost thou not feel such landscape's soothing thrall ;
 And wish, if not in its bowers t' abide,
 At least to explore its haunts, and know what joys they hide :

Nor need'st thou wish a truer luxury
 Than in its depths, delighted, thou might'st share;
 I will not say that nought of agony,
 Blest as it is, at times may harbour there,
 For man is born to suffer, and to bear :—
 But could I go with thee from cot to cot,
 And show thee how this valley's inmates fare,
 Thou might'st confess, to live in such a spot
 And die there in old age, were no unlovely lot.

BARTON.

CHAP. III.

THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was, to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year:
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race.
 Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place;
 Unpractis'd he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
 Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train,
 He chid their wanderings, but reliev'd their pain.
 The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending, swept his aged breast:
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claim'd kindred there; and had his claims allow'd:
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sate by his fire and talk'd the night away;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.

Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And ev'n his failings lean'd to Virtue's side :
But in his duty prompt at ev'ry call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran :
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile ;
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distrest ;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were giv'n,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heav'n.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

GOLDSMITH.

CHAP. IV.

HASSAN, OR THE CAMEL DRIVER.

In silent horror, o'er the boundless waste,
The driver Hassan with his camels pass'd :
One cruse of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store :
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
And not a tree, and not a herb, was nigh :
The beasts with pain their dusty way pursue,
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view ;
With desperate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus began
 " Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 " When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !
 " Ah ! little thought I of the blasting wind,
" The thirst or pinching hunger that I find !
" Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
" When fails this cruse, his unrelenting rage ?
" Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign :
" Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine ?
 " Ye mute companions of my toils that bear,
" In all my griefs a more than equal share !
" Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
" Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day.
" In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
" Which plains more blest, or verdant vales bestow :
" Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,
" And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.
 " Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 " When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !
 " Curst be the gold and silver which persuade
" Weak men to follow far-fatiguing trade !
" The lily Peace outshines the silver store,
" And life is dearer than the golden ore :
" Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,

“ To ev’ry distant mart and wealthy town.
 “ Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea ;
 “ And are we only yet repaid by thee ?
 “ Ah ! why this ruin so attractive made ?
 “ Or why, fond man, so easily betray’d ?
 “ Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
 “ The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleasure’s song
 “ Or wherefore think the flow’ry mountain’s side,
 “ The fountain’s murmurs, and the valley’s pride ;
 “ Why think we these less pleasing to behold
 “ Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold ?
 “ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 “ When first from Schiraz’ walls I bent my way !
 “ O cease, my fears !—all frantic as I go,
 “ When thought creates unnumbered scenes of woe.
 “ What if the lion in his rage I meet !
 “ Oft in the dust I view his printed feet :
 “ And fearful ! oft, when day’s declining light
 “ Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night,
 “ By hunger rous’d, he scours the groaning plain,
 “ Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train ;
 “ Before them Death, with shrieks, directs their way !
 “ Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey :
 “ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 “ When first from Schiraz’ walls I bent my way !
 “ At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
 “ If aught of rest I find upon my sleep :
 “ Or some swoln serpent twist his scales around,
 “ And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
 “ Thrice happy they, the wise, contented poor ;
 “ From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure !
 “ They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find ;
 “ Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.
 “ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 “ When first from Schiraz’ walls I bent my way !
 “ O hapless youth ! for she thy love hath won,
 “ The tender Zara, will be most undone !
 “ Big swell’d my heart, and own’d the pow’rful maid,
 “ When fast she dropp’d her tears, and thus she said :
 “ ‘ Farewell the youth, whom sighs could not detain,
 “ ‘ Whom Zara’s breaking heart implor’d in vain ;
 “ ‘ Yet as thou go’st, may ev’ry blast arise

“ ‘ Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs !
“ ‘ Safe o’er the wild, no perils may’st thou see ;
“ ‘ No griefs endure ; nor weep, false youth, like me !’
“ O let me safely to the Fair return,
“ Say, with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn !
“ O let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
“ Recall’d by Wisdom’s voice, and Zara’s tears !”
He said : and call’d on heaven to bless the day
When back to Schiraz’ walls he bent his way.

COLLINS.

CHAP. V.

GRONGAR HILL.

SILENT nymph ! with curious eye,
Who, the purple ev’ning, lie
On the mountain’s lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man,
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings ;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale ;
Come with all thy various hues,
Come and aid thy sister muse :
Now while Phœbus riding high
Gives lustre to the land and sky,
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong ;
Grongar, in whose mossy cells
Sweetly musing Quiet dwells ;
Grongar, in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made,
So oft I have, the evening still,
As the fountains of a rill
Sat upon a flow’ry bed,
With my hand beneath my head ;

While stray'd my eyes o'er Towey's flood,
Over mead, and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till contemplation had her fill.

About his chequer'd sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves and grottos, where I lay
And vistas shooting beams of day ;
Wider and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal ;
The mountains round, unhappy fate !
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise ;
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads,
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen hill.
Now I gain the mountain's brow ;
What a landscape lies below !
No clouds, no vapours intervene,
But the gay, the open scene,
Does the face of nature show,
In all the hues of heaven's bow ;
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.
Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly tow'ring in the skies ;
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires :
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain-heads,
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks.

Below me trees unnumber'd rise
Beautiful in various dyes :
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir, that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad spread boughs,
And beyond, the purple grove.
Haunt of Phillis, queen of love !

Gāudy as the op'ning dawn,
 Lies a long and level lawn,
 On which a dark hill, steep and high,
 Holds and charms the wand'ring eye ;
 Deep are his feet in Towey's flood,
 His sides are cloth'd with waving wood,
 And ancient towers crown his brow,
 That cast an awful look below :
 Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
 And with her arms from falling keeps ;
 So both a safety from the wind
 On mutual dependence find.

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode ;
 'Tis now th' apartment of the toad ;
 And there the fox securely feeds ;
 And there the pois'nous adder breeds,
 Conceal'd in ruin, moss, and weeds :
 While, ever and anon, there falls
 Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
 Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
 And level lays the lofty brow,
 Has seen this broken pile complete,
 Big with the vanity of state ;
 But transient is the smile of fate ;
 A little rule, a little sway,
 A sun-beam in a winter's day,
 Is all the proud and mighty have
 Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers how they run,
 Through woods and meads, in shade and sun :
 Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
 Wave succeeding wave, they go
 A various journey to the deep,
 Like human life to endless sleep !
 Thus in nature's vesture wrought,
 To instruct our wand'ring-thought ;
 Thus she dresses green and gay,
 To disperse our cares away.
 Ever charming, ever new,
 When will the landscape tire the view ;
 The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
 The woody valleys, warm and low,

The windy summit, wild and high,
 Roughly rushing on the sky :
 The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tow'r,
 The naked rock, the shady bow'r :
 The town and village, dome and farm,
 Each give each a double charm,
 As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side,
 Where the prospect opens wide,
 Where the evening gilds the tide,
 How close and small the hedges lie !
 What streaks of meadows cross the eye !
 A step methinks may pass the stream ;
 So little distant dangers seem ;
 So we mistake the future's face,
 Ey'd through hope's deluding glass ;
 As yon summits soft and fair,
 Clad in colours of the air,
 Which to those who journey near,
 Barren, brown, and rough appear ;
 Still we tread the same coarse way,
 The present still a cloudy day.

O may I with myself agree,
 And never covet what I see :
 Content me with an humble shade,
 My passions tam'd, my wishes laid ;
 For while our wishes wildly roll,
 We banish quiet from the soul ;
 'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
 And misers gather wealth and care.

Now e'en now my joys run high,
 As on the mountain turf I lie ;
 While the wanton Zephyr sings,
 And in the vale perfumes his wings ;
 While the waters murmur deep ;
 While the shepherd charms his sheep :
 While the birds unbounded fly,
 And with music fill the sky,
 Now e'en now my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts, be great who will,
 Search for Peace with all your skill ;
 Open wide the lofty door

Sseek her on the marble floor :
 In vain ye search, she is not there ;
 In vain ye search the domes of care :
 Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
 On the meads and mountain-heads,
 Along with Pleasure, close ally'd,
 Ever by each other's side :
 And often by the murm'ring rill,
 Hears the thrush while all is still,
 Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

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DYER,

 CHAP. VI.

THE SNOW STORM.

As thus the snows arise, and foul, and fierce,
 All winter drives along the darkened air,
 In his own loose resolving fields the swain
 Disaster'd stands, sees other hills ascend
 Of unknown joyless brow, and other scenes
 Of horrid prospect, shag the tractless plain ;
 Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
 Beneath the formless wild ; but wanders on
 From hill to dale, still more and more astray,
 Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps,
 Stung with the thoughts of home ; the thoughts of home
 Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
 In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul !
 What black despair, what horror fills his heart !
 When for the dusky spot, what fancy feigned
 His tufted cottage rising through the snow.
 He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
 Far from the track and blest abode of man :
 While round him night resistless closes fast,
 And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
 Renders the savage wilderness more wild
 Then thron' the busy shapes into his mind.

Of covered pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with snow, and, what is land, unknown,
What water of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the frost fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps, and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift.
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguish nature shoots
Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying man, 'T
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
In vain for him the officious wife prepares
The fire fair blazing, and the vestment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly winter seizes, shuts up sense,
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corse,
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the Northern blast.

THOMSON.

CHAP. VII.

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour,
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue his darling child design'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
And bade thee form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse ; thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore :
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd, to melt at others' woe.

Scar'd at thy frown, terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer Friend, the flatt'ring Foe ;
By vain Prosperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend :
Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend,
With justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread Goddess lay thy chast'ning hand !
Not in the Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with thy vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh, Goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there,
To soften, not to wound my heart.
The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are, to feel, and know myself a man.

GRAY.

CHAP. VIII.

LINES BY THE LATE JOSEPH RITCHIE, Esq.

ANTICIPATING THE PROBABILITY OF THE FATAL
CLOSE OF HIS ADVENTUROUS ENTERPRISE.

THY chalky cliffs are falling from my view,
Our bark is dancing gaily o'er the sea,
I sigh while yet I may, and say adieu
Albion, thou jewel of the earth, to thee ;
Whose fields first fed my childish fantasy,
Whose mountains were my boyhood's wild delight,
Whose rocks, and woods, and torrents were to me,
The food of my soul's youthful appetite,
Were music to my ear, a blessing to my sight.

I never dreamt of beauty, but behold,
Straightway thy daughters flash'd upon my eye ;
I never mus'd on valour, but the old
Memorials of thy haughty chivalry,
Fill'd my expanding soul with ecstasy ;
And when I thought on wisdom and the crown
The muses give, with exultation high,
I turn'd to those whom thou hast call'd thine own,
Who fill the spacious earth with their and thy renown.

When my young heart in life's gay morning hour,
At beauty's summons beat a wild alarm,
Her voice came to me from an English bower,
And English were the smiles that wrought the charm
And if, when wrapt asleep on fancy's arm,
Visions of bliss my riper age have cheer'd,
Of home, and love's fireside, and greetings warm,
For one by absence and long toil endear'd,
The fabric of my hopes on thee hath still been rear'd.

Peace to thy smiling hearths when I am gone,
And may'st thou still thy ancient dowry keep,
To be a mark to guide the nations on,
Like a tall watch-tower flashing o'er the deep :
Still may'st thou bid the sorrowers cease to weep.

And dart the beams of truth athwart the night,
 That wraps a slumb'ring world, till from their sleep
 Starting, remotest nations see the light,
 And earth be blest beneath the buckler of thy might.

Strong in thy strength I go, and wheresoe'er
 My steps may wander, may I ne'er forget
 All that I owe to thee; and O, may ne'er
 My frailties tempt me to abjure that debt.
 And what, if far from thee my star must set!
 Hast thou not hearts that shall with sadness hear
 The tale, and some fair cheeks that shall be wet,
 And some bright eyes in which the swelling tear,
 Shall start for him who sleeps in Afric's deserts drear.

Yet will I not profane a charge like mine
 With melancholy bodings, nor believe
 That a voice, whisp'ring ever in the shrine
 Of my own heart, spake only to deceive;
 I trust its promise, that I go to weave
 A wreath of palms, entwin'd with many a sweet
 Perennial flower, which time shall not bereave
 Of all its fragrance; that I yet shall greet,
 Once more the ocean queen, and throw it at her feet.

CHAP. IX.

AN ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their barrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke :
How jocund did they drive their teams afield :
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour :
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle, and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire :
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er enrol ;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear :
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes.

Their lot forbade : nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray :
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd M^use
The place of fame and elegy supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If, chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred Spirit shall inquire thy fate.

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
' Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
' Brushing with hasty steps, the dew away,
' To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

' There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
' That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
' His listless length at noontide would he stretch
' And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

' Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
' Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
' Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
' Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

' One morn I miss'd him on th' accustom'd hill,
' Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree ;
' Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
' Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

' The next with dirges due, in sad array,
' Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne ;
' Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
' Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

THE EPITAPH.

*Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown :
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.*

*Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send ;
He gave to mis'ry (all he had) a tear :
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.*

*No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his father and his God.*



CHAP. X.

TO THE IVY.

OH ! how could fancy crown with *thee*,
In ancient days, the God of wine,
And bid thee at the banquet be
Companion of the vine ?
Thy home, wild plant, is where each sound
Of revelry hath long been o'er,
Where song's full notes once pealed around
But now are heard no more.

The Roman, on his battle-plains,
Where kings before his Eagles bent,
Entwined thee with exulting strains,
Around the victor's tent ;
Yet there, tho' fresh in glossy green,
Triumphantly thy boughs might wave
Better thou lov'st the silent scene,
Around the victor's grave.

Where sleep the sons of ages flown,
The bards and heroes of the past—
Where, thro' the halls of glory gone,
Murmurs the wintry blast;
Where years are hast'ning to efface
Each record of the grand and fair,
Thou in thy solitary grace,
Wreath of the tomb! art there.

Thou o'er the shrines of fallen gods,
Of classic plains dost mantling spread,
And veil the desolate abodes
And cities of the dead.
Deserted palaces of kings,
Arches of triumph, long o'erthrown,
And all once glorious earthly things,
At length are thine alone.

Oh! many a temple, once sublime,
Beneath the blue, Italian sky,
Hath nought of beauty left by time,
Save thy wild tapestry,
And, reared midst crags and clouds, 'tis thine
To wave where banners waved of yore;
O'er mould'ring towers, by lovely Rhine
Cresting the rocky shore.

High from the fields of air look down
Those eyries of a vanished race,
Homes of the mighty, whose renown
Hath passed, and left no trace.
But thou art there—thy foliage bright
Unchanged the mountain-storm can brave,
Thou that will climb the loftiest height,
And deck the humblest grave.

The breathing forms of Parian stone,
That rise round grandeur's marble halls,
The vivid hues, by painting thrown
Rich o'er the glowing walls;
Th' Acanthus, on Corinthian fanes,
In sculptured beauty waving fair;
These perish all—and what remains?
Thou, thou alone, art there!

'Tis still the same—where'er we tread,
 The wrecks of human pow'r we see,
 The marvels of all ages fled,
 Left to decay and thee !
 And still let man his fabrics rear,
 August in beauty, grace, and strength,
 Days pass—Thou, Ivy, never sere,
 And all is thine at length !

MRS. HEMANS.

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CHAP. XI.

ODE TO TRUTH.

SAY, will no white-rob'd Son of Light,  
 Swift darting from his heav'nly height,  
 Here deign to take his hallow'd stand ;  
 Here wave his amber locks ; unfold  
 His pinions cloth'd with downy gold ;  
 Here smiling stretch his tutelary wand ?  
 And you, ye hosts of Saints, for ye have known  
 Each dreary path in life's perplexing maze,  
 Though now ye circle yon eternal throne  
 With harpings high of inexpressive praise,  
 Will not your train descend in radiant state,  
 To break with mercy's beam this gathering cloud of fate ?

'Tis silence all. No Son of Light  
 Darts swiftly from his heav'nly height :  
 No train of radiant Saints descend.  
 " Mortals, in vain ye hope to find,  
 " If guilt, if fraud has stain'd your mind,  
 " Or Saint to hear, or Angel to defend."  
 So TRUTH proclaims. I hear the sacred sound  
 Burst from the centre of her burning throne :  
 Where aye she sits with star-wreath'd lustre crown'd  
 A bright Sun clasps her adamant zone,  
 So Truth proclaims, her awful voice I hear :  
 With many a solemn pause it slowly meets my ear.

"Attend, ye sons of Men; attend, and say,  
 Does not enough of my refulgent ray  
 Break through the veil of your mortality?  
 Say, does not reason in this form descry  
 Unnumber'd nameless glories, that surpass  
 The Angel's floating pomp, the Seraph's glowing grace  
 Shall then your earth-born daughters vie  
 With me? Shall she, whose brightest eye  
 But emulates the diamond's blaze,  
 Whose cheek but mocks the peach's bloom,  
 Whose breath the hyacinth's perfume,  
 Whose melting voice, the warbling woodlark's lays,  
 Shall she be deem'd my rival? Shall a form  
 Of elemental dross, of mould'ring clay,  
 Vie with these charms imperial? The poor worm  
 Shall prove her contest vain. Life's little day  
 Shall pass, and she is gone; while I appear,  
 Flush'd with the bloom of youth through Heav'n's eternal year

"Know, Mortals, know, ere first ye sprung,  
 Ere first these orbs in ether hung,  
 I shone amid the heavenly throng;  
 These eyes beheld Creation's day,  
 This voice began the choral lay,  
 And taught Archangels their triumphant song.  
 Pleas'd I survey'd bright Nature's gradual birth,  
 Saw infant Light with kindling lustre spread,  
 Soft vernal fragrance clothe the flow'ring earth,  
 And Ocean heave on its extended bed;  
 Saw the tall pine aspiring pierce thy sky,  
 The tawny lion stalk, the rapid eagle fly.

"Last, Man arose, erect in youthful grace,  
 Heav'n's hallow'd image stamp'd upon his face,  
 And, as he rose, the high behest was given  
 'That I alone, of all the host of heav'n,  
 Should reign protectress of the god-like youth:'  
 Thus the Almighty spake: he spake and call'd me Truth.  
 MASON.

## CHAP. XII.

## THE SUCCESSION OF FLOWERS.

THE *Snowdrop*, foremost of the lovely train,  
 Breaks through the frozen soil ; in calm disdain  
 Of danger, robed like innocence, steps forth,  
 And dares the threat'ning furies of the North,  
 Long ere the sap is to the bud conveyed,  
 'Midst icicles in varied forms displayed.  
 Next peeps the *Crocus* out, with timid air,  
 Still doomed the rage of howling blasts to bear :  
 Afraid she seems 'midst ruffian winds to shoot,  
 Lies close, and hardly ventures from her root.  
 The *Violet*, stored with each emissive sweet,  
 Like modest virtue, seeks a calm retreat,  
 And though possessed of each attractive grace  
 That in a royal garden might have place,  
 She deigns our humble hedges to adorn,  
 And decks the rugged feet of many a thorn.  
 In comes the *Auricula* ; arrayed she comes  
 In splendour, and in liveliest beauty blooms ;  
 Scarce can the crystal lustre of her eye  
 With her rich garment's glossy satin vie ;  
 Around her bed the sweet perfumes arise,  
 And clouds of unseen incense mount the skies.  
 The *Tulips*, all erect in gaudy show,  
 Flush the parterre with a distinguished glow :  
 Here wanton Beauty plays a thousand freaks ;  
 A rich diversity of colours breaks  
 In variegated dyes ; their cups unfold  
 The blushing crimson, and the flaming gold.  
 See next *Anemone's* fair bottom spread  
 A circling robe ; a rising dome her head :  
 See her loose mantle elegance supply ;  
 Her bending tufts, exactest symmetry.  
 The gay *Carnation*, decked in varying dyes,  
 Beauty with fragrance blended then supplies.  
 See next the bold *Ranunculus* expand,

In graceful texture, to the florist's hand :  
 In richest foliage destined to outvie,  
 It pours the soft enamel on the eye.  
*Lilies* of purest white their place resume,  
 In pleasing contrast to the rose's bloom.  
 The *Rose*, of brilliant hue, and perfumed breath,  
 Buds, blossoms, dies, and still is sweet in death,  
 To these, fresh flowers, that transiently preside,  
 In quick succession crown the garden's pride,  
 With vivid radiance bursting forth to view,  
 The treat enliven and the charm renew.  
 All rise in different form, yet all agree  
 To speak the praises of the DEITY,  
 Who gives to every plant and every flower,  
 To show the wonders of creative power,  
 While every plant and every flower conveys  
 The transient nature of our fleeting days,  
 Still deep reflection paints, to human kind,  
 Those flowers that decorate the virtuous mind.  
 These, watched by constant care, by heavenly aid  
 In beauty still matured, can never fade ;  
 With life renewed, they shall survive the tomb,  
 And deck a paradise with endless bloom.

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### CHAP. XIII.

#### ODE TO MEMORY.

As thro' the garden's desert paths I rove,  
 What fond allusions swarm in every grove !  
 How oft, when purple evening ting'd the west,  
 He watch'd the emmet to her grainy nest ;  
 Welcom'd the wild bee home on weary wing,  
 Laden with sweets, the choicest of the spring !  
 How oft inscrib'd with friendship's votive rhyme,  
 The bark now silver'd by the touch of Time ;  
 Soar'd in the swing, half pleas'd and half afraid,

Thro' sister elms that wav'd their summer shade,  
Or strew'd with crumbs yon root-inwoven seat,  
To lure the red-breast from his lone retreat !

Childhood's lov'd group re-visits every scene,  
The tangled wood-walk, and the tufted green !  
Indulgent MEMORY wakes, and lo ! they live !  
Cloth'd with far softer hues than light can give.  
Thou first, best friend that Heav'n assigns below,  
To soothe and sweeten all the cares we know ;  
Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm,  
When nature fades, and life forgets to charm ;  
Thee would the Muse invoke !—to thee belong,  
The sage's precept and the poet's song.  
What soften'd views thy magic glass reveals,  
When o'er the landscape time's meek twilight steals, \*  
As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,  
Long on the wave reflected lustres play ;  
Thy temper'd gleams of happiness resign'd,  
Glance on the darken'd mirror of the mind.

The school's lone porch, with reverend mosses gray,  
Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay  
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,  
Quickening my truant feet across the lawn :  
Unheard the shout that rent the noon-tide air,  
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.  
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,  
Some little friendship form'd, and cherish'd here !  
And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems  
With golden visions and romantic dreams !

Hail, MEMORY, hail ! in thy exhaustless mine,  
From age to age unnumber'd treasures shine !  
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,  
And place and time are subject to thy sway !  
Thy pleasures most we feel, when most alone,  
The only pleasures we can call our own.  
Lighter than air, hope's summer visions die,  
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky ;  
If but a beam of sober season play,  
Lo, fancy's fairy frost-work melts away !  
But can the wiles of art, the grasp of power,

Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour? •  
 These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,  
 Pour round her path a stream of living light;  
 And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,  
 Where virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest!

ROGERS.

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CHAP. XIV.

CLARENCE'S DREAM.

CLARENCE AND BRAKENBURY.

BRAK. Why looks your Grace so heavily to-day?

CLAR. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,  
 So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,  
 That as I am a Christian faithful man,  
 I would not spend another such a night,  
 Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days:  
 So full of dismal terror was the time.

BRAK. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you  
 tell me.

CLAR. Methought that I had broken from the tower,  
 And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy  
 And in my company my brother Glo'ster  
 Who from my cabin tempted me to walk  
 Upon the hatches. Thence we look'd tow'rd England  
 And cited up a thousand heavy times,  
 During the wars of York and Lancaster,  
 That had befall'n us. As we passed along  
 Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,  
 Methought that Glo'ster stumbled, and, in falling,  
 Struck me (that sought to stay him) overboard,  
 Into the tumbling billows of the main.  
 Lord, Lord, methought, what pain it was to drown,  
 What dreadful noise of waters in my ears!  
 What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!  
 Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;



A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;  
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,  
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels;  
 All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea,  
 Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes  
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,  
 As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,  
 That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,  
 And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

BRAK. Had you such leisure in the time of death,  
 To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

CLAR. Methought I had; and often did I strive  
 To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood  
 Kept in my soul and would not let it forth  
 To find the empty, vast, and wandering air;  
 But smother'd it within my panting bulk,  
 Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

BRAK. Awak'd you not with this sore agony?

CLAR. No, no; my dream was lengthen'd after life,  
 O then began the tempest to my soul:  
 I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,  
 With that grim ferryman which poets write of,  
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.  
 The first that there did greet my stranger soul,  
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,  
 Who cry'd aloud—"What scourge for perjury  
 Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"  
 And so he vanish'd. Then came wandering by  
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair  
 Dappled in blood, and he shriek'd out aloud—  
 "Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence  
 That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury;  
 Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!"  
 With that, methought a legion of foul fiends  
 Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears  
 Such hideous cries, that with the very noise  
 I trembling wak'd; and for a season after  
 Could not believe but that I was in hell:  
 Such terrible impression made my dream.

BRAK. No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you;  
 I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

CLAR. O, Brakenbury, I have done those things

That now give evidence against my soul,  
 For Edward's sake ; and see how he requites me  
 O God ! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,  
 But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,  
 Yet execute thy wrath on me alone :  
 O spare my guiltless wife and my poor children !  
 I pry'thee, Brakenbury, stay by me :  
 My soul is heavy and I fain would sleep.

SHAKSPEARE.

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CHAP. XV

HOTSPUR'S DESCRIPTION OF A FOP.

I do remember, when the fight was done,  
 When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,  
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,  
 Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly drest :  
 Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin, new reap'd,  
 Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest home.  
 He was perfum'd like a milliner :  
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held  
 A pouncet-box, which ever and anon  
 He gave his nose and took't away again :  
 Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,  
 Took it in snuff.—And still he smil'd and talk'd ;  
 And as the soldiers bare dead bodies by,  
 He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,  
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse  
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.  
 With many holiday and lady terms  
 He question'd me : amongst the rest, demanded  
 My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.  
 I then, all smarting with my wounds, being gall'd  
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay,  
 Out of my grief, and my impatience,  
 Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what :  
 He should, or should not ; for he made me mad,

To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,  
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,  
Of guns, and drums, and wounds; (God save the mark!)  
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth  
Was parmacity, for an inward bruise;  
And that it was great pity, so it was,  
That villanous saltpetre should be digg'd  
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
Which many a good tall fellow nad destroy'd  
So cowardly: and but for these vile guns,  
He would himself have been a soldier.

SHAKSPEARE.

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CHAP. XVI.

## ODE TO FANCY.

O PARENT of each lovely muse,  
Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse,  
O'er all my artless songs preside,  
My footsteps to thy temple guide,  
To offer at thy turf-built shrine,  
In golden cups no costly wine,  
No murder'd fatling of the flock,  
But flowers and honey from the rock;—  
O nymph, with loosely-flowing hair,  
With buskin'd leg, and bosom bare.  
Thy waist with myrtle-girdle bound,  
Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd,  
Waving in thy snowy hand  
An all-commanding magic wand,  
Of power to bid fresh gardens grow,  
'Mid cheerless Lapland's barren snow,  
Whose rapid wings thy flight convey  
Through air, and over earth and sea,  
While the various landscape lies  
Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes;—

O lover of the desert, hail !  
 Say in what deep and pathless vale,  
 Or on what hoary mountain's side.  
 Midst falls of water you reside,  
 Midst broken rocks, a rugged scene,  
 With green and grassy dales between,  
 Midst forest dark of aged oak,  
 Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke,  
 Where never human art appear'd,  
 Nor e'en one straw-roof'd cot was rear'd,  
 Where nature seems to sit alone,  
 Majestic on a craggy throne :—  
 Tell me the path, sweet wand'rer, tell,  
 To thy unknown sequester'd cell,  
 Where woodbines cluster round the door,  
 Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor,  
 And on whose top an hawthorn blows,  
 Amid whose thickly woven boughs  
 Some nightingale still builds her nest,  
 Each evening warbling thee to rest ?  
 Then lay me by the haunted stream,  
 Rapt in some wild, poetic dream.  
 In converse while methinks I rove  
 With Spenser through a fairy grove :  
 Till suddenly awak'd I hear  
 Strange whisper'd music in my ear,  
 And my glad soul in bliss is drown'd  
 By the sweetly soothing sound !

Me, Goddess, by the right hand lead  
 Sometimes through the yellow mead,  
 Where joy and white-rob'd peace resort,  
 And Venus keeps her festive court ;  
 Where mirth and youth each evening meet,  
 And lightly trip with nimble feet,  
 Nodding their lily-crowned heads,  
 Where laughter rose-lip'd Hebe leads ;  
 Where echo walks steep hills among,  
 List'ning to the shepherd's song.

Yet not these flow'ry fields of joy,  
 Can long my pensive mind employ :

Haste, Fancy, from these scenes of folly,  
 To meet the Matron Melancholy,

Goddess of the tearful eye,  
That loves to fold her arms and sigh !  
Let us with silent footsteps go  
To charnels and the house of woe,  
To Gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,  
Where each sad night some virgin comes  
With throbbing breast, and faded cheek,  
Her promis'd bridegroom's urn to seek ;  
Or to some abbey's mould'ring tow'rs,  
Where to avoid cold winter's show'rs,  
The naked beggar shiv'ring lies,  
Whilst whistling tempests round her rise,  
And trembles lest the tottering wall  
Should on her sleeping infants fall.

Now let us louder strike the lyre,  
For my heart glows with martial fire, 'I  
I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,  
My big tumultuous bosom beat :  
The trumpet's clangor pierce my ear,  
A thousand widows' shrieks I hear :  
Give me another horse, I cry,  
Lo ! the base Gallic squadrons fly ;  
Whence is this rage ? What spirit, say,  
To battle hurries me away ?  
'Tis Fancy, in her fiery car,  
Transports me to the thickest war,  
There whirls me o'er the hill of slain,  
Where tumult and destruction reign ;  
Where mad with pain, the wounded steed  
Tramples the dying and the dead :  
Where giant terror stalks around,  
With sullen joy surveys the ground,  
And, pointing to th' ensanguin'd fild,  
Shake his dreadful Gorgon-shield !

O guide me from this horrid scene  
To high arch'd walks and alleys green,  
Which lovely Laura seeks to shun  
The fervours of the mid-day sun ;  
The pangs of absence, O remove,  
For thou canst place me near my love,  
Canst fold in visionary bliss,  
And let me think I steal a kiss.

When young-ey'd spring profusely throw<sup>s</sup>  
 From her green lap the pink and rose ;  
 When the soft turtle of the dale  
 To summer tells her tender tale,  
 When autumn cooling caverns seeks,  
 And stains with wine his jolly cheeks,  
 When winter, like poor pilgrim old,  
 Shakes his silver beard with cold,  
 At ev'ry season let my ear  
 Thy solemn whispers, Fancy, hear,

O warm, enthusiastic maid,  
 Without thy pow'rful vital aid,  
 That breathes an energy divine,  
 That gives a soul to ev'ry line ;  
 Ne'er may I strive with lips profane  
 To utter an unhallow'd strain,  
 Nor dare to touch the sacred string,  
 Save when with smiles thou bidst me sing.

O hear our prayer, O hither come,  
 From thy lamented Shakspeare's tomb,  
 On which thou lov'st to sit at eve,  
 Musing o'er thy darling's grave ;  
 O queen of numbers, once again,  
 Animate some chosen swain,  
 Who, fill'd with unexhausted fire,  
 May boldly strike the sounding lyre,  
 May rise above the rhyming throng,  
 And with some new unequall'd song,  
 O'er all our list'ning passions reign,  
 O'erwhelm our souls with joy and pain ;  
 With terror shake, with pity move,  
 Rouse with revenge, or melt with love.  
 O deign t' attend the evening walk,  
 With him in groves and grottoes talk :  
 Teach him to scorn with frigid art  
 Feebly to touch th' unraptur'd heart ;  
 Like light'ning let his mighty verse  
 The bosom's inmost foldings pierce :  
 With native beauties win applause,  
 Beyond cold critic's studied laws ;  
 O let each Muse's fame increase,  
 O bid Britannia rival Greece !

WARTON.

## CHAP XVII.

## QUEEN MAB.

O THEN, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.  
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes,  
In shape no bigger than an agate stone  
On the fore-finger of an alderman ;  
Drawn with a team of little atomies,  
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep :  
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs ;  
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers ;  
The traces of the smallest spider's web ;  
The collars of the moonshine's watery beams ;  
Her whip of cricket's bone ; the lash of film ;  
Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,  
Not half so big as a round little worm,  
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.  
Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,  
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,  
Time out of mind the fairies' coachmakes.  
And in this state she gallops, night by night,  
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love  
On courtier's knees, that dream on court'sies straight :  
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees :  
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream :  
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,  
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit :  
And sometimes comes with a tithe-pig's tail,  
Tickling the parson as he lies asleep ;  
Then dreams he of another benefice.  
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,  
Of breeches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,  
Of healths five fathom deep, and then anon  
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes ;  
And being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,  
And sleeps again.

SHAKSPEARE.

## CHAP. XVIII.

## L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,  
Of Cerberus, and blackest Midnight born,  
In Stygian cave forlorn,  
'Mongst horrid shapes and shrieks, and sights unholy,  
Find out some uncouth cell,  
Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,  
And the night raven sings;  
There, under ebon-shades, and low-brow'd rocks,  
As ragged as thy locks,  
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.  
But come, thou Goddess fair and free,  
In heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,  
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,  
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth  
With two sister Graces more  
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;  
Or whether (as some sages sing)  
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,  
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,  
As he met her once a maying,  
There on beds of violets blue,  
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,  
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,  
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.  
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee,  
Jest and youthful Jollity,  
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,  
Nods and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,  
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
And love to live in dimple sleek;  
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,  
And Laughter holding both his sides,  
Come, and trip it as you go  
On the light fantastic toe,  
And in thy right hand lead with thee



The mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty ;  
And, if I give thee honour due,  
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,  
To live with her and live with thee,  
In unreprieved pleasures free ;  
To hear the lark begin his flight,  
And singing startle the dull night,  
From his watch-tower in the skies,  
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;  
Then to come, in Spite of Sorrow,  
And at my window bid good-morrow,  
Through the sweetbriar, or the vine,  
Or the twisted eglantine :  
While the cock with lively din  
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,  
And to the stack, or the barn-door,  
Stoutly struts his dames before :  
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn  
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,  
From the side of some hoar hill,  
Through the high-wood echoing shrill :  
Some time walking not unseen  
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,  
Right against the eastern gate,  
Where the great sun begins his state,  
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,  
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,  
While the ploughman near at hand  
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,  
And the milk-maid singeth blithe,  
And the mower whets his scythe,  
And every shepherd tells his tale  
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,  
Whilst the landscape round it measures,  
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,  
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,  
Mountains on whose barren breast,  
The labouring clouds do often rest :  
Meadows trim with daisies pied,  
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide :  
Towers and battlements it sees,

Bosom'd high in tufted trees :  
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
 The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.  
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,  
 From betwixt two aged oaks,  
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,  
 Are at their savoury dinner set,  
 Of herbs, and other country messes,  
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses ;  
 And then in haste her bower she leaves  
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves :  
 Or if the earlier season lead  
 To the tann'd haycock in the mead,  
     Sometimes with secure delight  
 The upland hamlets will invite,  
 When the merry bells ring round,  
 And the jocund rebecs sound  
 To many a youth, and many a maid,  
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade ;  
 And young and old come forth to play  
 On a sunshine holiday,  
 Till the live-long day-light fail ;  
 Then to the spicey nut-brown ale,  
 With stories told of many a feat,  
 How fairy Mab the junkets eat ;  
 She was pinch'd and pull'd, she said,  
 And by the friar's lantern led :  
 Tells how the drudging goblin sweat  
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,  
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
 His shadowy flail had thresh'd the corn  
 That ten day-labourers could not end ;  
 Then lies him down the lubber fiend,  
 And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,  
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength ;  
 And crop full out of doors he flings,  
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.  
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,  
 By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.  
     Tow'rd cities please us then,  
 And the busy hum of men,  
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold

In weëds of peace high triumphs hold,  
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
Rain influence, and judge the prize  
Of wit, or arms, while both contend  
To win her grace, whom all commend.  
There let Hymen oft appear  
In saffron robe, with taper clear,  
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
With mask and antique pageantry,  
Such sights as youthful poets dream,  
On summer eves by haunted stream.  
Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
If Jonson's learned sock be on,  
Or sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child,  
Warble his native wood-notes wild.  
And ever against eating cares  
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,  
Married to immortal verse,  
Such as the melting soul may pierce,  
In notes, with many a winding bout,  
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,  
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,  
The melting voice through mazes running,  
Untwisting all the chains that tie  
The hidden soul of harmony ;  
That Orpheus' self may heave his head  
From golden slumber on a bed  
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear  
Such strains as would have won the ear  
Of Pluto, to have quite set free  
His half-regained Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,  
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

MILTON.

## CHAP. XIX.

## II. PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding joys,  
 The brood of Folly, without father bred !  
 How little you bested,  
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys !  
 Dwell in some idle brain,  
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess  
 As thick and numberless  
 As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,  
 Or likest hovering dreams,  
 The fickle pensioner of Morpheus' train.  
 But hail, thou Goddess, sage and holy !  
 Hail, divinest Melancholy !  
 Whose saintly visage is too bright,  
 To hit the sense of human sight,  
 And therefore to our weaker view,  
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue ;  
 Black, but such as in esteem,  
 Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,  
 Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove  
 To set her beauty's praise above  
 The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended :  
 Yet thou art higher far descended ;  
 Thee, bright hair'd Vesta, long of yore,  
 To solitary Saturn bore :  
 His daughter (she in Saturn's reign  
 Such mixture was not held a stain )  
 Oft in glimmering bowers and glades  
 He met her, and in secret shades  
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,  
 While yet there was no fear of Jove.  
 Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,  
 Sober, stedfast, and demure,  
 All in a robe of darkest grain,  
 Flowing with majestic train,  
 And sable stole of cypress laws,

Over thy descent shoulers drawn.  
Come, but keep thy wonted state,  
With even step and musing gait,  
And looks commercing with the skies,  
Thy wrapt soul sitting in thine eyes;  
There, held in holy passion still,  
Forget thyself to marble, till  
With a sad leaden downward cast,  
Thou fix them on the earth as fast;  
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,  
Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,  
And hears the Muses in a ring  
Aye round about Jove's altar sing:  
And add to these retir'd Leisure,  
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;  
But first and chiefest, with thee bring  
Him that yon soars on golden wing,  
Guiding the fiery wheeled throne,  
The cherub Contemplation;  
And the mute Silence hist along,  
'Less Philomel will deign a song,  
In her sweetest, saddest plight,  
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,  
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,  
Gently o'er the accustom'd oak;  
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly  
Most musical, most melancholy!  
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among,  
I woo to hear thy evening song:  
And missing thee, I walk unseen  
On the dry smooth shaven green  
To behold the wand'ring moor,  
Riding near her highest noon,  
Like one that had been led astray  
Through the heav'ns wide pathless way  
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,  
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.  
Oft on a plat of rising ground  
I hear the far-off curfew sound,  
Over some wide-water'd shore,  
Swinging slow with sullen roar.  
Or if the air will not permit,

Some still removed place will fit,  
Where glowing embers through the room  
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom  
Far from all resort of mirth,  
Save the cricket on the hearth,  
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,  
To bless the doors from nightly harm.  
Or let my lamp at midnight hour,  
Be seen on some high lonely tow'r,  
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,  
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere  
The spirit of Plato, to unfold  
What worlds, or what vast regions hold  
The immortal mind that hath forsook  
Her mansion in this fleshly nook :  
And of those dæmons that are found  
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,  
Whose power hath a true consent  
With planet, or with element.

Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy  
In sceptred Paul come sweeping by,  
Presenting Thebes' or Phelops' line,

Or else the tale of Troy divine,  
Or what (though rare) of later age,  
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage,

But, O sad virgin, that thy power  
Might raise Musæus from his bower,  
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing  
Such notes as warbled to the string,  
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,  
And made hell grant what love did seek ;  
Or call up him that left half told  
The story of Cambuscan bold,  
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,  
And who had Canace to wife,  
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,  
And of the wond'rous horse of brass,  
On which the Tartar king did ride ;  
And if aught else great bards beside  
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,  
Of tourneys and of trophies hung,  
Of forests and enchantments drear,

Where more is meant than meets the ear.  
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career  
Till civil suited morn appear,  
Not trick'd and flounc'd as she was wont  
With the attic boy to hunt,  
But kerchief'd in a comely cloud,  
While rocking winds are piping loud,  
Or usher'd with a shower still,  
When the gust hath blown his fill,  
Ending on the rustling leaves,  
With minute drops from off the eaves.

And when the sun begins to fling  
His flaring beams, me, Goddess bring  
To arched walks of twilight groves,  
And shadows brown that Sylvian loves,  
Of pine or monumental oak,  
Where the rude axe with heaved stroke  
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,  
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt,  
There in close covert by some brook,  
Where no profaner eye may look,  
Hide me from day's garish eye,  
While the bee with honey'd thigh,  
That at her flow'ry work doth sing,  
And the waters murmuring,  
With such concert as they keep  
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep:  
And let some strange mysterious dream,  
Wave at his wings an airy stream  
Of lively portraiture display'd,  
Softly on my eye-lids laid;  
And as I wake sweet music breathe  
Above, about, or underneath,  
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,  
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail  
To walk the studious cloisters pale,  
And love the high embowed roof,  
With antique pillars massy proof,  
And storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light,  
There let the pealing organ blow,

To the full voic'd choir below,  
 In service high, and anthems clear,  
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,  
 Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
 And bring all heav'n before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age  
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,  
 Where I may sit and rightly spell  
 Of ev'ry star that heav'n doth show,  
 And ev'ry herb that sips the dew ;  
 Till old experience do attain  
 To something like prophetic strain.  
 These pleasures, Melancholy, give  
 And I with thee will choose to live.

MILTON.

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CHAP. XX.

ODE TO EVENING,

If aught of oaken stop, or pastoral song,  
 May hope, chaste Eve, to sooth thy modest ear,  
     Like thy own solemn springs,  
     Thy springs, and dying gales ;  
 O Nymph, reserv'd, while now the bright-hair'd sun  
 Sits on yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts  
     With brede ethereal wove,  
     O'erhang his wavy bed :  
 Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat  
 With short shrill shrieks flits by on leathern wing,  
     Or where the beetle winds  
     His small but sullen horn,  
 As oft he rises midst the twilight path,  
 Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum ;  
     Now teach me, maid compos'd,  
     To breathe some soften'd strain,  
 Whose numbers stealing through thy dark'ning vale



May not unseemly with its stillness suit,  
    As musing slow, I hail  
    Thy genial lov'd return !  
For when thy folding star arising shows  
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp  
    The fragrant hours, and Elves  
    Who slept in flow'rs the day,  
And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,  
And sheds the fresh'ning dew ; and lovelier still,  
    The pensive pleasures sweet  
    Prepare thy shadowy car.  
Then lead, calm Vot'ress, where some sheety lake  
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallow'd pile  
    Or up-land fallows gray,  
    Reflects its last cool gleam.  
But when chill blust'ring winds, or driving rain,  
Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut,  
    That from the mountain's side,  
    Views wilds, and swelling floods,  
And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,  
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all  
    Thy dewy fingers draw  
    The gradual dusky veil,  
While spring shall pour his show'rs, as oft he wont  
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve !  
    While summer loves to sport  
    Beneath thy ling'ring light ;  
While sallow autumn fills thy lap with leaves :  
Or winter, yelling through the troublous air,  
    Affrights thy shrinking train,  
    And rudely rends thy robes ;  
So long, regardless of thy quiet rule,  
Shall fancy, friendship, science, rose-lipp'd health,  
    Thy gentlest influence own,  
    And hymn thy fav'rite name !

COLLINS.

## CHAP. XXI.

## DOMESTIC LOVE AND HAPPINESS.

O HAPPY they ! the happiest of their kind !  
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate  
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend,  
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,  
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,  
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,  
Attuning all their passions into love ;  
Where friendship full exerts her softest power,  
Perfect esteem, enliven'd by desire  
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul ;  
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,  
With boundless confidence : for nought but love  
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.  
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent  
To bless himself, from sordid parents buys  
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,  
Well-merited, consume his nights and days :  
Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love  
Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel ;  
Let eastern tyrants from the light of Heaven  
Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd  
Of a mere lifeless, violated form :  
While those whom love cements in holy faith,  
And equal transport, free as nature live,  
Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,  
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all ?  
Who in each other clasp whatever fair  
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish  
Something than beauty dearer should they  
Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face ;  
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony and love,  
The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.  
Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,  
And mingles both their graces. By degrees  
The human blossom blows ; and every day,

Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm,  
 The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.  
 Then infant reason grows apace, and calls  
 For the kind hand of an assiduous care.  
 Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,  
 To teach the young idea how to shoot,  
 To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,  
 To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix  
 The geuerous purpose in the glowing breast.  
 Oh speak the joy ! ye whom the sudden tear  
 Surprises often, while you look around,  
 And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,  
 All various nature pressing on the heart ;  
 An elegant sufficiency, content,  
 Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,  
 Ease and alternate labour, useful life,  
 Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven.  
 These are the matchless joys of virtuous love ;  
 And thus their moments fly. The seasons thus,  
 As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,  
 Still find them happy ; and consenting spring  
 Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads :  
 Till evening comes at last, serene and mild ;  
 When, after the long vernal day of life,  
 Enamour'd more, as more resemblance swells  
 With many a proof of recollected love,  
 Together down they sink in social sleep ;  
 Together freed, their gentle spirits fly  
 To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

THOMSON.

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## CHAP. XXII.

### ODE TO SPRING.

SWEET daughter of a rough and stormy sire,  
 Hoar winter's blooming child ; delightful spring  
     Whose unshorn locks with leaves  
     And swelling buds are crown'd ;

From the green islands of eternal youth,  
(Crown'd with fresh blooms, and ever-springing shade)  
Turn, hither turn thy step,  
O thou, whose powerful voice

More sweet than softest touch of Doric reed,  
Or Lydian flute, can sooth the madning winds,  
And through the stormy deep  
Breathe thy own tender calm.

Thee, best belov'd ! the virgin train await,  
With songs and festal rites, and joy to rove  
Thy blooming wilds among,  
And vales and dewy lawns,

With untir'd feet ; and cull thy earliest sweets  
To weave fresh garlands for the glowing brow  
Of him, the favour'd youth,  
That prompts their whisper'd sigh.

Unlock thy copious stores ; those tender showers  
That drop their sweetness on the infant buds,  
And silent dews that swell  
The milky ear's green stem.

And feed the flowering osier's early shoots ;  
And call those winds which through the whisp'ring boughs  
With warm and pleasant breath  
Salute the blowing flowers.

Now let me sit beneath the whitening thorn,  
And mark thy spreading tints steal o'er the dale ;  
And watch with patient eye  
Thy fair unfolding charms.

O nymph, approach while yet the temperate sun  
With bashful forehead, through the cool moist air  
Throws his young maiden beams  
And with chaste kisses woos

The earth's fair bosom ; while the streaming veil  
Of lucid clouds with kind and frequent shade  
Protects thy modest blooms  
From his severer blaze,

Sweet is thy reign, but short ; the red dog star  
 Shall scorch thy tresses, and the mower's scythe  
     Thy greens, thy flow'rets all,  
     Remorseless shall destroy.

Reluctant shall I bid thee then farewell ;  
 For O, not all that autumn's lap contains,  
     Nor summer's ruddiest fruits,  
     Can aught for thee atone.

Fair spring ! whose simplest promise more delights  
 Than all their largest wealth, and through the heart  
     Each joy and new-born hope  
     With softest influence breathes.

MRS. BARBAULD.

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## CHAP. XXIII.

### GENIUS.

From heaven my strains begin ; from heaven descends  
 The flame of genius to the human breast,  
 And love and beauty, and poetic joy  
 And inspiration. Ere the radiant sun  
 Sprang from the east, or mid the vault of night  
 The moon suspended her serener lamp ;  
 Ere mountains, woods, or streams adorn'd the globe,  
 Or wisdom taught the sons of men her lore :  
 Then liv'd th' Almighty ONE ; then, deep retir'd  
 In his unfathom'd essence, view'd the forms,  
 The forms eternal of created things ;  
 The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,  
 The mountains, woods, and streams, the rolling globe,  
 And Wisdom's mien celestial. From the first  
 Of days, on them his love divine he fix'd  
 His admiration : till in time complete,  
 What he admir'd, and lov'd, his vital smile  
 Unfolded into being. Hence the breath  
 Of life informing each organic frame ;  
 Hence the green earth, and wild resounding waves ;

Hence light and shade alternate ; warmth and cold ;  
And clear autumnal skies and vernal showr's,  
And all the fair variety of things,  
But not alike to every mortal eye  
Is this great scene unveil'd. For since the claims  
Of social life to different labours urge  
The active pow'rs of man : with wise intent  
The hand of nature on peculiar minds  
Imprints a different bias, and to each  
Decrees its province in the common toil.  
To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,  
The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars,  
The golden zones of heaven : to some she gave  
To weigh the moment of eternal things,  
Of time and space, and fate's unbroken chain,  
And will's quick impulse : others by the hand  
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore  
What healing virtue swells the tender veins  
Of herbs and flowers ; or what the beams of morn  
Draw forth, distilling from the clefted rind  
In balmy tears. But some to higher hopes  
Were destin'd ; some within a finer mould  
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame  
To these the Sire Omnipotent unfolds  
The world's harmonious volume, there to read  
The transcript of himself, On every part  
They trace the bright impressions of his hand :  
In earth or air, the meadow's purple stores,  
The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form  
Blooming with rosy smiles, they see portray'd  
That uncreated beauty, which delights  
The mind supreme. They also feel her charms,  
Enamour'd ; they partake th' eternal joy.

AKENSIDE,

## CHAP. XXIV.

## THE PLEASURES OF RETIREMENT.

O KNEW he but his happiness, of men  
The happiest he ! who, far from public rage,  
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd,  
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life  
What though the dome be wanting, whose proud gate  
Each morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd  
Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd ?  
Vile intercourse ! What though the glittering robe,  
Of every hue reflected light can give,  
Or floating loose, or stiff with massive gold,  
The pride and gaze of fools, oppress him not ?  
What though, from utmost land and sea purvey'd  
For him each rarer tributary life  
Bleeds not, and his unsatiate table heaps  
With luxury and death ? What though his bowl  
Flames not with costly juice ; nor sunk in beds  
Oft of care, he tosses out the night,  
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state ?  
What though he knows not those fantastic joys,  
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive,  
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain ;  
Their hollow moments undelighted all ?  
Sure peace is his ; a solid life estrang'd  
To disappointment and fallacious hope  
Rich content, in Nature's bounty rich,  
In herbs and fruits ; whatever greens the Spring,  
When heaven descends in showers ; or bends the bough  
When summer reddens, and when autumn beams :  
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies  
Conceal'd and fattens with the richest sap :  
These are not wanting, nor the milky drove,  
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowling vale ;  
Nor bleating mountains ; nor the chide of streams,  
And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere  
Into the guiltless breast, beaneath the shade,  
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay :

Nor ought beside of prospect, grove, or song,  
 Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.  
 Here too dwells simple truth; plain innocence;  
 Unsullied beauty; sound unbroken youth,  
 Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;  
 Health ever blooming; unambitious toil;  
 Calm contemplation, and poetic ease.

The rage of nations, and the crush of states,  
 Move not the man, who, from the world escap'd,  
 In still retreats, and flow'ry solitudes,  
 To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,  
 And day to day, through the revolving year:  
 Admiring, sees her in her every shape;  
 Feeds all her sweet emotions at his heart;  
 Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.  
 He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,  
 Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale  
 Into his freshen'd soul; her genial hours  
 He full enjoys: and not a beauty blows,  
 And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.  
 In summer he, beneath the living shade,  
 Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,  
 Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muse, of these,  
 Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung:  
 Or what she dictates writes: and, oft an eye  
 Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.  
 When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,  
 And tempts the sickled swain into the field,  
 Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends  
 With gentle throes; and, through the tepid gleams  
 Deep musing, then he bests exert his song.  
 Even Winter wild to him is full of bliss,  
 The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,  
 Abrupt and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,  
 Awake the solemn thought. At night the skies,  
 Disclos'd, and kindled, by refining frost,  
 Pour every lustre on th' exalted eye.  
 A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,  
 And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,  
 O'er land and sea the imagination roams;  
 Or truth divinely breaking on his mind,  
 Elates his being and unfolds his powers;



Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.  
 The touch of kindred too and love he feels ;  
 The modest eye, whose beams on his alone  
 Ecstatic shine ; the little strong embrace  
 Of prattling children, twisted round his neck,  
 And emulous to please him, calling forth  
 The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,  
 Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns ;  
 For happiness and true philosophy  
 Are of the social, still, and smiling kind.  
 This is the life which those who first in guilt,  
 And guilty cities, never knew ; the life,  
 Led by primeval ages uncorrupt,  
 When Angels dwelt, and God himself, with man.

THOMSON.

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## CHAP. XXV.

### THE HAMLET.

WRITTEN IN WHICHWOOD FOREST.

THE hinds how blest, who, ne'er beguil'd  
 To quit their hamlet's hawthorn wild,  
 Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,  
 For splendid care and guilty gain !

When morning's twilight-tinctur'd beam  
 Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,  
 They rove abroad in ether blue,  
 To dip the scythe in fragrant dew ;  
 The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell,  
 That nodding shades a craggy dell.

Midst gloomy shades, in warbles clear,  
 Wild nature's sweetest notes they hear :  
 On green untrodden banks they view  
 The hyacinth's neglected hue :  
 In their lone haunts and woodland rounds,  
 They spy the squirrel's airy bounds ;

And startle from her ashen spray,  
Across the glen, the screaming jay ;  
Each native charm their steps explore  
Of solitude's sequester'd store.

For them the moon with cloudless ray  
Mounts, to illumine their homeward way ;  
Their weary spirits to relieve,  
The meadow's incense breathe at eve.  
No riot mars the simple fare  
That o'er a glimmering hearth they share ;  
But when the curfew's measure'd roar  
Duly, the dark'ning valleys o'er.  
Has echoed from the distant town,  
They wish no beds of cygnet down,  
No trophied canopies, to close  
Their drooping eyes in quick repose.

Their little sons, who spread the bloom  
Of health around the clay-built room,  
Or through the primros'd coppice stray,  
Or gamble in the new-mown hay ;  
Or quaintly braid the cowslip-twine,  
Or drive afield the tardy kine :  
Or hasten from the sultry hill  
To loiter at the shady rill ;  
Or clime the tall pine's gloomy crest  
To rob the raven's ancient nest.

Their humble porch with honeyed flowr's  
The curling woodbine's shade embow'rs ;  
From the trim garden's thymy mound  
Their bees in busy swarms resound.  
Nor fell Disease, before his time,  
Hastes to consume life's golden prime ;  
But when their temples long have wore,  
The silver crown of tresses hoar.  
As studious still calm peace to keep,  
Beneath a flow'ry turf they sleep.

• WARTON.

## CHAP. XXVI.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF YOUTH.

Oh ! were the eye of youth a moment ours !

When ev'ry flower that gemmed the various earth,  
Brought down from Heaven enjoyment's genial show'rs,  
And every bird of everlasting mirth  
Prophesied to us in romantic bowers !

Love was the garniture, whose blameless birth  
Caused that each filmy web where dew drops trembled,  
The gossamery haunt of elves resembled !

We can remember earliest days of spring,  
When *violets* blue and white, and *primrose* pale,  
Like callow nestlings 'neath their mother's wing,  
Each peeped from under the broad leaf's green veil,  
When streams looked blue ; and thin clouds clustering  
O'er the wide empyrean did prevail,  
Rising like incense from the breathing world,  
Whose gracious aspect was with dew impearled.

When a soft moisture, steaming every where,  
To earth's countenance mellowed hues imparted,  
When sylvan chorister self-poised in air,  
Or perched on boughs, in shrilly quiv'ring darted  
Their little raptures forth ; when the warm glare  
(While glancing lights backwards and forwards started  
As if with meteors silver-sheathed 'twere flooded)  
Sultry and silent, on the hill's turf brooded,

Oh, in these moments we such joy have felt,  
As if the earth were nothing but a shrine ;  
Where all, or awe inspired, or made one melt  
Gratefully towards its Architect divine !  
Father ! in future (as I once have dwelt  
Within that very sanctuary of thine,  
When shapes and sounds seemed but as modes of Thee !)  
That with experience gained were heaven to me !

Oft in the fulness of the joy ye give,  
 Oh, days of youth! in summer's noontide hours,  
 Did I a depth of quietness receive  
 From insects' drowsy hum, that all my powers  
 Would baffle to pourtray! Let them that live  
 In vacant solitude, speak from their bowers  
 What nameless pleasures lettered ease may cheer,  
 Thee, Nature! blessed to mark with eye and ear!

Who can have watched the *wild rose* blushing dye,  
 And seen what treasures its rich cups contain;  
 Who, of soft shades the fine variety,  
 From white to deepest flush of vermeil stain?  
 Who, when impearl'd with *dewdrop's* radiancy,  
 Its petals breathed perfume, while he did strain  
 His *very being*, lest the sense should fail  
 T' imbibe each sweet its beauties did exhale?

Who amid lanes on eve of summer's days,  
 Which sheep browse, could the thicket's wealth behold?  
 The fragrant *honeysuckle's* bowery maze?  
 The *furze bush*, with its vegetable gold?  
 In every satin sheath that helps to raise  
 The *fox-glove's* cone, the figures manifold  
 With such a dainty exquisiteness wrought?  
 Nor grant that thoughtful love they all have taught.

The *daisy*, *cowslips*, each have to them given—  
 The *wood anemone*, the *strawberry* wild,  
 Grass of Parnassus, meek as star of even;—  
 Bright as the bright'ning eye of smiling child,  
 And bathed in blue transparency of heaven,  
 Veronica: the *primrose* pale, and mild;—  
 Of charms (of which to speak no tongue is able)  
 Intercommunion incommunicable!

LLOYD.

CHAP. XXVII.

CELADON AND AMELIA.

'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all ;  
 When to the startled eye the sudden glance  
 Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud ;  
 And following slower, in explosion vast,  
 The thunder raises his tremendous voice.  
 At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,  
 The tempest growls : but as it nearer comes,  
 And rolls its awful burden on the wind,  
 The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more  
 The noise astounds ; till over head a sheet  
 Of living flame discloses wide ; then shuts  
 And opens wider ; shuts and opens still  
 Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze,  
 Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,  
 Enlarging, deep'ning, mingling : peal on peal  
 Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Guilt hears appall'd with deeply troubled thought :  
 And yet not always on the guilty head  
 Descends the fatal flash. Young CELADON  
 And his AMELIA were a matchless pair :  
 With equal virtue formed, and equal grac'd ;  
 The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone  
 Her's the mild lustre of the blooming morn,  
 And his the radiance of the risen day.

They lov'd ; but such there guileless passion was  
 As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart  
 Of innocence, and undissembling truth.  
 'Twas friendship heighten'd by the mutual wish  
 Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,  
 Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all  
 To love, each was to each a dearer self ;  
 Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power  
 Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,  
 Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd  
 The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,

Or sigh'd, and look'd unutterable things.

So pass'd their life, a clear united stream.  
 By care unruffled ; till, in evil hour,  
 The tempest caught them on the tender walk,  
 Heedless how far, and where its mazes stray'd,  
 While, with each other blest, creative love  
 Still bade eternal Eden smile around.  
 Presaging instant fate, her bosom'd heav'd  
 Unwonted sighs ; and stealing oft a look  
 Tow'rd the big gloom, on CELADON her eye  
 Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.  
 In vain assuring love, and confidence  
 In HEAVEN, repress'd her fear ; it grew, and shook  
 Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd  
 Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look  
 On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,  
 With love illumin'd high. " Fear not," he said  
 " Sweet innocence ! thou stranger to offence,  
 " And inward storm ! He, who yon skies involves  
 " In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee  
 " With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft  
 " That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour  
 " Of noon, flies harmless : and that very voice  
 " Which thunders terror through the guilty heart,  
 " With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine,  
 " 'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus  
 " To clasp perfection ! " From his void embrace,  
 (Mysterious heaven !) that moment to the ground,  
 A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid.  
 But who can paint the lover as he stood,  
 Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,  
 Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe :  
 So, faint resemblance ! on the marble tomb  
 The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,  
 For ever silent, and for ever sad.

THOMSON.

## BOOK VIII.

### PATHETIC PIECES.

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#### CHAP. I.

#### THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

Pity old age, within whose silver hairs  
Honour and reverence evermore have reigned.

I AM fond of loitering about country churches, and this was so delightfully situated, that it frequently attracted me. It stood on a knoll round which a small stream made a beautiful bend, and then wound its way through a long reach of soft meadow scenery. The church was surrounded by yew-trees, which seemed almost coeval with itself. Its tall Gothic spire shot up lightly from among them, with rooks and crows generally wheeling about it. I was seated there one still sunny morning, watching two labourers who were digging a grave. They had chosen one of the most remote and neglected corners of the church-yard; where, from the number of nameless graves around, it would appear that the indigent and friendless were huddled into the earth. I was told that the new made grave was for the only son of a poor widow. While I was meditating on the distinctions of worldly rank, which extended thus down into the very dust, the toll of the bell announced the approach of the funeral. They were the obsequies of poverty, with which pride had nothing to do. A coffin of the plainest materials, without pall or other covering, was borne by some of the villagers. The sexton walked before with an air of cold indifference. There were no mock mourners in the trappings of affected

woe; but there was one real mourner, who feebly tottered after the corpse. It was the aged mother of the deceased—the poor old woman whom I had seen seated, but the Sunday before, on the steps of the altar. She was supported by a humble friend who was endeavouring to comfort her. A few of the neighbouring poor had joined the train and some children of the village were running hand in hand, now shouting with unthinking mirth, and now pausing to gaze, with childish curiosity on the grief of the mourner.

I approached the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it were inscribed the age and name of the deceased:—"George Somers, aged twenty-six years." The poor mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped, as if in prayer, but I could perceive, by a feeble rocking of the body, and a convulsive motion of the lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son, with the yearnings of a mother's heart.

The service being ended, preparations were made to deposit the coffin in the earth. There was that bustling stir which breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affliction; directions given in the cold tones of business; the striking of spades into sand and gravel; which, at the grave of those we love, is, of all sounds, the most withering. The bustle around seemed to wake the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes, and looked about with a frantic wildness. As the men approached with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman who attended her took her by the arm, endeavouring to raise her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation—"Nay, now—nay, now—don't take it so sorely to heart." She could only shake her head and wring her hands as one not to be comforted.

As they lowered the body into the earth, the creaking of the cords seemed to agonize her; but when, on some accidental obstruction, there was a jostling of the coffin, all the tenderness of the mother burst forth: as if any harm could come to him who was far beyond the reach of worldly suffering.

It was some time before I left the church-yard. On my



way homeward I met with the woman who had acted as comforter : she was just returning from accompanying the mother to her lonely habitation, and I drew from her some particulars connected with the affecting scene I had witnessed.

The parents of the deceased had resided in the village from childhood. They had inhabited one of the neatest cottages, and by various rural occupations, and the assistance of a small garden, had supported themselves creditably and comfortably, and led a happy and a blameless life. They had one son, who had grown up to be the staff and pride of their age. "Oh, sir!" said the good woman, "he was such a likely lad, so sweet a temper, so kind to every one round him, so dutiful to his parents ! It did one's heart good to see him on a Sunday drest out in his best, so tall, so straight, so cheery, supporting his aged mother to church—for she was always fonder of leaning on George's arm than on her good man's ; and, poor soul, she might well be proud of him, for a finer lad there was not in the country round."

Unfortunately the son was tempted, during a year of scarcity and agricultural hardship, to enter into the service of one of the small craft that plied on a neighbouring river. He had not been long in this employ, when he was entrapped by a press-gang and carried off to sea. His parents received tidings of his seizure, but beyond that they could learn nothing. It was the loss of their main prop. The father who was already infirm, grew heartless and melancholy, and sunk into his grave. The widow, left lonely in her age and feebleness, could no longer support herself, and came upon the parish. Still there was kind feeling towards her throughout the village, and a certain respect as being one of the oldest inhabitants. As no one applied for the cottage in which she had passed so many happy days, she was permitted to remain in it, where she lived solitary and almost helpless. The few wants of nature were chiefly supplied from the scanty productions of her little garden, which the neighbours would now and then cultivate for her. It was but a few days before the time at which these circumstances were told me, that she was gathering some vegetables for her repast, when she heard the cottage door which faced the garden suddenly opened. A stranger

came out and seemed to be looking eagerly and wildly around. He was dressed in seamen's clothes, was emaciated, ghastly pale, and bore the air of one broken by sickness and hardships. He saw her and hastened towards her, but his steps were faint and faltering; he sunk on his knees before her and sobbed like a child. The poor woman gazed upon him with a vacant and wandering eye—"Oh my dear, dear mother! don't you know your son: your poor boy George!" It was, indeed, the wreck of her once noble lad; who, shattered by wounds, by sickness, and foreign imprisonment, had, at length, dragged his wasted limbs homeward to repose among the scenes of his childhood.

The villagers, when they heard that George Somers had returned, crowded to see him, offering every comfort and assistance that their humble means afforded. He was too weak, however, to talk—he could only look his thanks. His mother was his constant attendant; and he seemed unwilling to be helped by any other hand.

Poor George Somers had known well what it was to be in sickness and none to soothe—lonely and in prison, and none to visit him. He could not endure his mother from his sight; if she moved away his eye would follow her. She would sit for hours by his bed, watching him as he slept. Sometimes he would start from a feverish dream, and look anxiously up until he saw her venerable form bending over him, when he would take her hand, lay it on his bosom, and fall asleep with the tranquillity of a child. In this way he died.

The next Sunday I was at the village church; when to my surprise, I saw the poor old woman tottering down the aisle to her accustomed seat on the steps of the altar.

She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son: and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty; a black riband or so—a faded black handkerchief, and one or two more such humble attempts to express by outward signs that grief which passes show.

I related her story to some of the wealthy members of the congregation, and they were moved by it. They exerted themselves to render her situation more comfortable, and to lighten her afflictions. It was, however, but smoothing

a few steps to the grave. In the course of a sunday or two after she was missed from her usual seat at church, and before I left the neighbourhood I heard, with a feeling of satisfaction, that she had quietly breathed her last, and had gone to rejoin those she loved, in that world where sorrow is never known, and friends are never parted.

SKETCH BOOK.

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CHAP. II.

ODE ON THE PASSIONS.

WHEN Music, heav'nly maid, was young  
While yet in early Greece she sung,  
The passions oft, to hear her shell,  
Throng'd around her magic cell,  
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,  
Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting :  
By turns they felt the glowing mind  
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd ;  
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,  
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,  
From the supporting myrtles round  
They snatch'd her instruments of sound ;  
And as they oft had heard apart,  
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,  
Each, for madness rul'd the hour,  
Would prove his own expressive pow'r.

First Fear, his hand, its skill to try,  
Amidst the chords bewilder'd laid,  
And—back recoil'd, he knew not why,  
Ev'n at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,  
In lightnings own'd his secret stings :  
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,  
And swept with hurried hand the strings,

With woeful measures wan Despair——  
 Low sullen sounds his grief beguil'd ;  
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air,  
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou O Hope ! with eyes so fair,——  
 What was thy delighted measure ?  
 Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure :  
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail :  
 Still would her touch the scene prolong ;  
 And from the rocks, the wood, the vale,  
 She call'd on Echo still through all the song :  
 And where her sweetest theme she chose,  
 A soft responsive voice was heard at ev'ry close :  
 And Hope enchanted, smil'd and wav'd her golden hair.

And longer had she sung :—but, with a frown,  
 Revenge impatient rose :  
 He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,  
 And, with a with'ring look,  
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,  
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,  
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe  
 And ever and anon he beat  
 The doubling doubling drum with furious heat ;  
 And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,  
 Dejected Pity, at his side,  
 Her soul-subduing voice applied ;  
 Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,  
 While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from  
 his head.

Thy numbers, Jealously, to nought were fix'd,  
 Sad proof of thy distressful state ;  
 Of diff'ring themes the veering song was mix'd,  
 And now it courted Love,—now, raving call'd on Hate.

With eyes uprais'd, as one inspir'd,  
 Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,  
 And from her wild sequester'd seat,  
 In notes by distance made more sweet,  
 Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul ;  
 \*And dashing soft from rocks around,  
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound :

Through glades and glooms the mingled measures stole,  
 Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,  
     Round a holy calm diffusing,  
     Love of peace, and lonely musing,  
 In hollow murmurs died away.

But oh, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone !  
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,  
     Her bow across her shoulder flung,  
     Her buskins gemm'd the morning dew,  
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,  
     The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known ;  
     The oak-crown'd Sisters, and their chaste-eyed Queen.  
 Satyrs, and Sylvan Boys, were seen  
 Peeping from forth their alleys green :  
 Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,  
     And Sport leapt up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial :  
 He, with viny crown advancing,  
     First to the lively pipe his hand address'd :  
 But soon he saw the brisk awak'ning viol,  
     Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.  
     They would have thought, who heard the strain  
     They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,  
     Amidst the festal sounding shades,  
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing ;  
 While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,  
 Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round ;  
     Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,  
     And he, amidst his frolic play,  
     As if he would the charming air repay,  
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music ! sphere-descended maid,  
 Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,  
 Why, goddess, why to us denied ?  
 Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?  
 As in that lov'd Athenian bow'r,  
 You learnt an all-commanding pow'r.  
 Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd !  
 Can well recall what then it heard.  
 Where is thy native simple heart,  
 Devote to virtue, fancy, art ?

Arise, as in that elder time,  
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime;  
 Thy wonders in that god-like age,  
 Fill thy recording sister's page.  
 'Tis said, and I believe the tale,  
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail,  
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,  
 Than all which charms this laggard age;  
 Even all at once together found,—  
 Cecilia's mingled world of sound,—  
 O bid our vain endeavours cease,  
 Revive the just designs of Greece!  
 Return in all thy simple state,  
 Confirm the tales her sons relate!

COLLINS.

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### CHAP. III.

#### THE STORY OF LE FEVRE.

It was some time in the summer of that year in which  
 Dendermond was taken by the allies—which was about  
 seven years before my father came into the country—and  
 about as many after the time that my uncle Toby and Trim  
 had privately decamped from my father's house in town, in  
 order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest  
 fortified cities in Europe—When my uncle Toby was one  
 evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at  
 a small sideboard :—the landlord of a little inn in the vil-  
 lage came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand  
 to beg a glass or two of sack : 'tis for a poor gentleman—  
 I think of the army, said the landlord, who has been taken  
 ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his  
 head since, or had a desire to taste any thing, till just now,  
 that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast—I  
*think*, says he, taking his hand from his forehead, *it would*  
*comfort me.*

—— If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing —— added the landlord —— I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill. —— I hope in God he will still mend, continued he —— we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good-natur'd soul, I will answer for thee, cried my uncle Toby; and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself —— and take a couple of bottles with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more if they will do him good.

Though I am persuaded, said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassionate fellow —— Trim —— yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too : there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host : —— and of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him. —— Step after him, said my uncle Toby —— to Trim —— and ask if he knows his name.

I have quite forgot it, truly, said the landlord coming back into the parlour with the corporal, but I can ask his son again : —— Has he a son with him then ? said my uncle Toby. —— A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age ; —— but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father ; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day : —— he has not stirred from the bed-side these two days.

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account ; and Trim, without being ordered, took away, without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

—— Stay in the room a little, said my uncle Toby ——

Trim ! said my uncle Toby, after he had lighted his pipe, and smoked about a dozen whiffs —— Trim came in front of his master, and made his bow ; —— my uncle Toby smoked on, and said no more. —— Corporal ! said my uncle Toby —— the corporal made his bow. —— My uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finished his pipe.

Trim ! said my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman. ——

Your honour's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once been had on since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas ;—and besides it is so cold and rainy a night that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin.

— I fear so, replied my uncle Toby : but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me — I wish I had not known so much of this affair — added my uncle Toby — or that I had known more of it :—how shall we manage it? — Leave it, an' please your honour, to me, quoth the corporal ; I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly ; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour. — Thou shalt go, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and here's a shilling for thee, to drink with his servant — I shall get it all out of him, said the corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe, and had it not been that he now and then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the *tenaille* a straight line as a crooked one — he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he smoked it.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe, that corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant — Is he in the army then ? said my uncle Toby — He is, said the corporal — And in what regiment ? said my uncle Toby — I'll tell your honour, replied the corporal, every thing straight forward, as I learnt it. — Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou hast done ; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window seat, and begin thy story again — The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it — “ Your honour is good : ” — And having done that, he sat down as he was ordered, and began the story to my uncle Toby over again in pretty nearly the same words.



I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour about the lieutenant and his son: for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing that was proper to be ask'd—That's a right distinction, Trim, said my uncle Toby—I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him;—that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed, (to join, I suppose the regiment) he had dismissed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man, we can hire horses from hence—But, alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the landlady to me—for I heard the death-watch all night long:—and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him, for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of;—but I will do it for my father myself, said the youth—Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, whilst I did it.—I believe, Sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself.—I am sure, said I, his honour will not like his toast the worse for being done by an old soldier—The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears—Poor youth! said my uncle Toby—he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend;—I wish I had him here.

—I never, in the longest march, said the corporal, had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company:—What could be the matter with me, an' please your honour? Nothing in the world, Trim, said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose, but that thou art a good natur'd fellow.

When I gave him the toast, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father;—and that if there was any thing in your house or cellar—(and thou might'st have added, my purse too, said my uncle Toby)—he was

heartily welcome to it:—he made a very low bow, (which he meant to your honour) but no answer—for his heart was full—he went up stairs with the toast;—I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen door, your father will be well again.—Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire—but said not a word good or bad to comfort the youth.—I thought it was wrong, added the corporal.—I think so too, said my uncle Toby.

When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs.—I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers—for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-side: and as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion.—

I thought, said the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all.—I heard the poor gentlemen say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.—Are you sure of it? replied the curate.—A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson;—and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too he has the most reason to pray to God of any in the whole world.—'Twas well said of thee, Trim, said my uncle Toby.—But when a soldier, said I, an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to the knees in cold water;—or engaged, said I, for months together, in long and dangerous marches, —harassed, perhaps, in the rear to-day;—harassing others to-morrow;—detached here;—countermanded there;—resting this night upon his arms;—; beat up in his shirt the next:—benumbed in his joints;—perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on;—he must say his prayers how and when he can.—I believe, said I—for I was piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army—I believe, an't please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray, he prays as heartily as a parson—though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy.—Thou should'st not have said that, Trim, said my uncle Toby—for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who

is not:—at the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment, (and not till then)—it will be seen who has done their duties in this world—and who has not: and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly—I hope we shall, said Trim—it is in the scripture, said my uncle Toby, and I will show it thee to-morrow;—In the mean time we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, said my ucle Toby, that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it—it will never be inquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one:—I hope not, said the corporal.—But go on, Trim, said my uncle Toby, with thy story.

When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes—he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it:—The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I suppose he had been kneeling—the book was laid upon the bed—and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time.—Let it remain there, my dear, said the lieutenant.

He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up close to his bedside.—If you are captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me;—if he was of Leven's—said the lieutenant—I told him your honour was—Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him—but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me.—You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligation to him, is one Le Fevre, Lieutenant in Angus's—but he knows me not—said he a second time, musing;—possibly he may my story, added he—pray tell the captain I was the ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.—I remember the story, an' please your honour, said I, very well.—Do you so? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief—

then well may I.—In saying this he drew a little<sup>2</sup> ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black riband about his neck, and kissed it twice—Here Billy, said he, the boy flew across the room to the bedside, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too—then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

I wish, said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh— I wish Trim, I was asleep.

Your honour, replied the corporal, is too much concerned;—shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe?—Do, Trim, said my uncle Toby.

I remember, said my uncle Toby, sighing again, the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted; and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other, (I forgot what) was universally pitied by the whole regiment;—but finish the story thou art upon.—'Tis finished already, said the corporal—for I could stay no longer—so wished his honour a good night; young De Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and as we went down together, told me they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders—But alas! said the corporal, the lieutenant's last day's march is over.—Then what is to become of his poor boy! cried my uncle Toby.

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honour—though I tell it only for the sake of those who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not for their souls which way in the world to turn themselves—That notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously, that they scarcely allowd him time to get his dinner—that nevertheless he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterscrap, and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn; and, except that he ordered the garden-gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade—he left Dendermond to itself, to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king

thought good; and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son.

—That kind being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this.

Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle Toby, to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed—and I will tell thee in what, Trim.—In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself, out of his pay—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.—Your honour knows, said the corporal, I had no orders.—True, quoth my uncle Toby—thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier—but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle Toby—when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house, thou shouldst have offered him my house too:—A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us—we could tend and look to him:—Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim—and what with thy care of him and the old woman's and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.

—In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling, he might march.—He will never march, an' please your honour, in this world, said the corporal.—He will march, said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off:—An' please your honour, said the corporal, he will never march but to his grave:—He shall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had the shoe on, though without advancing an inch—he shall march to his regiment.—He cannot stand it, said the corporal.—He shall be supported, said my uncle Toby;—He'll drop at last, said the corporal, and what will become of his boy?—He shall not drop, said my uncle Toby, firmly.—A-well-o'-day—do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point—the poor soul will die:—He shall not die, by G—d! cried my uncle Toby.

—The ACCUSING SPIRIT which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blush'd as he gave it in—and the RECORDING ANGEL, as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

—My uncle Toby went to his bureau—put his purse into his breeches-pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician—he went to bed and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death pressed heavy upon his eye-lids, and hardly could the wheel of the cistern turn round its circle—when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bedside, and independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner of an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did—how he had rested in the night—what was his complaint—where was his pain—and what he could do to help him?—and without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.—

You shall go home directly, Le Fevre, said my uncle Toby, to my house—and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter—and we'll have an apothecary—and the corporal shall be your nurse;—and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre.

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby—not the effect of familiarity—but the cause of it—which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature; to this, there was something in his looks, and voice and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, the son had insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.—The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart, rallied back—the film forsook his eyes for a moment, he looked up wistfully in my uncle Toby's face, then cast a

look upon his boy—and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken.—

Nature instantly ebb'd again—the film returned to its place—the pulse flutter'd—stopp'd—went on—throbb'd—stopp'd again—mov'd—stopp'd—shall I go on?—No.

STERNE.

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## CHAP. IV.

### JUBA AND SYPHAX.

JUB. Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone,  
I have observ'd of late thy looks are fall'n,  
O'ercast with gloomy cares and discontent :  
Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee, tell me,  
What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,  
And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy prince ?

SYPH. 'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,  
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face,  
When discontent sits heavy at my heart :  
I have not yet so much the Roman in me.

JUB. Why dost thou cast out such ungen'rous terms  
Against the lords and sov'reigns of the world ?  
Dost thou not see mankind fall down before them,  
And own the force of their superior virtue ?  
Is there a nation in the wilds of Afric,  
Amidst our barren rocks, and burning sands,  
That does not tremble at the Roman name ?

SYPH. Gods ; where's the worth that sets these people up  
Above your own Numidia's tawny sons ?  
Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow ?  
Or flies the jav'lin swifter to its mark,  
Launch'd from the vigour of a Roman arm ?  
Who like our active African instructs  
The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand ?

Or guides in troops th' embattled elephant,  
Laden with war ? These, these are arts, my prince,  
In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.

JUB. These all are virtues of a meaner rank,  
Perfections that are plac'd in bones and nerves :  
A Roman soul is bent on higher views :  
To civilize the rude unpolish'd world ;  
To lay it under the restraint of laws ;  
To make man mild and sociable to man ;  
To cultivate the wild licentious savage  
With wisdom, discipline, and lib'ral arts,  
Th' embellishments of life : virtues like these  
Make human nature shine, reform the soul,  
And break our fierce barbarians into men,

SYRN. Patience, just Heav'ns !—Excuse an old man's  
warmth.

What are these wondrous civilizing arts,  
This Roman polish, and this smooth behaviour,  
That render man thus tractable and tame ?  
Are they not only to disguise our passions.  
To set our looks at variance with our thoughts,  
To check the starts and sallies of the soul,  
And break off all its commerce with the tongue ?  
In short to change us into other creatures,  
Than what our nature and the gods design'd us !

JUB. To strike thee dumb—turn up thy eyes to Cato !  
There may'st thou see to what a godlike height  
The Roman virtues lift up mortal man,  
While good, and just, and anxious for his friends,  
He's still severely bent against himself ;  
Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,  
He strives with thirst, and hunger, toil and heat :  
And when his fortune sets before him all  
The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,  
His rigid virtue will except of none.

SYRN. Believe me, prince, there's not an African  
That traverses our vast Numidian deserts  
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,  
But better practises these boasted virtues.  
Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase  
Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst ;  
Toils all the day, and at th' approach of night,



On the first friendly bank he throws him down,  
 Or rests his head upon a rock till morn ;  
 Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,  
 And if the following day he chance to find  
 A new repast, or an untasted spring,  
 Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.

JUB. Thy prejudices, Syphax, wont discern  
 What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,  
 Nor how the hero differs from the brute.  
 But grant that others could with equal glory  
 Look down on pleasures and the baits of sense ;  
 Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,  
 Great and majestic in his griefs, like Cato ?  
 Heav'n's ! with what strength, what steadiness of mind,  
 He triumphs in the midst of all his sufferings !  
 How does he rise against a load of woes,  
 And thank the gods that threw the weight upon him,

SYPH. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul  
 I think the Romans call it stoicism.

Had not your royal father thought so highly  
 Of roman virtue, and of Cato's cause,  
 He had not fall'n by a slave's hand, inglorious ;  
 Nor would his slaughter'd army now have lain  
 On Afric's sands, disfigur'd with their wounds,  
 To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.

JUB. Why dost thou call my sorrows up afresh ?  
 My father's name brings tears into my eyes.

SYPH. Oh, that you'd profit by your fathers ills !

JUB. What would'st thou have me do ?

SYPH. Abandon Cato.

JUB. Syphax, I should be more than twice an orphan  
 By such a loss.

SYPH. Ay, there's the tie that binds you !  
 You long to call him father. Marcia's charms  
 Work in your heart unseen, and plead for Cato.  
 No wonder you are deaf to all I say.

JUB. Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate,  
 I've hitherto permitted it to rave  
 And talk at large ; but learn to keep it in,  
 Lest it should take more freedom than I'll give it.

SYPH. Sir, your great father never us'd me thus  
 Alas, he's dead ! but can you e'er forget

The tender sorrows, and the pangs of nature,  
 The fond embraces and repeated blessings,  
 Which you drew from him in your last farewell ?  
 Still must I cherish the dear, sad remembrance,  
 At once to torture and to please my soul.  
 The good old king at parting wrung my hand,  
 (His eyes brimful of tears) then sighing, cry'd,  
 Pr'ythee be careful of my son !——His grief  
 Swell'd up so high, he could not utter more.

JUB. Alas, the story melts away my soul !  
 The best of fathers ? how shall I discharge  
 The gratitude and duty which I owe him ?

SYPH. By laying up his counsels in your heart.

JUB. His councils bade me yield to thy directions :  
 Then, Syphax, chide me in the severest terms,  
 Vent all thy passion, and I'll stand its shock  
 Calm and unruffled as a summer sea,  
 When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.

SYPH. Alas, my prince, I'd guide you to your safety !

JUB. I do believe thou wouldst ; but tell me how ?

SYPH. Fly from the fate that follows Cæsar's foes,

JUB. My father scorn'd to do it.

SYPH. And therefore died.

JUB. Better to die ten thousand thousand deaths,  
 Than wound my honour.

SYPH. Rather say your love.

JUB. Syphax, I've promised to preserve my temper ;  
 Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame  
 I long have stifled, and would fain conceal. •

SYPH. Believe, me prince, though hard to conquer love,  
 'Tis easy to divert and break its force : •

Absence might cure it, or a second mistress  
 Light up another flame, and put out this.  
 The glowing dames of Zama's royal court  
 Have faces flush'd with more exalted charms ;  
 The sun that rolls his chariot o'er their heads  
 Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks :  
 Were you with these my prince, you'd soon forget  
 The pale unripen'd beauties of the north.

JUB. 'Tis not a set of features, or complexion  
 The tincture of a skin, that I admire ;  
 Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,

Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.  
 The virtuous Marcia tow'rs above her sex :  
 True she is fair (O, how divinely fair !)  
 But still the lovely maid improves her charms  
 With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,  
 And sanctity of manners. Cato's soul  
 Shines out in ev'ry thing she acts or speaks.  
 While winning mildness and attractive smiles  
 Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace  
 Soften the rigour of her father's virtues.

SYN. How does your tongue grow wanton in her praise !

CATO.

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## CHAP. V.

### YORICK'S DEATH.

A FEW hours before Yorick breathed his last, Eugenius stept in with an intent to take his last sight and last farewell of him. Upon his drawing Yorick's curtain, and asking him how he felt himself, Yorick, looking up in his face, took hold of his hand—and after thanking him for the many tokens of his friendship to him, for which, he said, if it was their fate to meet hereafter, he would thank him again and again, he told him, he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the slip for ever.—I hope not, answered Eugenius, with tears trickling down his cheeks, and with the tenderest tone that ever man spoke—I hope not, Yorick, said he.—Yorick replied, with a look up, and a gentle squeeze of Eugenius' hand—and that was all—but it cut Eugenius to the heart.—Come, come, Yorick, quoth Eugenius, wiping his eyes, and summoning up the man within him—my dear lad, be comforted—let not all thy spirits and fortitude forsake thee at this crisis, when thou most wantest them ; —who knows what resources are in store, and what the power of God may yet do for thee ? —Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently shook

his head ; for my part, continued Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words—I declare I know not, Yorick, how to part with thee, and would gladly flatter my hopes, added Eugenius, cheering up his voice, that there is still enough left of thee to make a bishop—and that I may live to see it,——I beseech thee, Eugenius, quoth Yorick, taking off his night-cap as well as he could with his left hand—his right being still grasped close in that of Eugenius’——I beseech thee to take a view of my head.——I see nothing that ails it, replied Eugenius. Then, alas ! my friend, said Yorick, let me tell you, that it is so bruised and misshapened with the blows which have been so unhandsomely given me in the dark, that I might say with Sancho Panca, that should I recover, and “ mitres thereupon be suffered to “ rain down from heaven as thick as hail, not one of them “ would fit it.”——Yorick’s last breath was hanging upon his trembling lips ready to depart as he uttered this ;——yet, still it was uttered with something of a Cervantic tone ;——and as he spoke it, Eugenius could perceive a stream of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes ;——faint picture of those flashes of his spirit, which (as Shakspeare said of his ancestor) were wont to set the table in a roar !

Eugenius was convinced from this, that the heart of his friend was broken ; he squeezed his hand—and then walked softly out of the room, weeping as he walked. Yorick followed Eugenius with his eyes to the door—he then closed them—and never opened them more.

He lies buried in a corner of his church-yard, under a plain marble slab, which his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than these three words of inscription ; serving both for his epitaph and elegy.

Alas, poor YORICK !

Ten times a day has Yorick’s ghost the consolation to hear his monumental inscription read over with such a variety of plaintive tones, as denote a general pity and esteem for him ;

a footway crossing the church-yard close by his grave—not  
a passenger goes by without stopping to cast a look upon  
it—and sighing as he walks on,

Alas, poor YORICK !

STERNE.

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CHAP. VI.

SATAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O THOU that, with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the Gods
Of this new world ; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads : to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere ;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
Warring in heav'n against heav'n's matchless King.
Ah, wherefore ? he deserv'd no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none ; nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,
How due ! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice ; lifted up so high
I 'sdain'd subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me high'st, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude
So burthensome, still paying, still to owe ;
Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd ;
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owe's not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharg'd : what burthen then ?
O had his pow'rful destiny ordain'd

Me some inferior angel, I had stood,
Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd
Ambition. Yet why not? some other power
As great might have aspir'd, and me though mean
Drawn to his part; but other pow'rs as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadst thou the same free will and pow'r to stand?
Thou hadst. Whom hast thou then, or what t' accuse,
But Heav'n's free love, dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accurs'd, since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe,
Nay, curs'd be thou; since against his thy will
Chose freely, what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep,
Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.
O then at last relent; is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by submission! and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd
With other promises and other vaunts,
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
Th' Omnipotent. Ah me, they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of hell:
With diadem and sceptre high advanc'd,
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery; such joy ambition finds.
But say I could repent, and could obtain,
By act of grace, my former state; how soon
Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay;
What faint submission swore! ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void:
For never can true reconciliation grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep:
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse,

And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
 Short intermission, bought with double smart
 This knows my punisher: therefore as far
 From granting he, as I from begging peace;
 All hope excluded thus, behold instead
 Of us outcast, exil'd, his new delight,
 Mankind created, and for him this world.
 So farewell, hope, and with hope, farewell fear:
 Farewell, remorse; all good to me is lost;
 Evil, be thou my good; by thee at least
 Divided empire with heav'n's King I hold,
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign:
 As man ere long, and this new world, shall know.

MILTON.

 CHAP. VII.

HAMLET AND GHOST.

HAM, ANGELS and ministers of grace defend us,
 Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd!
 Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blasts from hell,
 Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
 That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,
 King, Father, Royal Dane: oh! answer me!
 Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
 Why thy canoniz'd bones, hears'd in earth,
 Have burst their cearments? why the sepulchre,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
 Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
 To cast thee up again? what may this mean—
 That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel,
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous, and us fools of nature,
 So horribly to shake our disposition
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
 Say, why is this? wherefore? What should we do.

GHOST. Mark me.—

HAM. I will.

GHOST. My hour's almost come
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

HAM. Alas, poor ghost!

GHOST. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

HAM. Speak, I am bound to hear.

GHOST. So art thou to revenge when thou shalt hear.

HAM. What?

GHOST. I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fire,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine,
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood; list, list, oh list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love——

HAM. O heaven!

GHOST. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

HAM. Murder!

GHOST. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural,

HAM. Haste me to know it, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May fly to my revenge.

GHOST. I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be, than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear;
'Tis given out, that sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me. So the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,

The serpent that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.

HAM. Oh, my prophetic soul! my uncle!

GHOST. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with trait'rous gifts,
(Oh wicked wit, and gifts that have the power
So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen.
Oh, Hamlet, what a falling off was there!
But soft! methinks I scent the morning air.——
Brief let me be: sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always in the forenoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole
With juice of cursed ebony in a phial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment.——

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once bereft:
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin;
No reck'ning made; but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head!

HAM. Oh horrible! oh horrible! most horrible;

GHOST. If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
But howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heav'n.
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once;
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire.
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me.

HAM. Oh, all you host of heav'n! oh earth! what else,
And shall I couple hell! oh fie! hold, my heart!
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
Bear me stiffly up. Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe; remember thee!
Yea, from the tablet of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live

Within the book and volume of my brain
Unmix'd with baser matter.

SHAKSPEARE.

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CHAP. VIII.

BUCKINGHAM GOING TO EXECUTION.

ALL good people,  
You that thus far have come to pity me,  
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.  
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,  
And by that name must die ; yet, Heav'n bear witness !  
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me,  
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful !  
You few that lov'd me,  
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,  
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave  
Is only bitter to him, only dying ;  
Go with me, like good angels, to my end :  
And as the long divorce of steel falls on me,  
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,  
And lift my soul to Heav'n.  
When I came hither, I was Lord High Constable,  
And Duke of Buckingham ; now, poor Edward Bohun.  
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,  
That never knew what truth meant. I now seal it ;  
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for't.  
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,  
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,  
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,  
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,  
And without trial fell : Heav'n's peace be with him !  
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying  
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,  
Restor'd to me my honours, and from ruins,  
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,  
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all  
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken  
For ever from the world. I had my trial,  
And, must needs say, a noble one ; which makes me

A little happier than my wretched father.  
 Yet thus far we are one in fortune—both  
 Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd  
 A most unnatural and faithless service :  
 Heav'n has an end in all. Yet you that——  
 This from a dying man receive as certain——  
 Where you are lib'ral of of your loves and counsels,  
 Be sure you are not loose : those you make friends  
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive  
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away,  
 Like water from ye, never found again  
 But where they meant to sink ye. All good  
 Pray for me ! I must leave ye ; the last  
 Of my long weary life is come upon me.  
 Farewell ! and, when you would say something  
 Speak how I fell.—Remember Buckingham !

SHAKSPEARE.

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CHAP. IX.

ANTONY'S FUNERAL ORATION OVER CÆSAR'S
 BODY.

FRIENDS, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears
 I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
 The evil that men do lives after them :
 The good is oft interred with their bones ;
 So let it be with Cæsar ! Noble Brutus
 Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious ;
 If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;
 And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
 Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
 (For Brutus is an honourable man,
 So are they all, all honourable men)
 Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me ;
 But Brutus says he was ambitious ;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill ;

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
 When that the poor have cry'd, Cæsar hath wept ;
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff ;
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious,
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 You all did see that on the Lupercel,
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown ;
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
 And sure, he is an honourable man.
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause.
 What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ;
 O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason.— Bear with me.—
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
 You all do know this mantle : I remember
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on,
 'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,
 That day he overcame the Nervii——
 Look ! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through !—
 See what a rent the envious Casca made,——
 Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;
 And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it !
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd or no :
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.
 Judge, oh ye gods ! how dearly Cæsar lov'd him ;
 This, this was the unkindest cut of all ;
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him ; then burst his mighty heart ;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
 Oh ! what a fall was there, my countrymen !
 Then I and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.

O, now you weep ; and I perceive you feel
 The dint of pity ; these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls ! what, weep you when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ! look you here !
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, by traitors.—

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
 To any sudden flood of mutiny.
 They that have done this deed are honourable.
 What private griefs they have, alas ! I know not,
 That made them do it : they are wise and honourable ;
 And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts :
 I am no orator, as Brutus is ;
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
 That loves my friend : and that they know full well
 That gave me public leave to speak of him :
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth.
 Action nor utt'rance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood ; I only speak right on ;
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb
 mouths !
 And bid them speak for me. But where I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

SHAKSPEARE.

CHAP. X.

OTHELLO AND IAGO.

IAGO. My noble Lord——

OTH. What dost thou say, Iago ?

IAGO. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my Lady
 Know of your love ?

OTH. He did, from first to last : why dost thou ask ?

IAGO. But for a satisfaction of my thought. •
No farther harm.

OTH. Why of thy thought, Iago?

IAGO. I did not think he'd been acquainted with it.

OTH. Oh, yes, and went between us very oft.

IAGO. Indeed!

OTH. Indeed! ay, indeed. Discern'st thou ought in that
Is he not honest?

IAGO. Honest, my Lord?

OTH. Honest! aye, honest.

IAGO. My Lord, for aught I know.

OTH. What dost thou think?

IAGO. Think, my Lord!

OTH. Think! my Lord!

Why, by Heav'n, thou echo'st me,
As if there were some monster in thy thought
Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean something
I heard thee say but know, "thou lik'dst not that,"——
When Cassio left my wife. What didst not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my counsel,
In my whole course of wooing, thou cri'dst "Indeed!"
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.

IAGO. My Lord, you know I love you.

OTH. I think thou dost:

And, for aught I know, thou art full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more.
For such things in a false disloyal knave
Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just,
They're cold dilations working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

IAGO. For Michael Cassio,
I dare be sworn, I think, that he is honest.

OTH. I think so too.

IAGO. Men should be what they seem;
Or, those that be not, would they might seem knaves.

OTH. Certain! men should be what they seem.

IAGO. Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest man,

OTH. Nay, yet there's more in this;

I pray thee speak to me as to thy thinkings ;
As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.

IAGO. Good, my Lord, pardon me :
Though I am bound to ev'ry act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to ;
Utter my thoughts !—Why, say, they're vile and false :
As where's that palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not ? who has a breast so pure
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days, and in sessions sit
With meditations lawful ?

OTH. 'Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts,

IAGO. I do beseech you,
Think I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,
(As, I confess it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuse ; and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults they are not) I entreat you, then,
From one that so imperfectly conjects,
Your wisdom would not build yourself a trouble
Out of my scatter'd and unsure observance :
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, and wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

OTH. What dost thou mean ?

IAGO. Good name in man or woman, my dear Lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 'tis something, nothing :
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands :
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

OTH. I'll know thy thoughts. ———

IAGO. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand :
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

OTH. Ha !

IAGO. Oh, beware, my Lord, of jealousy ;
It is a green-ey'd monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger ;

But oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er
Who doats, yet doubts : suspects, yet strongly loves !

ОТН. O misery !

IAGO. Poor and content, is rich, and rich enough :
But riches endless, is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
Good heav'n ! the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy !

ОТН. Why, why is this ?
Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy ?
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions ?—'Tis not to make me jealous
To say, my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well :
Where virtue is, these make more virtuous.
Nor from my own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt,
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago,
I'll see before I doubt ; when I doubt, prove ;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with love or jealousy.

IAGO. I'm glad of this ; for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit. Therefore, as I'm bound,
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife ; observe her well with Cassio ;
Wear your eye thus ; not jealous, nor secure ;
I would not have your free and noble nature
Out of self-bounty be abus'd ; look to't.
I know our country disposition well ;
In Venice they do let Heav'n see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands.

ОТН. Dost thou say so ?

IAGO. She did deceive her father, marrying you ;
And when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.

ОТН. And so she did.

IAGO. Go to, then :
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming
To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak——
He thought 'twas witchcraft—but I'm much to blame ;
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,

For too much loving you.—

OTH. I am bound to you for ever.

IAGO. I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

OTH. Not a jot; not a jot.

IAGO. Trust me, I fear it has :

I hope you will consider what is spoke,
Comes from my love. But I do see you're mov'd——
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.

OTH. I will not.

IAGO. Should you do so, my Lord,
My speech would fall into such vile success,
Which my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy friend.
My Lord, I see you're mov'd——

OTH. No, not much mov'd——

I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

IAGO. Long live she so ! and long live you to think so !

OTH. And yet, how nature's erring from itself——

IAGO. Ay. there's the point!—as (to be bold with you)
Not to affect many propos'd matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we see in all things nature tends :
Foh ! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,
Foul disproportions, thoughts unnatural.
But, pardon me, I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her ; though I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And, haply, so repent.

OTH. Farewell, farewell ;

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more ;
Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago.

IAGO. My Lord, I take my leave.

OTH. Why did I marry?——

This honest creature, doubtless,
Sees, and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

IAGO. My Lord, I would I might entreat your Honour
To scan this thing no farther ; leave it to time ;
Although 'tis fit that Cassio have his place,
For sure, he fills it up with great ability ;
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,

You shall by that perceive him and his means :
 Note if your lady strain his entertainment
 With any strong or vehement importunity :
 Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
 Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
 (As worthy cause I have to fear I am)
 And hold her free, I do beseech your Honour.

OTH. Fear not my government.

IAGO. I once more take my leave.

SHAKSPEARE.

CHAP. XI.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

WHAT beck'ning ghost along the moonlight shade
 Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade ?
 'Tis she !—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd,
 Why dimly gleams the visionary sword ?
 Oh, ever beauteous, ever friendly ! tell,
 Is it in heav'n a crime to love too well ?
 Too bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
 To act a lover's, or a Roman's part ?
 Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
 For those who greatly think, or bravely die ?
 Why bade ye else, ye pow'rs ! her soul aspire
 Above the vulgar flight of low desire ?
 Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes ;
 The glorious fault of Angels and of Gods :
 Thence to their images on earth it flows,
 And in the breasts of Kings and Heroes glows.
 Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
 Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage :
 Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
 Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres ;
 Like Eastern kings, a lazy state they keep,

And, close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.

From these, perhaps, (ere nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.

As into air the purer spirits flow,
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks, now fading at the blast of death:
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if Eternal Justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates,
There passengers shall stand and pointing say,
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way)
Lo! these were they, whose souls the furies steel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield;
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe.

What can atone (oh, ever injur'd shade!)
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear,
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier,
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd;
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd;
What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances and the public show;
What though no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face;
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb;
Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be drest,

And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast :
 There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
 There the first roses of the year shall blow ;
 While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
 The ground now sacred by thy reliques made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
 What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame,
 How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
 To whom related, or by whom begot ;
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be !

POPE.

CHAP. XII.

WOLSEY AND CROMWELL.

WOL. Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness !
 This is the state of man ; to day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope ; to-morrow blossoms
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
 And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a ripening, nips his shoot ;
 And then he falls as I do. I have ventur'd
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 These many summers in a sea of glory ;
 But far beyond my depth ; my high blown pride
 At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
 Weary and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye !
 I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !
 There is betwixt that smile he would aspire to
 That sweet aspect of princes, and his ruin,
 More pangs and fears than war or woman have,
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,

Never to hope again.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

CROM. I have no power to speak, Sir.

WOL. What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, if you weep
I'm fall'n indeed.

CROM. How does your grace?

WOL. Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now, and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities;
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour.
O 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heav'n!

CROM. I'm glad your grace has made that right use.

WOL. I hope I have: I'm able now, methinks
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
T' endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

CROM. The heaviest and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the King.

WOL. God bless him!

CROM. The next is, that Sir Thomas Moore is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

WOL. That's somewhat sudden——
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings.
May have a tomb of orphan's tears wept on him!
What more?

CROM. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome;
Install'd Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

WOL. That's news indeed!

CROM. Last, that Lady Anne,
Whom the King hath in secrecy long married
This day was view'd in open as his Queen,

Going to Chapel ; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

WOL. There was the weight that pull'd me down :
Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me : all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever.
No sun shall ever usher forth my honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell ;
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master. Seek the King,
(That sun I pray may never set) I've told him
What and how true thou art ; he will advance thee ;
Some little memory of me will stir him,
(I know his noble nature) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not ; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

CROM. O my Lord,
Must I then leave you ? Must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master ?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his Lord.
The King shall have my service ; but my prayers
For ever and for ever, shall be your's.

WOL. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries, but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman—
Let's dry our eyes ; and thus far hear me, Cromwell,
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me must more be heard, say then I taught thee ;
Say, Wolsey, that once rode the waves of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in :
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me :
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition ;
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man then
(Though th' image of his Maker) hope to win by't ?
Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that wait thee ;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's,
 Thy God's, and Truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr, Serve the King——
 And pr'ythee lead me in——

There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny, 'tis the King's. My robe,
 And my integrity to Heav'n, is all
 I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
 I serv'd my King, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies,

CROM. Good Sir, have patience.

WOL. So I have. Farewell
 The hopes of court ! My hopes in heaven do dwell.

SHAKSPEARE.

CHAP. XIII.

HENRY IV's SOLILOQUY ON SLEEP.

How many thousands of my poorest subjects
 Are at this hour asleep ! O gentle sleep,
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness !
 Why rather, Sleep, li'st thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber
 Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody ?
 O thou dull god, why li'st thou with the vile
 In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
 A watch-case to a common 'larum bell ?
 Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains

In cradle of the rude imperious surge ;
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deaf'ning clamours in the slipp'ry shrouds
 That, with the hurly, Death itself awakes ?
 Canst thou, O partial Sleep ! give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude ;
 And, in the calmest and stillest night,
 With all the appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king ? Then, happy low, lie down !
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

SHAKSPEARE.

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#### CHAP. XIV.

#### HOTSPUR AND GLENDOWER.

GLEN. Sit, cousin Percy ; sit, good cousin Hotspur ;  
 For, by that name, as oft as Lancaster  
 Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale ! and with  
 A risen sigh, he wisheth you in heaven.

HOT. And you in hell, as often as he hears  
 Owen Glendower spoke of.

GLEN. I blame him not : at my nativity  
 The front of heav'n was full of fiery shapes,  
 Of burning cressets ; know, that at my birth  
 The frame and the foundation of the earth  
 Shook like a coward.

HOT. So it would have done,  
 At the same season, if your mother's cat  
 Had kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been born.

GLEN. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

HOT. I say, the earth then was not of my mind ;  
 If you suppose, as fearing you it shook.

GLEN. The heav'ns were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

HOT. O, then the earth shook to see the heav'ns on fire,  
 And not in fear of your nativity.  
 Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth



In strange eruptions ; and the teeming earth  
 Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd,  
 By the imprisoning of unruly wind  
 Within her womb, which for enlargement striving,  
 Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down  
 High tow'rs and moss-grown steeples. At your birth  
 Our grandam earth with this distemperature  
 In passion shook.

GLEN. Cousin, of many men  
 I do not bear these crossings : give me leave  
 To tell you once again, that at my birth  
 The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes ;  
 The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds  
 Were strangely clam'rous in the frightened fields :  
 These signs have mark'd me extraordinary,  
 And all the courses of my life do show  
 I am not in the roll of common men.  
 Where is he living, clipt in with the sea  
 That chides the banks of England, Wales, or Scotland,  
 Who calls me pupil, or hath read to me ?  
 And bring him out, that is but woman's son,  
 Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,  
 Or hold me pace in deep experiments.

HOR. I think there is no man speaks better Welch.

GLEN. I can speak English, lord, as well as you,  
 For I was train'd up in the English court ;  
 Where, being young, I fram'd to the harp  
 Many an English ditty lovely well,  
 And gave the tongue a helpful ornament ;  
 A virtue that was never seen in you.

HOR. Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my heart,  
 I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew !  
 Than one of these same metred ballad-mongers !  
 I'd rather hear a brazen candlestick turn'd  
 Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree,  
 And that would nothing set my teeth on edge,  
 Nothing so much as mincing poetry ;  
 'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.——

GLEN. And I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

HGT. Why, so can I, or so can any man :  
 But will they come when you do call for them ?

GLEN. Why, I can teach thee to command the devil.

HOT. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil,  
 By telling truth ; *Tell truth and shame the devil.*——  
 If thou hast power to raise him, bring him hither,  
 And I'll be sworn I've power to shame him hence.  
 Oh, while you live, *Tell truth and shame the devil.*

SHAKSPEARE.

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CHAP. XV.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY
 ON HIS MOTHER'S MARRIAGE.

On that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew !
 Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
 His cannon 'gainst self slaughter !
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
 Seem to me all the uses of this world !
 Fie on't ! oh fie ! 'tis an unweeded garden,
 That grows to seed ; things rank, and gross in nature,
 Possess it merely. That it should come to this !
 But two months dead ! nay, not so much ; not two :—
 So excellent a king ; that was, to this,
 Hyperion to a satyr : so loving to my mother,
 That he permitted not the winds of heav'n
 Visit her face too roughly. Heav'n and earth !
 Must I remember !—why, she would hang on him,
 As if increase of appetite had grown
 By what it fed on ; yet, within a month——
 Let me not think——Frailty, thy name is woman !
 A little month ! or ere those shoes were old
 With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
 Like Niobe, all tears.——Why she, even she——
 (O Heav'n ! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
 Would have mourn'd longer)——married with mine uncle,
 My father's brother ; but no more like my father,
 Than I to Hercules. Within a month !——

Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
 She married——Oh, most wicked speed to post
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
 It is not, nor it cannot come to good :
 But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue!

SHAKSPEARE.

CHAP. XVI.

JAFFIER AND PIERRE.

JAF. By heav'n you stir not!

I must be heard, I must have leave to speak!
 Thou hast disgraced me, Pierre, by a vile blow!
 Had not a dagger done thee nobler justice?
 But use me as thou wilt, thou canst not wrong me,
 For I am fall'n beneath the basest injuries:
 Yet look upon me with an eye of mercy;
 With pity and with charity behold me;
 Shut not thy heart against a friend's repentance;
 But as there dwells a godlike nature in thee,
 Listen with mildness to my supplications.

PIER. What whining monk art thou? what holy cheat
 That would encroach upon my credulous ears,
 And can'st thus vily? hence! I know thee not.

JAFF. Not know me, Pierre!

PIER. No, know thee not; what art thou?

JAFF. Jaffier, thy friend, thy once lov'd, valu'd friend!
 Though now deserv'dly scorn'd, and us'd most hardly.

PIER. Thou Jaffier! thou my once lov'd, valu'd friend!
 By heav'n thou li'st: the man so call'd my friend,
 Was generous, honest, faithful, just, and valiant;
 Noble in his mind, and in his person lovely;
 Dear to my eyes, and tender to my heart:
 But thou, a wretched, base, false, worthless coward,
 Poor even in soul, and loathsome in thy aspect,
 All eyes must shun thee, and all hearts detest thee.

Prithee avoid, nor longer cling thus round me,
Like something baneful, that my nature's chill'd at.

JAFF. I have not wrong'd thee; by these tears I have not;
But still am honest, true, and hope too, valiant;
My mind still full of thee, therefore still noble.
Let not thine eyes, then, shun me, nor thy heart
Detest me utterly: Oh! look upon me,
Look back and see my sad, sincere submission.
How my heart swells, as e'en 'twould burst my bosom,
Fond of its goal, and labouring to be at thee;
What shall I do? what say to make thee hear me?

PIER. Hast thou not wrong'd me? dar'st thou call
thyself
That once-lov'd valu'd friend of mine,
And swear thou hast not wrong'd me? Whence these
chains?

Whence the vile death which I may meet this moment?
Whence this dishonour, but from thee, thou false one!

JAFF. All's true; yet grant one thing; and I've done
asking.

PIER. What's that?

JAFF. To take thy life on such conditions
The council have propos'd: thou and thy friend
May yet live long, and to be better treated.

PIER. Life! ask my life! confess! record myself
A villain for the privilege, to breathe,
And carry up and down this cursed city
A discontented and repining spirit,
Burthensome to itself, a few years longer,
To lose it, may be, at last, in a lewd quarrel
For some new friend, treacherous and false as thou art!
No, this vile world and I have long been jangling,
And cannot part on better terms than now;
When only men like thee are fit to live in't.

JAFF. By all that's just——

PIER. Swear by some other powers,
For thou hast broken that sacred oath too lately.

JAFF. Then by that hell I merit, I'll not leave thee,
Till to thyself at least thou'rt reconcil'd,
However thy resentment deal with me.

PIER. Not leave me!

JAFF. No, thou shalt not force me from thee;

Use me reproachfully, and like a slave ;
 Tread on me, buffet me, heap wrongs on wrongs
 On my poor head ; I'll bear it all with patience ;
 I'll weary out thy most unfriendly cruelty ;
 Lie at thy feet and kiss 'em, though they spurn me,
 Till, wounded by my sufferings, thou relent,
 And raise me to thy arms with dear forgiveness.

PIER. Art thou not——

JAFF. What ?

PIER. A Traitor ?

JAFF. Yes.

PIER. A villain ?

JAFF. Granted.

PIER. A coward, a most scandalous coward,
 Spiritless, void of honour, one who has sold
 Thy everlasting fame for shameless life ?

JAFF. All, all, and more. much more : my faults are
 numberless.

PIER. And wouldst thou have me live on terms like thine ;
 Base as thou'rt false——

JAFF. No ; 'tis to me that's granted :
 The safety of thy life was all I aim'd at,
 In recompense for faith and trust so broken. "

PIER. I scorn it more, because preserv'd by thee :
 And as when first my foolish heart took pity
 On thy misfortunes, sought thee in thy miseries,
 Reliev'd thy wants, and rais'd thee from the state
 Of wretchedness, in which thy fate had plung'd thee,
 To rank thee in my list of noble friends ;
 All I receiv'd, in surety for thy truth,
 Were unregarded oaths, and this, this dagger,
 Given with a worthless pledge thou since hast stolen ;
 So I restore it back to thee again ;
 Swearing by all those powers which thou hast violated,
 Never from this curs'd hour to hold communion,
 Friendship, or interest with thee, though our years
 Were to exceed those limited the world.
 Take it—farewell, for now I owe thee nothing.

JAFF. Say thou wilt live then.

PIER. For my life, dispose of it
 Just as thou wilt, because 'tis what I'm tir'd with.

JAFF. Oh, Pierre !

PIER. No more.

JAFF. My eyes won't lose the sight of thee,
But languish after thine, and ache with gazing.

PIER. Leave me—Nay, then thus, thus I throw thee
from me :

And curses, great as is thy falsehood, catch thee.

VENICE PRESERVED.

CHAP. XVII.

LEAR.

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks ; rage, blow !
You cataracts, and hurricano es spout,
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks !
You sulph'rous and thought-executing fires,
Singe my white head. And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' th' world :
Crack nature's mould, all germins spill at once
That make ungrateful man !

Rumble thy belly full, spit fire, spout rain !
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters.
I tax not you ye elements, with unkindness :
I never gave you kingdoms, call'd you children ;
You owe me no subscription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleasure.—Here I stand your brave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man ;
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high engender'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. Oh ! Oh ! 'tis foul.

Let the great god
That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
Thou hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice ! Hide thee, thou bloody hand ;
Thou perjure, and thou simular of virtue,
That art incestuous ! caitiff, shake to pieces
That, under cover of convivial seeming,

Has practis'd on man's life—Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and ask
Those dreadful summoners grace!——I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning.

SHAKSPEARE.

CHAP. XVIII.

THE QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

CAS. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this,
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letter (praying on his side,
Because I knew the man) was slighted of.

BRU. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

CAS. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That ev'ry nice offence should bear its comment.

BRU. Yet let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To underservers.

CAS. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that spake this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

BRU. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

CAS. Chastisement!——

BRU. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty meed of our large honours
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

CAS. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it; you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

BRU. Go to! you are not, Cassius.

CAS. I am.

BRU. I say, you are not.

CAS. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself——
Have mind upon your health—tempt me no farther.

BRU. Away, slight man!

CAS. Is't possible?——

BRU. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

CAS. Oh gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?

BRU. All this? ay, more. Fret till your proud heart
break;

Go, tell your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you: and from this day forth
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

CAS. Is it come to this?

BRU. You say you are a better soldier;
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

CAS. You wrong me every way——you wrong me,
Brutus;

I said an elder soldier, not a better;
Did I say better?

BRU. If you did, I care not.

CAS. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd
me.

BRU. Peace, peace; you durst not to have tempted him.

CAS. I durst not?

BRU. No.

CAS. What! durst not tempt him?

BRU. For your life you durst not.

CAS. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do what I shall be sorry for.

BRU. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me;
For I can raise no money by vile means.
By heav'n, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you deny'd me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts
Dash him to pieces.

CAS. I deny'd you not.

BRU. You did.

CAS. I did not—he was but a fool
That brought my answer back—Brutus hath riv'd my heart.
A friend should bear a friend's infirmities.
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

BRU. I do not. Still you practise them on me.

CAS. You love me not.

BRU. I do not like your faults.

CAS. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

BRU. A flatt'rer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

CAS. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come!
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a-weary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd by a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast—within, a heart

Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold !
 If that thou need'st a Roman's, take it forth.
 I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart :
 Strike as thou didst at Cæsar ; for I know,
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
 Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

BRU. Sheathe your dagger ;
 Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
 Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
 O, Cassius ! you are yok'd with a lamb,
 That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
 Which, much enforc'd, shows a hasty spark,
 And straight is cold again.

CAS. Hath Cassius liv'd
 To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
 When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him ?

BRU. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

CAS. Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand.

BRU. And my heart too.

CAS. O Brutus !

BRU. What's the matter ?

CAS. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
 When that rash humour which my mother gave me
 Makes me forgetful ?

BRU. Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth,
 When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
 He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

SHAKSPEARE

CHAP. XIX.

HOPE.

CRASE every joy to glimmer on my mind,
 But leave—Oh ! leave, the light of HOPE behind.
 What, though my winged hours of bliss have been
 Like angel visits, few and far between,
 Her musing mood shall every pang appease,

And charm—when Pleasures lose the power to please.

Unfading Hope! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return,
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
Oh! then thy kingdom comes! Immortal Power!
What, though each spark of earth-born rapture fly,
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye;
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey,
The morning dream of life's eternal day.
Then, then the triumph and the trance begin,
And all the phoenix spirit burns within!

Oh! deep enchanting prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!
Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh—
It is a dread and awful thing to die:
Mysterious worlds, untravell'd by the sun:
Where time's far wandering tide has never run.
From your unfathom'd shades, and viewless spheres,
A warning comes unheard by other ears.
'Tis Heav'n's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!
While nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,
The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust;
And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
The roaring waves, and call'd upon his God,
With mortal terrors clouds Immortal Bliss,
And shrieks and hovers o'er the dark abyss.

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illumine
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb;
Melt and dispel, ye spectre doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul!
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of dismay.
Chas'd on his night steed by the star of day.
The strife is o'er, the pangs of nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of heaven, undazzled by the blaze,
On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody;
Wild as that hallow'd anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight still

Watch'd on the holy towers of Zion Hill.

Soul of the just! companion of the dead!
Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled?
Back to its heavenly source thy being goes,
Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose,
Doom'd on his airy path awhile to burn,
And doom'd, like thee, to travel and return.

CAMPBELL.

CHAP. XX.

HENRY IV. AND PRINCE HENRY.

P. HENRY. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. HENRY. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought,
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honours,
Before thy hour be ripe? O, foolish youth;
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little: for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling by so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop; my day is dim:
Thou hast stol'n that which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence; and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation;
Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not;
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my frail life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crown'd, not that I am dead;
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head;
Only compound me with forgotten dust,

Give that which gave thee life unto the worms,
 Pluck down my officers, break my decrees :
 For now a time is come to mock at form ;
 Henry the Fifth is crown'd : up, Vanity !
 Down, Royal state ! All you sage counsellors, hence,
 And to the English court assemble now,
 From ev'ry region, apes of idleness :
 Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum :
 Have you a ruffian that will swear ? drink ? dance ?
 Revel the night ? rob ? murder ? and commit
 The oldest sins the newest kind of ways ?
 Be happy, he will trouble you no more :
 England shall give him office, honour, might :
 For the fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks
 The muzzle of restraint ! and the wild dog
 Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent.
 O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows !
 When that my care could not withhold thy riot,
 What wilt thou do when riot is thy care ?
 O thou wilt be a wilderness again,
 Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants.

P. HENRY. O pardon me, my liege ! but for my tears,
 (The moist impediments unto my speech)
 I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
 Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
 The course of it so far. There is your crown
 And he that wears the crown immortally,
 Long guard it you'rs ! if I affect it more.
 Than as your honour, and as your renown
 Let me no more from this obedience rise,
 Which my most true and inward duteous spirit
 Teacheth this prostrate and exterior bending.
 Heav'n witness with me, when I here came in,
 And found no course of breath within your Majesty,
 How cold it struck my heart ! if I do feign
 O let me in my present wildness die,
 And never live to show the incredulous world
 The noble change that I have purposed.
 Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
 (And dead almost, my liege, to think you were)
 I spake unto the crown, as having sense,
 And thus upbraided it : " The care on thee depending

Hath fed upon the body of my father,
 Therefore, thou best of gold, art worst of gold;
 Other less fine in carat, is more precious,
 Preserving life in med'cine potable:
 But thou most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
 Hast eat thy bearer up." Thus, royal liege,
 Accusing it, I put it on my head,
 To try with it (as with an enemy,
 That had before my face murder'd my father)
 The quarrel of a true inheritor.
 But if it did infect my blood with joy,
 Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride,
 If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
 Did with the least affection of a welcome
 Give entertainment to the might of it.
 Let Heav'n for ever keep it from my head,
 And make me as the poorest vassal is,
 That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. HENRY, O, my son!

Heav'n put it in thy mind to take it hence,
 That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,
 Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
 Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
 And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
 That ever I shall breathe. Heav'n knows, my son,
 By what bye-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
 I met this crown, and I myself know well
 How troublesome it sat upon my head.
 To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
 Better opinion, better confirmation;
 For all the soil of the achievement goes
 With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
 But as an honour snatch'd with boist'rous hand,
 And I had many living to upbraid
 My gain of it by their assistances;
 Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
 Wounding supposed peace. All their bold feats,
 Thou seest, with peril I have answer'd.
 For all my reign hath been but as a scene
 Acting that argument: and now my death
 Changes the mode; for what in me was purchas'd,
 Falls upon thee in a much fairer sort;

For thou the garland wears successively.
 Yet though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
 Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green ;
 And all my friends which thou must make thy friends,
 Have but their teeth and stings newly ta'en out ;
 By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
 And by whose power I well might lodge a fear.
 To be again displac'd : which to avoid
 I cut them off, and had a purpose now
 To lead out many to the holy land ;
 Lest rest and lying still might make them look
 Too near into my state. Therefore, my Harry,
 Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
 With foreign quarrels ; that action, hence borne out,
 May waste the memory of former days.
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
 That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
 How I came by the crown, O God, forgive !
 And grant it may with thee in true peace live.

P. HENRY. My gracious liege,
 You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me ;
 Then plain and right must my possession be ;
 Which I with more than with a common pain,
 'Gainst all the world, will solemnly maintain.

SHAKSPEARE.

CHAP. XXI.

A PINDARIC ODE.

COME, Epictetus ! arm my breast
 With thy impenetrable steel,
 No more the wounds of grief to feel,
 Nor mourn, by others' woes deprest.
 Oh ! teach my trembling heart
 To scorn affliction's dart ;
 Teach me to mock the tyrant pain !
 For see around me stand

A dreadful murd'rous band ;
I fly their cruel power in vain !
Here lurks Distemper's horrid train,
And there the Passions lift their flaming brands ;
These, with fell rage, my helpless body tear,
While those with daring hands,
Against the immortal soul their impious weapons rear.

Where'er I turn, fresh evils meet my eyes :
Sin, Sorrow, and Disgrace,
Pursue the human race !
There, on the bed of sickness, Virtue lies !
See Friendship bleeding by the sword
Of base ingratitude !
See baleful Jealousy intrude,
And poison all the bliss that Love hath stor'd :
Oh ! seal my ears against the piteous cry
Of Innocence distress !
Nor let me shrink, when fancy's eye
Behold the guilty wretch's breast
Beneath the tort'ring pincers heave :
Nor for the num'rous wants of Mis'ry grieve.
Which all-disposing Heav'n denies me to relieve !

No longer let my fleeting joys depend
On social or domestic ties !
Superior let my Spirit rise,
Nor in the gentle counsels of a friend, '
Nor in the smiles of Love expect delight :
But teach me in myself to find
Whate'er can please or fill my mind.
Let inward beauty charm the mental sight ;
Let god-like Reason, beaming bright,
Chase far away each gloomy shade,
Till Virtue's heav'nly form display'd
Alone shall captivate my soul,
And her divinest love possess me whole !

But, ah, what means this impious pride,
Which heav'nly hosts deride !
Within myself does virtue dwell ?
Is all serene, and beauteous there ?
What mean these chilling damps of fear ?

Tell me, Philosophy ! thou boaster, tell !

This god-like all-sufficient mind,

Which, in its own perfection blest,

Defies the woes or malice of mankind,

To shake its self-possessing rest,

Is it not foul, weak, ignorant, and blind ?

Oh man ! from conscious Virtue's praise,

Fall'n, fall'n !—what refuge can'st thou find !

What pitying hand again will raise

From native earth thy grovelling frame !

Ah, who will cleanse thy heart from spot of sinful blame ?

But, see ! what sudden glories from the sky

To my benighted soul appear,

And all the gloomy prospect cheer ?

What awful form approaches nigh ?

Awful, yet mild as in the southern wind,

That gently bids the forest nod.

Hark ! thunder breaks the air, and angels speak !

“ Behold the Saviour of the world ! Behold the Lamb
of God ! ”

Ye sons of Pride, behold his aspect meek !

The tear of pity on his cheek !

See in his train appear

Humility and Patience sweet,

Repentance, prostrate at his sacred feet,

Bedews with tears, and wipes them with her flowing hair !

What scenes now meet my wond'ring eyes,

What hallow'd grave,

By mourning maids attended round,

Attracts the Saviour's steps ? What heart-felt wound

His spotless bosom heaves with tender sighs ?

Why weeps the Son belov'd, Omnipotent to save ?

But, lo ! he waves his awful hand !

The sleeping clay obeys his dread command.

Oh, Lazarus ! come forth !—“ Come forth and see

“ The dear effects of wond'rous love !

“ He, at whose word the seas and rocks remove,

“ Thy Friend. thy Lord, thy Maker, weeps for thee ! ”

Thy walls, Jerusalem, have seen thy King,

In meekness clad, lament thy hapless fate !

Unquench'd his love, though paid with ruthless hate !
 O lost, relentless Sion ! Didst thou know
 Who thus vouchsafes thy courts to tread,
 What loud Hosannas would'st thou sing !
 How eager crown his honour'd head !
 Nor see unmov'd his kind paternal woe !
 Nor force his tears, his precious blood, for thee to flow.
 No more repine, my coward soul,
 The sorrows of mankind to share,
 Which he, who could the world controul,
 Did not disdain to bear !
 Check not the flow of sweet fraternal love,
 By Heav'ns' high King in bounty given,
 Thy stubborn heart to soften and improve,
 Thy earth-clad spirit to refine,
 A gradual raise to love divine,
 And wing its soaring flight to Heaven !

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CHAP. XXII.

ALETES AND ILYSSUS.

ALB. My dearest boy :—

ILYS. Speak on, Aletes,  
 And do not by that look of tenderness,  
 And murm'ring to thyself, alarm me more.

ALB. What should I speak ? this very morn, Ilyssus,  
 This very morn I told thee a few hours  
 Would show thee what thou wert ; but thy impatience  
 Brooks not that short delay. It seems, Aletes  
 Has lost his usual credit with Ilyssus,  
 Ev'n with the youth his anxious care has form'd.  
 Think'st thou the man who taught thy feeling heart  
 To start at falsehood, would himself commit  
 The fraud thou shudder'st at ? What have I done,  
 Which should induce thee to a thought so base ?  
 Did e'er my precepts contradict my heart ?

Did I e'er teach a virtue I not practis'd ?  
 —I see thou art confounded. Know then, youth,  
 I blame not thy impatience ; nay, I praise  
 That modesty which can so resume  
 Its seat, when all things round are big with wonder.  
 Ere night thou shalt know all ; till than, Ilyssus,  
 Behave as Athens' king.

ILYS. O, good Aletes,  
 Forgive my rashness. Yes, I know thee honest  
 As truth itself ; and know the wond'rous debt  
 I owe thy goodness, Yet, if thou confess  
 That I have reason for these anxious cares,  
 Thou wilt permit me still to question thee.  
 Nay, look upon me whilst I speak to thee.  
 Perhaps thou hast some secret cause, Aletes,  
 For all that kind attention thou hast shown me,  
 From infancy till now ? Why dost thou turn  
 Thy eyes to earth ? 'Tis plain thou hast a cause :  
 Thou know'st from whom I sprung ; how canst thou eke,  
 With confidence assert, that yet ere night  
 I shall know all !—Say this at least, Aletes,  
 Shall the Queen's anger cease ?

ALX. It shall, Ilyssus.  
 Ev'n now I wait here ; on what design  
 I must not yet inform thee. The next time  
 Thou shalt behold her, thou wilt find a change  
 Incredible indeed, from rage to fondness,  
 From cold reserve to tears of bursting joy.

*[Ilyssus is going to speak eagerly.]*

—Ask me no more.—Yet something didst thou say  
 Relating to the cause which fix'd me here,  
 Thy guardian, thy instructor, and—the time  
 Will come when thou shalt know it all, Ilyssus,  
 And bless my memory.

ILYS. Thou weep'st, Aletes !  
 My tears will mingle too.

ALX. Forbear, and leave me ;——  
 Yet stay awhile ; for now, perhaps, we part  
 To meet no more.

ILYS. No more ! Thou wilt not leave me  
 When most I want thy care ! 'Twas my first thought  
 'Twas the first boon I ask'd of the good king,

That thou might'st be my kind instructor still.  
 He prais'd my gratitude, and I had promis'd  
 To bring him to my cottage. He himself  
 Shall be a suitor to thee.

ALB. Thou hast ask'd  
 Thou know'st not what: it cannot be, Ilyssus,  
 That Xuthus and Aletes e'er should meet  
 On terms of amity. The smiles of greatness  
 To me have lost their value. For thy love  
 I could do much; and to be sever'd from thee  
 Pulls at my heart-strings. But resistless fate  
 Has fix'd the seal, and we must part for ever.  
 How hard soe'er it seem. Thy youth will soon,  
 Amidst the busy scenes of active greatness,  
 Forget its monitor: but I must bear,  
 In hopeless solitude, the pangs of absence  
 Till thought shall be no more.

ILYS. O heav'nly powers!  
 Then there is something dreadful yet conceal'd.  
 I cannot part from thee in ignorance.  
 Tell me, Aletes!

ALB. Would I could! but now  
 It must not be.—Haste to the banquet, youth;  
 Thy duty calls thee thither.

ILYS, Go I cannot,  
 Till thou assur'st me we shall meet again.

ALB. If possible we will. If not, remember  
 When thou shalt know thyself, that on thyself  
 Thy fate depends; that virtue, glory, happiness,  
 Are close connected, and their sad reverse  
 Is vice, is pain, is infamy.—Alas!  
 These were the lessons of thy private life,  
 This I have told thee oft, but my fond tongue  
 Runs o'er its former precepts, and forgets  
 Thou now must mount a throne: a larger scene  
 Of duty opens.

ILYS. Yet the tender friend,  
 Who should direct me, leaves me to myself.  
 Canst thou abandon me?

ALB. Would fate permit,  
 I would attend thee still. But oh, Ilyssus!  
 Whate'er becomes of me, when thou shalt reach

That envied pinnacle of earthly greatness,  
 Where faithful monitors but rarely follow,  
 Ev'n there, amidst the kindest smiles of fortune,  
 Forget not thou wert once distress'd and friendless  
 Be strictly just; but yet, like heav'n, with mercy  
 Temper thy justice. From thy purged ear  
 Banish base flattery, and spurn the wretch  
 Who would persuade thee thou art more than man;  
 Weak, erring, selfish man, endued with power,  
 To be the minister of public good.  
 If conquest charm thee, and the pride of war  
 Blaze on thy sight, remember thou art placed  
 The guardian of mankind, nor build thy fame  
 On rapines and on murders. Should soft peace  
 Invite to luxury—the pleasing bane  
 Of happy kingdoms, know, from thy example,  
 The bliss or woes of nameless millions, springs  
 Their virtue, or their vice. Nor think by laws  
 To curb licentious man: those laws alone  
 Can bend the headstrong many to their yoke,  
 Which make it present int'rest to obey them.  
 O boy!—Thy fate depends  
 Upon thy absence now. The queen approaches.  
 After the banquet I, again, will seek thee,  
 And thou shalt know the whole.

WHITEHEAD.

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CHAP. XXIII.

MACBETH'S SOLILOQUY.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
 Th' handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.—
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
 To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
 A dagger of the mind, a false creation
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable

As this which now I draw.—

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going :
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest.—I see thee still :
 And on the blades o' th' dudgeon, gouts of blood,
 Which was not so before.—There's no such thing.
 It is the bloody business, which informs
 Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er one half the world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtain'd sleep : now witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings : and wither'd murder
 (Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch) thus with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, tow'rd his design
 Moves like a ghost.—Thou sound and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 The very stones prate of my where-about,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it.—Whilst I threat, he lives—
 I go, and it is done : the bell invites me.
 Hear it not, Duncan ; for it is a knell
 That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

SHAKESPEARE.

CHAP. XXIV.

THE BARD.

The following Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward I. when he completed the Conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.

' Ruin seize thee, ruthless King !
 ' Confusion on thy banners wait ;
 ' Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
 ' They mock the air with idle state.
 ' Helm nor hauberk's twisted mail,
 ' Nor e'en thy Virtues, Tyrant ! shall avail
 ' To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,

‘ From Cambria’s curse, from Cambria’s tears !’
Such were the sounds that o’er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter’d wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon’s shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array :
Stout Glo’ster stood aghast in speechless trance :
To arms ! cried Mortimer, and couch’d his quiv’ring lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o’er old Conway’s foamy flood,
Rob’d in the sable garb of woe, .
With haggard eyes the Poet stood :
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream’d, like a meteor, to the troubled air :)
And with a master’s hand, and prophet’s fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
‘ Hark, how each giant oak, and desert cave,
Sighs to the torrent’s awful voice beneath !
‘ O’er thee, O king ! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe ;
‘ Vocal no more, since Cambria’s fatal day,
‘ To high-born Hoel’s harp or soft Llewellyn’s lay.
‘ Cold is Cadwallo’s tongue,
‘ That hush’d the stormy main :
‘ Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :
‘ Mountains, ye moan in vain ;
‘ Modred, whose magic song,
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp’d head
‘ On dreary Arvon’s shore they lie,
‘ Smear’d with gore, and ghastly pale ;
‘ Far, far aloof, th’ affrighted ravens sail ;
‘ The famish’d eagle screams and passes by.
‘ Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
‘ Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
‘ Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
‘ Ye died amidst your dying country’s cries——
‘ No more I weep. They do not sleep :
‘ On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
‘ I see them sit, they linger yet,
‘ Avengers of their native land :
‘ With me in dreadful harmony they join,
‘ And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

- “ Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
“ The winding sheet of Edward’s race;
“ Give ample room, and verge enough,
“ The characters of hell to trace :
“ Mark the year, and mark the night,
“ When Severn shall re-echo with affright
“ The shrieks of death, thro’ Berk’ley’s roof that ring,
“ Shrieks of an agonizing king !
“ She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs
“ That tear’s the bowels of thy mangled mate,
“ From thee be born, who o’er thy country hangs
“ The scourge of Heav’n. What terrors round him wait !
“ Amazement in his van, with Flight combin’d,
“ And Sorrow’s faded form, and Solitude behind.
“ Mighty victor, mighty lord,
“ Low on his fun’ral couch he lies !
“ No pitying heart, no eye, afford
“ A tear to grace his obsequies !
“ Is the sable warrior fled ?
“ Thy son is gone ; he rests among the dead.
“ The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were born !
“ Gone to salute the rising morn.
“ Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
“ While proudly riding o’er the azure realm
“ In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes :
“ Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm ;
“ Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind’s sway,
“ That, hush’d in grim repose, expects his ev’ning prey.
“ Fill high the sparkling bowl,
“ The rich repast prepare ;
“ ’Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast :
“ Close by the regal chair,
“ Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
“ A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
“ Heard ye the din of battle bray,
“ Lance to lance, and horse to horse ?
“ Long years of havock urge their destin’d course,
“ And thro’ the kindred squadrons mow their way.
“ Ye tow’rs of Julius, London’s lasting shame,
“ With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
“ Revere his consort’s faith, his father’s fame,

- “ And spare the meek usurper’s holy head:
 “ Above, below, the Rose of snow,
 “ Twin’d with her blushing foe, we spread ;
 “ The bristled Boar, in infant gore,
 “ Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
 “ Now, brothers, bending o’er th’ accursed loom,
 “ Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.
 “ Edward, lo ! to sudden fate ;
 “ (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
 “ Half of thy heart * * we consecrate.
 “ (The web is wove : The work is done.”)
 ‘ Stay, oh stay ; nor thus forlorn
 ‘ Leave me unblest’d, unpity’d, here to mourn :
 ‘ In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
 ‘ They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
 ‘ But, oh ! what solemn scenes on Snowdon’s height,
 ‘ Descending slow, their glitt’ring skirts unroll ?
 ‘ Visions of glory ! spare my aching sight ;
 ‘ Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul !
 ‘ No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
 ‘ All hail, ye genuine kings ! Britannia’s issue, hail !
 ‘ Girt with many a baron bold,
 ‘ Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;
 ‘ And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old,
 ‘ In bearded majesty appear
 ‘ In the midst a form divine !
 ‘ Her eye proclaims her of the Briton line ;
 ‘ Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
 ‘ Attemper’d sweet to virgin grace.
 ‘ What strings symphonious tremble in the air ;
 ‘ What strains of vocal transport round her play !
 ‘ Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear ;
 ‘ They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
 ‘ Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
 ‘ Waves in the eye of Heav’n her many-coloured wings.
 ‘ The verse adorn again,
 ‘ Fierce War, and faithful Love,
 ‘ And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest :
 ‘ In buskin’d measures move
 ‘ Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
 ‘ With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.

' A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
 ' Gales from blooming Eden bear,
 ' And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
 ' That, lost in long futurity, expire.
 ' Fond impious man! think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
 ' Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
 ' To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
 ' And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
 ' Enough for me : with joy I see
 ' The different doom our Fates assign.
 ' Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care ,
 ' To triumph, and to die, are mine.'
 He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height,
 Deep in the roaring tide, he plung'd to endless night.

GRA

CHAP. XXV.

SAMPSON DEPLORING HIS CAPTIVITY AND LOSS OF SIGHT.

A LITTLE onward lend thy guiding hand
 To these dark steps ; a little farther on ;
 For yonder bank has choice of sun or shade :
 There I am wont to sit when any chance
 Relieves me from my task of servile toil,
 Daily in the common prison else enjoin'd me ;
 Where I a pris'ner chain'd, scarce freely draw
 The air imprison'd also, close and damp,
 Unwholesome draught. But here I feel amends ;
 The breath of Heav'n fresh blowing pure and 'sweet
 With day-spring born : here leave me to respire.
 This day a solemn feast the people hold
 To Dagon, their sea-idol, and forbid
 Laborious works : unwillingly this rest
 Their superstition leaves me ; hence, with leave,
 Retiring from the popular noise, I seek

This unfrequented place, to find some ease—
Ease to the body some, none to the mind
From restless thoughts, that like a deadly swarm
Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,
But rush upon me thronging, and present
Times past, what once I was, and what am now.
Oh, wherefore was my birth from Heav'n foretold
Twice by an angel, who, at last, in sight
Of both my parents, all in flames ascended
From off the altar, where an offering burn'd,
As in a fiery column charioting
His god-like presence, and from some great act
Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race?
Why was my breeding order'd, and prescrib'd,
As of a person separate to God,
Design'd for great exploits; if I must die,
Betray'd, captiv'd, and both my eyes put out;
Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze,
To grind in brazen fetters under task,
With this Heav'n-gifted strength? O glorious strength!
Put to the labour of a beast, debas'd
Lower than bond-slave. Promise was, that
Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver;
Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him
Eyeless in Gaza, at the mill with slaves,
Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke:
Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt
Divine Prediction; what if all foretold
Had been fulfill'd but through my own default?
Whom have I to complain of but myself?
Who, this high gift of strength committed to me,
In what part lodg'd, how easily bereft me,
Under the seal of silence could not keep,
But weakly to a woman must reveal it,
O'ercome with importunity and tears.
O impotence of mind, in body strong!
But what is strength without a double share
Of wisdom? Vast, unwieldy, burdensome,
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
By weakest subtleties; not made to rule,
But to subserve, where wisdom bears command!
God, when he gave me strength, to show withal

How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.—
But peace, I must not quarrel with the will
Of highest dispensation, which herein
Haply had ends above my reach to know;
Suffices that to me, strength is my bane,
And proves the source of all my miseries——
So many and so huge, that each apart
Would ask a life to wail; but chief of all,
Oh loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies! Oh worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light, the prime work of God, to me's extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annull'd which might in part my grief have eas'd;
Inferior to the vilest now become,
Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me;
They creep, yet see: I dark, in light expos'd
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong;
Within doors or without, still as a fool
In pow'r of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I seem to live; dead more than half.
Oh dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,
Without all hope of day!
Oh, first great beam, and thou great word;
Let there be light, and light was over all!
Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree?
The sun to me is dark,
And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
Since light so necessary is to life,
And almost life itself, if it be true
That light is in the soul,
She all in every part; why was the sight
To such a tender ball as th' eye confin'd,
So obvious and so easy to be quench'd?
And not as feeling through all parts diffus'd,
That she might look at will through every pore?
Then had I not been thus exil'd from light,
As in the land of darkness, yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death,

And bury'd ; but oh, yet more miserable !
 Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave ;
 Bury'd, yet not exempt,
 By privilege of death and burial,
 From worst of other evils, pains, and wrongs,
 But made hereby obnoxious more
 To all the miseries of life ;
 Life in captivity,
 Among inhuman foes.

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CHAP. XXVI.

MACDUFF, MALCOLM, AND ROSSE.

MACD. See who comes here ?

MAL. My countryman ; but yet I know him not.

MACD. My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither.

MAL. I know him now. Good God, betimes remove  
 The means that make us strangers !

ROSSE. Sir, amen.

MACD. Stands Scotland where it did ?

ROSSE. Alas, poor country !  
 Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot  
 Be call'd our mother, but our grave ; where nothing  
 But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile ;  
 Where sighs and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,  
 Are made, not mark'd ; where violent sorrow seems  
 A modern ecstasy ; the dead man's knell  
 Is there scarce ask'd for whom : and good men's lives  
 Expire before the flowers in their caps ;  
 Dying or ere they sicken.

MACD. Oh, relation  
 Too nice, and yet too true !

MAL. What's the newest grief ?

ROSSE. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker.  
 Each minute teems a new one.

MACD. How does my wife ?

ROSSE. Why, well.—

MACD. And all my children ?

ROSSE. Well too.

MACD. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace ?

ROSSE. No ; they were at peace when I did leave 'em.

MACD. Be not a niggard of your speech : how goes it ?

ROSSE. When I came hither to transport the tidings,  
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour  
Of many worthy fellows that were out,  
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,  
For that I saw the tyrant's power afoot.  
Now is time of help ; your eye in Scotland  
Would create soldiers, and make women fight,  
To doff their dire distresses.

MAL. Be't their comfort  
We're coming thither : gracious England hath  
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men ;  
An older, and a better soldier, none  
That Christendom gives out.

ROSSE. Would I could answer  
This comfort with the like ; but I have words  
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,  
Where hearing should not catch them.

MACD. What concern they ?  
The general cause ? or is it a free grief,  
True to some single breast ?

ROSSE. No mind that's honest,  
But in it shares some woe ; though the main part  
Pertains to you alone.

MACD. If it be mine,  
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

ROSSE. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,  
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound  
That ever yet they heard.

MACD. Hum ! I guess at it.

ROSSE. Your castle is surpris'd, your wife and babes  
Savagely slaughter'd ; to relate the manner,  
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,  
To add the death of you.

MAL. Merciful heav'n !  
What, man ! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows,  
Give sorrow words ! the grief that does not speak,  
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

MACD. My children too ;—

ROSSE. Wife, children, servants, all that could be found.

MACD. And I must be from thence ! my wife kill'd too ?

ROSSE. I've said.

MAL. Be comforted.

Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge

To cure this deadly grief.

MACD. He has no children.—All my pretty ones !

Did you say all ? what all ? oh, hell-kite ! all ?

MAL. Endure it like a man.

MACD. I shall do so ;

But I must also feel it as a man.

I cannot but remember such things were,

That were most precious to me. Did heav'n look on,

And would not take their part ? Sinful Macduff,

They were all struck for thee ! naught that I am,

Not for their own demerits, but for mine,

Fell slaughter on their souls. Heav'n rest them now !

MAL. Be this the whet-stone of your sword, let grief  
Convert to wrath ; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

MACD. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,

And braggart with my tongue. But, gentle heav'n,

Cut short all intermission : front to front,

Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself ;

Within my sword's length set him ; if he 'scape,

Then heav'n forgive him too !

MAL. This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the King, our power is ready ;

Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth

Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above

Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may ;

The night is long that never finds the day.

SHAKSPEARE.

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## CHAP. XXVII.

### CATO'S SOLILOQUY.

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well—  
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire.

This longing after immortality ?  
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,  
 Of falling into nought ? Why shrinks the soul  
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?  
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us ;  
 'Tis heav'n itself that points out an hereafter,  
 And intimates eternity to man.  
 Eternity ! thou pleasing, dreadful thought !  
 Through what variety of untry'd being,  
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass !  
 The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me ;  
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.  
 Here will I hold. If there's a pow'r above,  
 (And that there is, all Nature cries aloud  
 Through all her works) he must delight in virtue ;  
 And that which he delights in must be happy,  
 But when, or where ? This world was made for Cæsar.  
 I'm weary of conjectures—this must end 'em.  
 Thus am I doubly arm'd—my death and life,  
 My bane and antidote, are both before me,  
 This in a moment brings me to an end :  
 But this informs me I shall never die.  
 The soul, secur'd in her existence, smile  
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.  
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years ;  
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,  
 The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

ADDISON.

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CHAP. XXVIII.

ORLANDO AND ADAM.

ORLA. Who's there ?

ADAM. What my young master ? Oh, my gentle master,  
 Oh, my sweet master, O your memory  
 Of old Sir Rowland ! Why, what makes you here ?



Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?  
 And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?  
 Why would you be so fond to overcome  
 The bony prizer of the humorous Duke?  
 Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.  
 Know you not, master to some kind of men  
 Their graces serve them but as enemies?  
 No more do your's: your virtues, gentle master,  
 Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.  
 Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely  
 Envenoms him that bears it!

ORLA. Why, what's the matter?

ADAM. O, unhappy youth,  
 Come not within these doors; within this roof  
 The enemy of all your graces lives:  
 Your brother——(no: no brother; yet the son——  
 Yet not the son; I will not call him son,  
 Of him I was about to call his father)  
 Hath heard your praises, and this night he means  
 To burn the lodging where you use to lie,  
 And you within it: if he fail of that,  
 He will have other means to cut you off:  
 I overheard him, and his practices:  
 This is no palace; this house is but a butchery,  
 Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

ORLA. Why whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

ADAM. No matter whither, so you come not here.

ORLA. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food,  
 Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce  
 A thievish living on the common road?  
 This must I do, or know not what to do:  
 Yet this I will not do, do how I can;  
 I rather will subject me to the malice  
 Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

ADAM. But do not so; I have five hundred crowns,  
 The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,  
 Which I did store to be my foster nurse  
 When service should in my old limbs lie lame,  
 And unregarded age in corners thrown:  
 Take that, and he that doth the ravens feed,  
 Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,  
 Be comfort to my age! here is the gold,

All this I give you, let me be your servant :  
 Though I look old yet I am strong and lusty ;  
 For in my youth I never did apply  
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood :  
 Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo  
 The means of weakness and debility ;  
 Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
 Frosty, but kindly : let me go with you ;  
 I'll do the service of a younger man  
 In all your business and necessities.

ORLA. Oh ! good old man, how well in thee appear'd  
 The constant service of the antique world,  
 When Service sweat for duty, not for meed !  
 Thou art not for the fashion of these times,  
 Where none will sweat but for promotion ;  
 And, having that, do choke their service up  
 Even with the having ; it is not so with thee ;  
 But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,  
 That cannot so much as a blossom yield  
 In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.  
 But come thy ways, we'll go along together ;  
 And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,  
 We'll light upon some settled low content.

ADAM. Master go on, and I will follow thee  
 To the last gasp with truth and loyalty :  
 From seventeen years till now, almost fourscore,  
 Here lived I, but now live here no more.  
 At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,  
 But at fourscore, it is too late a week ;  
 Yet fortune cannot recompense me better  
 Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

SHAKSPEARE.

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## CHAP. XXIX.

### SOLILOQUY OF THE KING IN HAMLET.

Oh ! my offence is rank, it smells to heav'n,  
 It hath the primal, eldest curse upon't ;

A brother's murder ;——Pray I cannot ;  
Though inclination be as sharp as 'twill,  
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent ;  
And, like a man to double business bound,  
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,  
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand  
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood !  
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heav'ns  
To wash it white as snow ? Whereto serves mercy,  
But to confront the visage of offence ?  
And what in prayer but this two-fold force—  
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,  
Or pardon'd being down !——Then I'll look up ;  
My fault is past,——but oh, what form of prayer  
Can serve my turn ? Forgive me my foul murder !——  
That cannot be, since I am still possess'd  
Of those effects for which I did the murder,—  
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.  
May one be pardon'd and retain the offence ?  
In the corrupted currents of this world,  
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice ;  
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself  
Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above.  
There is no shuffling ; there the action lies  
In its true nature, and we ourselves compell'd,  
Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,  
To give in evidence. What then ? What rests ?  
Try what repentance can : what can it not ?  
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent ?  
Oh, wretched state ! oh, bosom, black as death !  
Oh, limed soul ! that, struggling to be free,  
Art more engag'd ! Help, angels ! make assay !  
Bow stubborn knees ! and heart, with strings of steel,  
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe !  
All may be well,

SHAKSPEARE.

## CHAP. XXX.

## MORNING HYMN.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good !  
 Almighty, thine this universal frame,  
 Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then  
 Unspeakable; who sitt'st above these heav'ns,  
 To us invisible, or dimly seen  
 In these thy lowest works; yet these declare  
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.  
 Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,  
 Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs  
 And choral symphonies, day without night,  
 Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heav'n,  
 On earth, join all ye creatures to extol  
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.  
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,  
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling moon  
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,  
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.  
 Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,  
 Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise  
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
 And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou  
 Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st  
 With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies;  
 And ye five other wand'ring fires that move  
 In mystic dance, not without song, resound  
 His praise, who, out of darkness, call'd up light.  
 Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth  
 Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run  
 Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix  
 And nourish all things: let your ceaseless change  
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.  
 Ye mists, and exhalations, that now rise  
 From hill or streaming lake, dusky or grey,  
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,

In hōnour to the world's great Author rise,  
 Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,  
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,  
 Rising or falling, still advance his praise.  
 His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,  
 Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye pines,  
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave.  
 Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,  
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.  
 Join voices, all ye living souls ; ye birds,  
 That singing up to Heaven's gate ascend,  
 Bear on your wings, and in your notes his praise:  
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk  
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep ;  
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,  
 To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,  
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise:  
 Hail, universal Lord ! be bounteous still  
 To give us only good ; and if the night  
 Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,  
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

MILTON.

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 CHAP. XXXI.

## ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

TWAS at the royal feast, for Persia won,  
 By Philip's warlike son :  
 Aloft in awful state  
 The god-like hero sate  
 On his imperial throne :  
 His valiant peers were plac'd around ;  
 Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound ;  
 So should desert in arms be crown'd  
 The lovely Thäis by his side,  
 Sat like a blooming eastern bride,  
 In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride,

Happy, happy, happy pair ;  
 None but the brave  
 None but the brave,  
 None but the brave deserve the fair.

Timotheus, plac'd on high,  
 Amid the tuneful quire,  
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre ;  
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,  
 And heav'nly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove,  
 Who left his blissful seats above,  
 Such is the pow'r of mighty love !

A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god ;  
 Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,  
 When he to fair Olympia press'd,  
 And stamp an image of himself, a sov'reign of the world——  
 The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound ;  
 A present deity they shout around,  
 A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound ;

With ravish'd ears  
 The monarch hears,  
 Assumes the god  
 Affects the nod,

And seems to shake the spheres.  
 The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung ?

Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young,  
 The jolly god in triumph comes ;  
 Sound the trumpet, beat the drums ;  
 Flush'd with a purple grace  
 He shows his honest face.

Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes ! he comes !

Bacchus ever fair and young,  
 Drinking joys did first ordain :  
 Bacchus blessings are a treasure,  
 Drinking is the soldiers's pleasure ;  
 Rich the treasure,  
 Sweet the pleasure,

Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain ;

Fought all his battles o'er again ;

And thrice he routed all his foes ; and thrice he slew the  
 slain.

The master saw the madness rise ;  
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;  
 And, while he heav'n and earth defy'd,  
 Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.  
 He chose a mournful muse  
 Soft pity to infuse :  
 He sung Darius great and good,  
 By too severe a fate,  
 Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,  
 Fall'n from his high estate,  
 And welt'ring in his blood :

Deserted at his utmost need  
 By those his former bounty fed,  
 On the bare earth expos'd he lies,  
 With not a friend to close his eyes,  
     With downcast look the joyless victor sate,  
 Revolving in his alter'd soul  
 The various turns of fate below :  
 And now and then a sigh he stole,  
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd to see  
 That love was in the next degree :  
     'Twas but a kindred sound to move ;  
 For pity melts the mind to love.  
     Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,  
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures,  
 War he sung is toil and trouble :  
 Honour but an empty bubble ;  
     Never ending, still beginning,  
 Fighting still, and still destroying :  
     If the world be worth thy winning,  
 Think, O think it worth enjoying !  
     Lovely 'Thais sits beside thee,  
     Take the good the gods provide thee.—  
 The many rend the skies with loud applause ;  
 So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.  
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
     Gaz'd on the fair  
     Who caus'd his care,  
 And sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd and look'd,  
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again ;

At length with love and wine at once oppress'd, •  
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.  
 Now strike the golden lyre again ;  
 And louder yet, and yet a louder strain,  
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,  
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.  
 Hark, hark, the horrid sound  
 Has rais'd up his head ;  
 As awak'd from the dead,  
 And amaz'd, he stares around.  
 Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,  
 See the furies arise,  
 See the snakes that they rear,  
 How they hiss in the air,  
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !  
 Behold a ghastly band,  
 Each a torch in his hand ;  
 These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,  
 And unbury'd remain  
 Inglorious on the plain ;  
 Give the vengeance due  
 To the valiant crew :  
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,  
 How they point to the Persian abodes  
 And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods !—  
 The princes applaud with a furious joy ;  
 And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy.  
 Thäis led the way,  
 To light them to his prey,  
 And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.  
 Thus long ago,  
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,  
 While organs yet were mute ;  
 Timotheus to his breathing flute  
 And sounding lyre,  
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.  
 At last divine Cecilia came,  
 Inventress of the vocal frame ;  
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,  
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,  
 And added length to solemn sounds,  
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.



Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
 Or both divide the crown ;  
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies ;  
 She drew an angel down.

DRYDEN.

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CHAP. XXXII.

SCROOP AND RICHARD II.

SCROOP. MORE health and happiness betide my Liege  
 That can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him !

K. RICH. My ear is open and my heart prepar'd ;  
 The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.  
 Say, is my kingdom lost ? Why 'twas my care :  
 And what loss is it to be rid of care ?  
 Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we ?  
 Greater he shall not be ; if he serve God,  
 We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so.  
 Revolt our subjects ? That we cannot mend ;  
 They break their faith to God as well as us.  
 Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay ;  
 The worst is death, and death will have his day.

SCROOP. Glad am I that your Highness is so arm'd  
 To bear the tidings of calamity.  
 Like an unseasonable stormy day,  
 Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,  
 As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears ;  
 So high above his limits swells the rage  
 Of Bolingbroke cov'ring your fearful land  
 With hard bright steel, and hearts more hard than steel.  
 White beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps  
 Against thy Majesty : boys, with women's voices,  
 Strive to speak big, and clasp their female joints  
 In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown :  
 The very beadsmen learn to bend their bows  
 Of double-fatal yew against thy state :  
 Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills.

Against thy seat both young and old rebel,  
And all goes worse than I have pow'r to tell.

K. RICH, Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so ill,  
Where is the earl of Wiltshire? Where is he?  
And where, alas! are all my bosom friends?  
—No matter where; of comfort no man speak:  
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;  
Make dust our paper, and, with rainy eyes,  
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth!  
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills;  
And yet not so—for what can we bequeath,  
Save our deposed bodies to the ground;  
Our lands, our lives, and all, are Bolingbroke's,  
And nothing can we call our own but death.  
And that small model of the barren earth  
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.  
For Heav'n's sake let us sit upon the ground,  
And tell sad stories of the death of kings,—  
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war;  
Some haunted by the ghosts they dispossess'd;  
Some poison'd by their wives; some sleeping kill'd,  
All murder'd:—for within the hollow crown  
That rounds the mortal temples of the king,  
Keeps Death his court: and there the antick sits,  
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp:  
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,  
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks:  
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,  
As if this flesh which walls about our lives  
Were brass impregnable; and, humour'd thus,  
Comes at the last, and, with a little pin,  
Bores through his castle-walls, and farewell king:  
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood  
With solemn rev'rence: throw away respect,  
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty;  
For you have but mistook me all this while.  
I live on bread like you, feel want like you;  
'Taste grief, need friends, like you; subjected thus,  
How can you say to me, I am a king?

## CHAP. XXXIII.

## TO-MORROW.

To-MORROW, didst thou say ?  
Methought I heard Horatio say, To-morrow.  
Go to—I will not hear of it—to-morrow !  
'Tis a sharper, who stakes his penury  
Against thy plenty—who takes thy ready cash,  
And pays thee nought but wishes, hopes, and promises.  
The currency of idiots. Injurious bankrupt,  
That gulls the easy creditor ! —To-morrow !  
It is a period no where to be found  
In all the hoary registers of time,  
Unless perchance in the fool's calendar.  
Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society  
With those who own it. No, my Horatio,  
'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father ;  
Wrought of such stuff as dreams are ; and baseless  
As fantastic visions of the evening.  
But soft, my friend, arrest the present moments ;  
For be assur'd they all arrant tell-tales :  
And though their flight be silent, and their path trackless  
As the wing'd couriers of the air,  
They post to Heaven, and there record thy folly—  
Because, though station'd on the important watch,  
Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,  
Didst let them pass unnotic'd, unimprov'd.  
And know, for that thou slumb'redest on the guard,  
Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar  
For every fugitive ; and when thou thus  
Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal  
Of hood-wink'd Justice, who shall tell thy audit ?  
Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio ;  
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings,  
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms ! far more precious  
Than all the crimson treasures of Life's fountain !  
Oh ! let it not elude thy grasp, but, like  
The good old patriarch upon record,  
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee.

## CHAP. XXXIV.

## THE PRESENT STATE OF GREECE.

GREECE! glorious Greece! what art thou but a name?

The echo of a cataract gone by?

The once victorious voice of all thy fame,

Which aw'd the world, now trembles in a sigh.

And I will sing thy glorious lullaby—

For I have lov'd thee, Greece—and o'er the lyre,

Faintly and sadly shall my fingers fly—

The mournful cadence dies upon the wire

And on the desolate winds those melodies expire.

Yes! I have lov'd thee—and my youthful soul

Had wildly dreamt of glory and of thee—

Burst the proud links of man's severe control,

And sprung to sojourn with the great and free!

Oh! who would not thy vot'ry, Grecia, be?

And I have hung upon the enchanted page,

Entranced,—and wept thy fallen liberty,—

'Till my heart thrill'd with all the patriot's rage

And soar'd aloft to greet the hero, poet, sage.

Where art thou, Athens, and what art thou now?

Thy spirit even, exalted land, is free!

Tho' wither'd, yet the *laurel* shades thy brow—

The desolate all that now remains of thee,

Mother of arts, and arms, and liberty!

A lovely corse, encircled by a wreath

Of faded flow'rs, my heart alone can see—

And I will love thee, tho' despoil'd of breath,

For thou art beauteous, Grecia, e'en in death.

E. B. B.

BOOK IX.  
COMIC PIECES.

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CHAP. I.

ANCIENT AND MODERN MUSIC COMPARED.

WHEN father Orpheus wanted sport, he,  
By touching his *Piano Forte*,  
Drew out his beasts by millions :  
Hinds, with high heads, each other butted ;  
Pigs, “ *en pas grave*,” like \* \* \* \* \* strutted,  
Cows caper’d in cotillions.

Amphion too (though by the bye  
This sounds extremely like a lie)  
Could animate earth, air, and water ;  
Melt the hard hearts of brick and mortar ;  
Make stocks and stones so very supple,  
They’d lead up ten or twenty couple,  
And grow, directed by their ears,  
A house for pigs, or house for peers.

From hence the lovers of antiquity  
Do most maliciously assert,  
That music, like a child that’s ricketty,  
Is now degraded to the dirt :  
And, having lost the pow’r to soar,  
Is forc’d to creep upon all-four :  
Since not Gardini’s self is able  
To animate a chair or table ;  
Nor give it the most distant notion  
Of plain and simple loco-motion.

But now the ancients have been heard,  
We moderns sure may speak a word.—  
That the old music and the new  
Are very different is true ;  
You might as properly compare  
The war-hoop of a Cherokee  
To such a hoop as ladies wear.

Your Messrs. Orpheus and Amphion,  
 With their confounded break-tooth words  
 Might try their skill on beasts and birds,  
 Without a single bed to lie on—  
 For what might please the Greeks and Latin  
 To our politer ears, would sound  
 Just like an Abigail in pattens,  
 Parading o'er a stony ground.

Then for your instruments—you'll own  
 They're far inferior to our own ;  
 Unless they only chose to leave us  
 Those meanest instruments of chiming  
 Tongs, pokers, marrow-bones and cleaver,  
 And other followers of Hymen,  
 Basely condemning to the fire  
 The noble pipe, and nobler lyre.

Thus Pedants, when we come to college  
 With care suppress all useful knowledge ;  
 Whip us whenever we presume  
 To think what ne'er was thought at Rome ;  
 And punish, with the same severity,  
 Both our posteriors and posterity.

But to conclude—where'er you range,  
 Or to St. James's, or the 'Change,  
 To Portman-square, or Leadenhall,  
 We're Dilletanties one and all.

By music's charms, like those of Circe,  
 You'll see all moving *vice versa* ;  
 All, from the porter to the peer,  
 Or have, or think they have, an ear.  
 Cits grow refin'd and spend their mone ;  
 And starve on soups and *macaroni*.  
 The roughest. rudest Country Squire  
 Deserts his pipe and parlour fire ;  
 His tenants want the *seavoir vivre* ;  
 The parson puts him in a fever ;  
 To harmony a convert grown,  
 He swears he only breathes in town.  
 Now for new miracles prepare :  
 Behold that punch-bowl in the air ;  
 That shame to ancient Greece and Rome,  
 'Twas music rais'd the pensile dome

- Twas she that formed the proud *Cassinos*;  
 Our rooms for Concerts and *Festinos*;  
 Our villas in St. George's Fields,  
 White-conduit House and Bagnigge Wells :  
 As she directs, the artists rear  
 The Crescent, Oblong, or the Square;  
 The Octagon, with sides so small,  
 And Circus, with no sides at all,  
 With every angle charm our eyes,  
 That e'er the most consummate skill,  
 Of great Vauban, or greater Gill,  
 Has form'd for ramparts, or minc'd pies.  
 My hand is tir'd, my Muse is mute,  
 So Ladies, who have heard our suite,  
 Please to determine the dispute.

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## CHAP. II.

### CLOWN, DUKE, AND JAQUES.

JAQ. HERE comes a very strange beast, which in all tongues is called a fool.

CLO. Salutation and greeting to you all.

JAQ. Good, my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest : he hath been a courtier, he swears.

CLO. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation : I have trod a measure, I have flatter'd a lady, I have been politic with my friend, smooth with my enemy, I have undone three tailors, I have had four quarrels, and had like to have fought one.

JAQ. And how was that ta'en up.

CLO. Why, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

JAQ. How, the seventh cause ? Good, my lord, like you this fellow ?

DUKE. I like him very well.

CLO. I press in here, Sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, Sir, in a poor-house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.

DUKE. By my honour he is very swift and sententious.

CLO. According to the fool's bolt, Sir, and such dulcet diseases.

JAQ. But for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

CLO. Upon a lie seven times removed:—as thus, Sir: I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not well cut, he was in the mind it was: this is called the retort courteous. If I sent him word again it was not cut well, he would send me word he cut it to please himself. This is called the quip modest. If again it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called the reply churlish. If again it was not well cut, he would answer I spake not true; this is called the reproof valiant. If again it was not well cut, he would say I lie: this is called the countercheck quarrelsome: and so the lie circumstantial, and the lie direct.

JAQ. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut.

CLO. I durst go no farther than the lie circumstantial, and he durst not give me the lie direct; and so we met, measured swords, and parted.

JAQ. Can you nominate in order, now, the degrees of the lie?

CLO. O, Sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees. The first, the retort courteous; the second, the quip modest; the third, the reply churlish; the fourth, the reproof valiant; the fifth, the countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the lie with circumstance; the seventh, the lie direct,—All these you may avoid but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too with an if. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If; as, If you said so, then I said so? O, ho! did you so? So they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If.

JAQ. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? He's good at any thing, and yet a fool.

DUKE. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

SHAKESPEARE.



## CHAP. III.

## THE CIT'S COUNTRY BOX.

THE wealthy cit, grown old in trade,  
 Now wishes for the rural shade,  
 And buckles to his one-horse chair,  
 Old Dobbin, or the founder'd mare :  
 While, wedg'd in closely by his side,  
 Sits Madam, his unwieldy bride,  
 With Jacky on a stool before 'em.  
 And out they jog in due decorum.  
 Scarce past the turnpike half a mile,  
 'How all the country seems to smile !'  
 And as they slowly jog together,  
 The cit commends the road and weather ;  
 While Madam doats upon the trees,  
 And longs for ev'ry house she sees ;  
 Admires its views, its situation,  
 And thus she opens her oration ;

'What signifies the loads of wealth,  
 'Without that richest jewel, health ?  
 'Excuse the fondness of a wife,  
 'Who doats upon your precious life !  
 'Such ceaseless toil, such anxious care,  
 'Is more than human strength can bear :  
 'One may observe it in your face—  
 'Indeed, my dear, you break apace :  
 'And nothing can your health repair,  
 'But exercise, and country air.  
 'Sir Traffick has a house, you know,  
 'About a mile from Cheney-row :  
 'He's a good man, indeed, 'tis true,  
 'But not so warm, my dear, as you ;  
 'And folks are always apt to sneer—  
 'One would not be outdone, my dear !'

Sir Traffick's name, so well apply'd.  
 Awak'd his brother merchant's pride ;  
 And thrifty, who had all his life  
 Paid utmost deference to his wife,  
 Confess'd her arguments had reason,  
 And by th' approaching summer season

Draws a few hundreds from the stocks,  
And purchases his Country Box.

Some three or four miles out of town,  
(An hour's ride will bring you down)  
He fixes on his choice abode,  
Not half a furlong from the road ;  
And so convenient does it lay,  
The stages pass it ev'ry day :  
And then so snug, so mighty pretty,  
To have a house so near the city !  
Take but your places at The Boar,  
You're set down at the very door.

Well, then, suppose them fix'd at last,  
White-washing, painting, scrubbing past ;  
Hugging themselves in ease and clover,  
With all the fuss of moving over ;  
Lo, a new heap of whims are bred,  
And wanton in my lady's head ;

' Well ; to be sure, it must be own'd,  
' It is a charming spot of ground :  
' So sweet a distance for a ride,  
' And all about so countrify'd  
' 'Twould come to but a trifling price  
' To make it quite a paradise !  
' I cannot bear those nasty rails.  
' Those ugly, broken, mouldy pales :  
' Suppose, my dear, instead of these,  
' We build a railing all Chinese ;  
' Altho' one hates to be expos'd,  
' 'Tis dismal to be thus enclos'd :  
' One hardly any object sees—  
' I wish you'd fell those odious trees.  
' Objects continually passing by,  
' Were something to amuse the eye ;  
' But to be pent within the walls,  
' One might as well be at St. Paul's.  
' Our house, beholders would adore,  
' Was there a level lawn before,  
' Nothing its views to incommode,  
' But quite laid open to the road ;  
' While ev'ry traveller, in amaze,  
' Should on our little mansion gaze ;

• And, pointing to the choice retreat,  
Cry, "That's Sir Thrifty's country-seat!"  
No doubt her arguments prevail,  
For Madam's TASTE can never fail.

Blest age! when all men may procure  
The title of a connoisseur;  
When noble and ignoble herd  
Are govern'd by a single word;  
Tho', like the royal German dames.  
It bears an hundred Christian names—  
As Genius, Fancy, Judgment, Gout,  
Whim, Caprice, Je ne scai quoi, Virtu;  
Which appellations all describe  
TASTE, and the modern tasteful tribe.

Now bricklay'rs, carpenters, and joiners,  
With Chinese artists and designers,  
Produce their schemes of alteration,  
To work this wond'rous reformation.  
The useful dome, which secret stood,  
Embossom'd in the yew-tree's wood,  
The trav'ller with amazement sees  
A temple Gothic or Chinese,  
With many a bell and tawdry rag on,  
And crested with a sprawling dragon;  
A wooden arch is bent astride  
A ditch of water, four feet wide,  
With angles, curves, and zig-zag lanes,  
From Halfpenny's exact designs:  
In front, a level lawn is seen,  
Without a shrub upon the green;  
Where Taste would want its first great law  
But for the skulking, sly ha-ha:  
By whose miraculous assistance  
You gain a prospect two fields distance.  
And now from Hyde-park Corner come  
The gods of Athens and of Rome.  
Here squabby Cupids take their places,  
With Venus, and the clumsy Graces;  
Apollo there, with aim so clever,  
Stretches his leaden bow for ever;  
And there, without the pow'r to fly,  
Stands fix'd a tip-toe Mercury.

The villa thus completely grac'd,  
 All own, that Thrifty has a taste ;  
 And Madam's female friends and cousins,  
 With common-council-men by dozens,  
 Flock ev'ry Sunday to the seat,  
 To stare about them and to eat.

LLOYD.

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CHAP. IV.

THE MONKEY WHO HAD SEEN THE WORLD.

A MONKEY to reform the times,  
 Resolv'd to visit foreign climes :  
 For men is distant ages roam  
 To bring politer manners home :  
 So forth he fares, all toil defies ;  
 Misfortune serves to make us wise.

At length the treach'rous snare was laid :  
 Poor pug was caught, to town convey'd,  
 There sold. How envy'd was his doom,  
 Made captive in a lady's room !  
 Proud as a lover of his chains,  
 He day by day her favour gains.  
 Whene'er the duty of the day  
 The toilet calls. with mimic play  
 He twirls her knots, he cracks her fan,  
 Like any other gentleman.

In visits too his parts and wit,  
 When jests grew dull, were sure to hit.  
 Proud with applause, he thought his mind  
 In ev'ry courtly art refined ;  
 Like Orpheus burnt with public zeal,  
 To civilize the monkey weal :  
 So watch'd occasion, broke his chain  
 And sought his native woods again.

The hairy sylvans round him press,  
 Astonish'd at his strut and dress.  
 Some praise his sleeve ; and others glote  
 Upon his rich embroider'd coat ;  
 His dapper periwig commending,  
 With the black tail behind depending  
 His powder'd back, above, below,

Like hoary frost, or fleecy snow ;  
 But all, with envy and desire,  
 His flutt'ring shoulder-knot admire.

“ Hear and improve,” he pertly cries ;  
 “ I come to make a nation wise.  
 “ Weigh your own worth ; support your place,  
 “ The next in rank to human race.  
 “ In cities long I pass'd my days,  
 “ Convers'd with men, and learnt their ways,  
 “ Their dress, their courtly manners see ;  
 “ Reform your state and copy me.  
 “ Seek ye to thrive ? in flatt'ry deal ;  
 “ Your scorn, your hate, with that conceal ;  
 “ *Seem* only to regard your friends,  
 “ But use them for your private ends.  
 “ Stint not to truth the flow of wit ;  
 “ Be prompt to lie whene'er 'tis fit.  
 “ Bend all your force to spatter merit ;  
 “ Scandal is conversation's spirit.  
 “ Boldly to every thing pretend,  
 “ And men your talents shall commend.  
 “ I knew the great. Observe me right :  
 “ So shall you grow like man polite.

He spoke and bow'd. With mutt'ring jaws  
 The wond'ring circle grinn'd applause.  
 Now, warm with malice, envy, spite,  
 Their most obliging friends they bite ;  
 And fond to copy human ways,  
 Practise new mischiefs all their days.

Thus the dull ~~had~~ too tall for school,  
 With travel finishes the fool ;  
 Studios of every coxcomb's airs,  
 He drinks, games, dresses, rakes, and swears ;  
 O'erlooks with scorn all virtuous arts,  
 For vice is fitted to his parts.

GAY.

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 CHAP. V.

THE TOWN AND COUNTRY MICE.

ONCE on a time (so runs the fable,)
 A country mouse, right hospitable,

Receiv'd a town mouse at his board,
 Just as a farmer might a lord :
 A frugal mouse upon the whole,
 Yet lov'd his friend, and had a soul ;
 Knew what was handsome, and would do't,
 On just occasion *coute qu'il coute*.
 He brought him bacon, nothing lean ;
 Pudding that might have pleas'd a dean :
 Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
 But wish'd it Stilton for his sake ;
 Yet, to his guest though no way sparing,
 He eat himself the rind and paring.
 Our courtier scarce could touch a bit,
 But show'd his breeding and his wit ;
 He did his best to seem to eat,
 And cry'd,—“ I vow you're mighty neat :
 “ But, my dear friend, this savage scene !
 “ For heav'n's sake, come live with men :
 “ Consider mice, like men, must die,
 “ Both small and great, both you and I :
 “ Then spend your life in joy and sport ;
 “ This doctrine, friend, I learnt at court.”

The veriest hermit in the nation
 May yield, Heav'n knows, to strong temptation.
 Away they come through thick and thin,
 To a tall house near Lincoln's Inn :
 'Twas on the night of a Debate,
 When all their lordships had sat late.

Behold the place ! where if a poet
 Shin'd in description, he might show it ;
 Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,
 And tips with silver all the walls ;
 Palladin walls, Venetian doors,
 Grotesque roofs, and stucco floors :
 But let it, in a word, be said,
 The moon was up, and men abed,
 The napkins white, and carpet red ;
 The guests withdrawn had left the treat
 And down the mice sat, *tete-a-tete*.

Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
 Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish ;
 Tells all their names, lays down the law ;
 “ *Que'ca est bon ! Ah goutez ca !*

That jelly's rich, this malmsey healing ;
 Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in."
 Was ever such a happy swain !
 He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again :
 " I'm quite asham'd—'tis mighty rude
 " To eat so much—but all's so good !
 " I have a thousand thanks to give——
 " My lord alone knows how to live."
 No sooner said, but from the hall
 Rush chaplain, butler, dogs and all :
 " A rat, a rat ! clap-to the door."
 The cat comes bouncing on the floor !
 Oh for the hearts of Homer's mice,
 Or gods to save them in a trice !
And when the mice at last had stole
With trembling hearts into a hole,
 An't please your honour, quoth the peasant,
 This same dessert is not so pleasant,
 Give me again my hollow tree,
 A crust of bread and liberty.

 CHAP. VI.

 JAQUES ON FOOLS
 AND THE PROGRESS OF LIFE.

A Fool, a fool : I met a fool i'th' forest,
 A motley fool ; a miserable varlet !
 As I do live by food, I met a fool,
 Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
 And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms :
 In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
 Good-morrow, Fool, quoth I. No, Sir, quoth he !
 Call me not fool till Heav'n hath sent me fortune ;
 And then he drew a dial from his poke,
 And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
 Says, very wisely, It is ten o'clock.
 Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wage ;
 'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
 And after one hour more 'twill be eleven ;
 And so, from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,

And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot ;
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticler,
That fools should be so deep contemplative :
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial. "O noble fool !
A worthy fool ! motley's the only wear.
But though the fool may act the wise man's part,
Yet full as oft the wise man plays the fool.
For all the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players :
They have their exits and their entrances.
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. And first the infant
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms,
And then the whining school-boy with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like a snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad,
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then the soldier
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel ;
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly, and good capon lin'd ;
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut ;
Full of wise saws and modern instances
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in the sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste,—sans every thing.

SHAKSPEARE.

FINIS.